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A
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1878.

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The yearly Volume begins with the January Number.

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L.N. NOTBOMBA

TO THE READER.

ANOTHER milestone on our road. The IRISH MONTHLY has now completed its sixth yearly volume and is preparing to enter on the seventh year of its existence with greater courage and with brighter hopes than when it began its first.

During the past year our Magazine has not only been warmly appreciated by the Irish and Catholic press, but its literary merit has earned an occasional word of praise from even such journals as the *Whitchall Review*, the *Spectator*, the *Academy*, and the *Morning Post*.

As practical tributes to the successful efforts of our contributors we may mention that "The New Utopia" has had the honour of being pirated for popular use in America; and "Robin Redbreast's Victory" has been translated into German.

In the table of contents which follows this leaf two names are not to be found to which our readers have hitherto been accustomed. One of these shall never appear again—the holy and learned man whose obituary is given on the last pages of this volume. The other is the "Certain Professor," whose Lectures, reprinted as a separate volume, have received high praise from such more than impartial critics as the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Scotsman*, the *World*, the *Globe*, *John Bull*, and many other English journals. Let us pray that the Certain Professor may reappear very early and very often in our new volume.

To those who, as subscribers and still more as contributors, have helped to make the IRISH MONTHLY, especially in the assurance of its permanence, an exception to many similar enterprises attempted in Ireland, sincere and earnest gratitude is due from those who have charge of this Magazine. This gratitude will be proved by increased efforts to make its pages as useful and agreeable as possible for

the many classes of readers whose various and often opposite tastes have to be consulted for.

It would not be quite candid to confine this leaf to thanksgiving. There are some so-called subscribers whose meed is at best forgiveness. No doubt excuses often exist for conduct which in itself seems inexcusable; but it is hard to devise an excuse for those who, by requiring repeated applications for the modest subsidy which they are supposed to pay in advance, condemn to useless losses of time, labour, and money, an undertaking of this sort, from which the conductors wish for no profit but what may enable them to maintain and improve the work itself and to offer some encouragement to Irish literary talent at home in Ireland.

These remarks would have been made before but that we feared, as we fear still, that they may escape the notice of those for whom they are intended, and that some for whom they are *not* intended may take them to themselves. They are not intended for those who, engrossed in their important duties, may have forgotten for a time a publication which they befriend for the sake of others rather than for its suitability to their own wants and tastes, but who, when reminded of its claims, have shown that a certain want of thoughtfulness in such matters, although practically amounting to unkindness and even to injustice, is quite compatible with great personal kindness, honour, and generosity.

To these and to our other friends we offer (in advance, like their subscription for 1879), our most cordial Christmas greetings with all good wishes for the coming year.

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THE IRISH MONTHLY.

ELEANOR'S STORY.

By KATHARINE ROCHE.

CHAPTER I.

THE EBONY CABINET.

THE dusk of a January evening, which threw an additional gloom over the quiet monotony of a certain old-fashioned Dublin street, had dealt more kindly with the interior of one of the tall, brick houses situated therein, inasmuch as it partially concealed threadbare draperies and shabby furniture, and brought into stronger relief the merry glow of the drawing-room fire, the only cheerful thing in the room.

On a low chair, in front of this fire, her figure at times appearing only as a dark shadow, then defined with vivid distinctness as some bright tongue of flame darted suddenly into being, sat a lady with a pale, rather sad face, and beautifully formed head, round which the dark hair wound in the simplest and most artistic fashion. Her dress, of some soft, dark material, old and shabby, fell in graceful folds around her, as she leaned wearily back in her chair, her loosely-clasped hands resting on her knees, her eyes, sometimes fixed upon the coals, sometimes turned anxiously towards a heavy sofa, wheeled into the corner between the window and the fire, on which, amid a heap of shawls and cushions, lay a little girl of about ten years of age. That the child was just recovering from a severe illness was evident from her closely-cropped hair, and her extreme paleness, which made the dark eyes seem by contrast unnaturally large and brilliant.

The room, spacious enough, was of the type so often to be found in lodging-houses, in which the combination of dinner-table and side-board, with the lighter articles of drawing-room furniture, show it to be the sole sitting-room of its occupants. It was neat and in good

order, although a few ivy-leaves and berries in a ground glass vase, formed the only attempt at decoration. Without, little was to be seen save the rain; the muddy streets told of it in the past, the gray skies spoke of it in the future, while at the present moment it splashed on the pavement and beat against the window-panes with a dismal sound. Presently the clock from a neighbouring church spire rang out its musical chimes, followed by a few deep-toned strokes. The child raised her head to listen, counting on her thin little fingers, "Only five o'clock! Oh, mamma! will this long day never come to an end?"

"I wish I could find any way of amusing you, Nora," said her mother, sadly.

"I don't want to be amused, mamma; I'm too tired. Will you settle these pillows, please?"

As the mother leant over the child, arranging and re-arranging the cushions, a thought seemed to strike her, for she said suddenly:

"Nora, would you like to see the inside of the ebony cabinet?"

"Oh, mamma, *so* much. Will you really show it to me?"

The pale little face flushed, the thin fingers trembled with eager delight. For the ebony cabinet had long been a kind of Bluebeard's chamber to Nora, who had never seen beyond its inlaid and silver-bound doors. She had often begged to be allowed to examine its contents, but her mother, without absolutely refusing, had always, on one pretext or another, deferred complying with her request, until Nora, perceiving her reluctance, at length gave up teasing her on the subject. The unexpected fulfilment of her wishes appeared therefore almost too good to be true, and forgetting her previous weariness, she sat upright and watched her mother, who pleased at having at length succeeded in rousing her little daughter's interest, lighted the lamp, moved the little cabinet close to the sofa, and sitting down beside it, began to display its treasures. These, which were arranged in a curious labyrinth of little drawers and pigeon-holes, were nothing very wonderful after all; old trinkets, foreign curiosities, faded photographs; such a collection, in short, as is pretty sure to be amassed long before middle age by anyone not sufficiently strong-minded to treat, as rubbish, relics of dead or absent friends. Nora, who was not disposed to be critical, sat up on her sofa, asking eager questions, as the treasures, taken one by one from their nests, were displayed to her delighted eyes. Each had some little history attached to it, which, told in Mrs. Kennedy's simple, graphic words, called up in Nora's imagination, as they did in her own memory, many a pleasant scene from long past times and far away places. One reminiscence led to another, and they proceeded so slowly through the drawers, that when, after the lapse of an hour, Mrs. Kennedy was called out of the room, some still remained unopened. She went away, telling Nora to look through them herself, but the child soon found that the chief charm

lay in the descriptive words, and deprived of these, the contents of the ebony cabinet were commonplace indeed. She soon finished the drawers, and began listlessly turning over some of the things she had already seen, trying, as she did so, to recall the circumstances connected with them. She was beginning to tire of this occupation also, when, in shutting one of the drawers with a somewhat impatient jerk, she touched some hidden spring, and a small, secret drawer flew out. At the first glance it appeared to contain only some old letters, but on removing these, she perceived underneath a flat blue velvet case. Without pausing to consider if she were justified in so doing, Nora took it out; it was fastened with small silver clasps, which soon yielded to the busy little fingers, and she found herself gazing at a beautifully executed miniature, the portrait of a man between thirty and forty years of age, with a pleasant, thoughtful face—a face whose chief characteristic was *goodness*, although it was not wanting in either intellect or beauty, the latter being chiefly centred in the gray eyes which looked kindly out from under their long lashes, as if in pity for the weary little invalid, and in the firm, sweet mouth, which seemed ready at any moment to curve into a smile. The rest of the features were good, although somewhat massive, the complexion pale, with brown hair rather lighter than the eyebrows and lashes. Altogether it was a singularly attractive face; one which once seen would not readily be forgotten. Nora was fascinated by it, and continued to gaze until roused by her mother's voice. Mrs. Kennedy had entered unperceived, and now spoke in a hurried, agitated manner, very unlike her usual calm, low tones.

"Nora, where did you find that? You should not have touched it; put it back at once." And she tried to take the case from Nora; but the latter resisted with the freedom of a spoiled child.

"Mamma, please leave it to me a little longer; I want to look at it. Who is this gentleman? What is his name?"

"His name was Roger Devereux."

"Was? Then he is dead. I am sorry for that; he has a nice face. Did I ever see him?"

"Never. He died many years before you were born."

"Was he a relation of yours, mamma?"

"Not exactly a relation"—she spoke hesitatingly—"he was a very dear friend."

In the cover of the little case, opposite to the miniature, was a lock of dark hair, evidently belonging to the original of the picture, while within it lay a small golden curl, as evidently cut from a childish head. Nora took out the latter.

"Whose hair is this, mamma?"

"Little Roger's; Dr. Devereux's son."

"Is little Roger dead, too, mamma?"

"I hope not, my dear; but it is many years since I have seen him."

He went to live with his grandmother after his father's death, and since then I have heard nothing of him."

"Had he no mother?"

"She died when he was quite a baby; his father married again—a person somewhat beneath him in rank—the family of the first wife were much annoyed at his doing so, and when Dr. Devereux died they insisted on the child's being given up to their guardianship."

"Was his stepmother cruel to him?"

"My dear, she was exceedingly fond of him, and he of her. Poor little fellow! he cried bitterly at parting from me—her, I mean, but she could not dispute the claim made by his mother's family."

"Were you his governess, mamma?"

"Yes; that is—I used to teach him."

"How old was he?"

"He was seven years old when I last saw him—he must be twenty now, if he is alive."

Just then was heard the click of a latchkey in the street-door, followed by a heavy step on the stairs, and Mrs. Kennedy had only time to put the miniature and the drawer containing it back into their respective places, before her husband entered. He was a tall man; of a type which by many would be considered handsome, with florid complexion and large black whiskers. His return was seldom a cause of rejoicing to either wife or daughter, and this evening he seemed to be in a particularly unamiable temper. He glanced sharply at the little cabinet, and at the traces of tears on his wife's face, but made no remark on the subject, contenting himself with an angry demand for something to eat. As he was not expected until next day, no dinner had been prepared for him, and Mrs. Kennedy went to give the necessary orders, leaving father and daughter alone together. Nora was not afraid of her father; he had never been absolutely unkind to her; while, on the other hand, she did not care enough for him to dread his displeasure as she did that of her mother; so now, as he stood on the rug, with his back to the fire, looking at her from under his bushy eyebrows, she returned his scrutiny with interest, in what must have been an irritating manner, for when her mother returned, his first words were:

"Mrs. Kennedy, I should have thought it was high time for that child to be in bed; she would be much better off there, than lying on that sofa, staring people out of countenance with those great black eyes."

The child was not sorry to escape, and so offered no opposition, as her mother, wrapping her carefully in a shawl, carried her upstairs to her own little room, where she was soon comfortably settled in bed, able to ponder at leisure on all she had just seen and heard.

Her mother had many a time told her stories of her own girlhood, and of her life in the family in which the death of her parents had

obliged her to take a situation as governess, so that Nora was well up in the names and ages of all these Blakes, from the baby girl in the nursery to the big brother at Trinity; she had even seen some of their photographs. How was it, then, that Mrs. Kennedy had never before spoken of having lived in Dr. Devereux's family? She must have been fond of them, too; there had been tears in her eyes, and in her voice, as she spoke of little Roger, and she had said that Dr. Devereux was a dear friend. She had spoken more coldly of his wife, so Nora decided in her own mind that Mrs. Devereux must have been a cross, disagreeable woman, and, in spite of her mother's assertion to the contrary, unkind to her little stepson. Nora's ideas on the subject of stepmothers were of the conventional order, so it required no very great effort of imagination on her part to conjure up a pathetic picture of the poor little boy in a state of chronic punishment, his chief consoler being his kind and gentle governess. That her mother had held any other position never entered the child's mind. She tried to bring herself upon the scene in the character of elder-sisterly play-fellow, but presently becoming conscious of the anachronism, desisted, in a somewhat hazy frame of mind.

Meantime, Mrs. Kennedy, on returning to the sitting-room, found her husband at his dinner. He looked up as she entered, saying: "So you have been talking to the child about the dear departed, have you?"

"I have told Nora as little as possible, Robert," she replied. "I was at such a loss for some means of amusing her, that I allowed her to look over the little cabinet; she accidentally lighted on that miniature, and questioned me so closely about the original, that I was obliged to tell her his name, and some few particulars, but she has no suspicion that he was other to me than a dear friend and employer."

"I tell you what, Mrs. Kennedy, if I ever again find you crying over that miniature, I'll put it into the fire; and I'll send Eleanor to school; she would be much better employed learning her lessons than being made the *confidante* of her mother's early loves and sorrows."

Mrs. Kennedy took no notice of this threat; she knew by experience that she had in general nothing worse to fear from her husband than taunts and neglect, and to these she was accustomed, so she continued her work in silence until Mr. Kennedy, having finished his dinner, established himself comfortably in an arm-chair, and went to sleep. Then, having rung for tea, she took a cup of it upstairs to her little girl, who immediately assailed her with a host of eager questions—the outcome of her hour's meditation. Mrs. Kennedy checked her at once.

"Nora, I cannot answer any more questions about Dr. Devereux. I would not have spoken to you about him, but for your accidentally finding the miniature. Your father has the greatest objection to

having his name mentioned—there are reasons for this which you could not understand—and he is very much annoyed, indeed, at your having heard of him. You must never again mention the subject to any one, even to me, and I hope you will do your best to forget it as speedily as possible.”

The child was an obedient one, and it was easy for her to follow her mother's injunctions as far as regarded words, but thoughts were a different matter. She was a lonely child, without sister, brother, or companion of her own age; there was little of colour or brightness in the realities of her life, and she was accustomed to find her greatest pleasure in her own thoughts and fancies. Dr. Devereux's kind, grave face had taken a curiously strong hold upon her imagination, while the touch of mystery which seemed to hang round him added a still further charm. He soon held the chief place in her childish visions, and Mrs. Kennedy would have been startled had she known how often, as Nora sat curled up in the window-seat, looking out upon the street, or walked by her side, through crowded thoroughfares, or along dusty suburban roads, her little girl's thoughts were busy among those early friends of her own, whose very names she probably thought the child had by this time forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

KNOCKARTELA.

It must have been rather more than a year after this day which I have chronicled as an era in Eleanor's life that her father was brought home lying motionless on a shutter; dead, as the little crowd accompanying his bearers whispered one to another, until the word or its echo reached his wife's ears, and she fell fainting on the floor. He had fallen in a fit in the street, and in falling had struck his head against a stone, and never moved after. Mrs. Kennedy cried very bitterly for many days, grieving with the grief that is often felt after death for those who have done little in life to deserve it; and even Nora was awed and silent, and crept about the house with hushed footsteps, feeling as if the darkness and gloom were to last for ever.

Mr. Kennedy's affairs were found to be in the greatest disorder, the remnant of what had once been a considerable fortune little more than sufficing to cover his debts, so that almost the only provision for his widow and child consisted of a small annuity left to the former, some years before, by a distant relative of her own. Mrs. Kennedy had been a governess in her youth, and her first thought was to resume her old occupation. A little reflection, however, convinced her that her acquirements were now old-fashioned, and that she could hardly

hope to compete successfully with the trained and certificated teachers of the present generation. She therefore determined to settle in some quiet country place, where the necessities of life being few and cheap, she could live upon her little income, and devote her whole attention to her little girl's education. An old servant, who had lived with her in former days, and had since married a respectable farmer in the county Tipperary, was in the habit of letting lodgings. Finding that her rooms were now vacant, Mrs. Kennedy decided on taking them, hoping that the fresh mountain air at Knockartela would be good for Nora, who had always been delicate. And so it came to pass, that at the end of some weeks of gloom and confusion, Nora and her mother found themselves one evening standing on the platform of the little roadside station, watching the train from which they had just alighted, as it wended its leisurely way southwards. An outside car had been sent to the station to meet them, on one side of which they were soon comfortably perched, their minor articles of luggage piled high on the well, while Mrs. Brennan's nephew sat on the other side to drive, and balance the car. They went quickly along the white road, which stretched like a broad ribbon before them, winding through many-tinted fields, and rising higher and higher, till it lost itself between two of the brown mountains. On each side of this road were steep, rocky banks, covered with brambles; tufts of primroses, and pale green ferns, their young fronds as yet scarcely unloosed from their spiral coils, grew in every crevice; while in many places the ground under the banks was thickly carpeted with the green trefoil leaves, and delicate little white blossoms, of the wood-sorrel, supposed by many to be the true shamrock, the emblem used by St. Patrick.

At length the car turned in by a low-barred gate, and drove along a cart-road through fields, towards a group of farm buildings, roofed in every variety of thatch, from the golden straw of last autumn's harvest, to that covered with mosses of many years' growth. The building stood on the very foot of the mountain, some of the outlying fields even creeping up its sides. The dwelling-house was a long, low cottage, with slated roof; at the door stood Mrs. Brennan, a short, squarely-built woman, with a handsome face and gray hair.

"You're kindly welcome, Mrs. Devereux," she said, as Nora's mother shook hands with her, affectionately. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, I'm sure, but the old name comes readiest to my tongue. And you're welcome, too, Missie," giving her a keen look; "you're like your mamma, Miss, only you'll never be as handsome as she is."

Tea was ready for the travellers in the little parlour, a pleasant room, with a glass door opening into a small flower-garden at one side, and commanding a most lovely view from the front window. Mrs. Brennan seemed as if she could never make enough of her old mistress; and although she was disposed to be a little critical with regard to

Nora, looking at her very sharply from time to time, with her keen black eyes, the child instinctively felt that her mother's old servant was a person on whom she could rely for kindness and consideration.

Nora had, of course, been much surprised at Mrs. Brennan's greeting to her mother, and had resolved on asking an immediate explanation. She had, however, no opportunity of so doing, until tea being over, mother and child were established by the turf fire; Mrs. Kennedy in a beehive chair, made comfortable with patchwork cushions, Nora stretched luxuriously on the rug at her feet. Then, without loss of time, she plunged into the subject.

"Mamma, why did Mrs. Brennan call you Mrs. Devereux?"

"Because, my dear, when she knew me long ago, that was my name?"

"Your name!" repeated Nora, much puzzled; "I thought your name had been Eleanor Daly."

"That was my own name, but I was afterwards Mrs. Devereux. Do you remember finding a miniature in the ebony cabinet, one day last year? Well, that miniature was the portrait of my husband."

"Mamma, your husband! Before you married papa? I never knew that you had been twice married."

"You had no means of knowing, my dear. When I married a second time, I parted with my old servant—Mrs. Brennan, whom you saw just now—she was the only person who knew anything of my former life, and since then I have never spoken to any one on the subject. Your poor papa very naturally disliked any allusion to it."

"Then little Roger was my brother."

"No, not your brother—you know he was only my stepson. Had he been my own child, they could not have taken him from me as they did."

"Were you very sorry to part with him, mamma?"

"My dear, the parting almost broke my heart, coming as it did, too, so soon after my other trouble. I thought then I loved him as if he had been my own child, but I found later that it was not quite the same thing," she added, stooping to kiss her little girl.

"So you were his stepmother. I thought you had been his governess."

"I allowed you to remain under that impression, as I did not then wish you to know the real state of the case. I am not sorry, however, that Mrs. Brennan's accidental use of the old name has led to your hearing the simple truth. It is far better you should know it, than that you should fancy, as you might have done hereafter, that some mystery was attached to my former life."

Nora asked no more questions that evening, but lay still and silent, striving to re-arrange her ideal world in accordance with the new light which had been thrown upon it. From that day her

visions took new shape, as she tried to picture her life as it would have been, had her mother's first husband lived, and had she been his daughter. Of one thing she felt certain: her mother's tears would have been fewer, her pale face brighter, had such been the case. As for little Roger, the thought that he would have been her brother did not give Nora much pleasure. She did not like boys; the solitary specimen of the race, with whom she had come in contact—a distant cousin, who had spent some weeks of the preceding winter with them, not having impressed her very favourably. So, whenever the image of the big, teasing schoolboy, into which she decided that little Roger had grown up, recurred to her mind, she quickly dismissed it, and returned to the far pleasanter one of his grave, gentle father.

They were soon settled in their new home, and from that time began, for Nora at least, a happier life. Her mother devoted the morning hours of each day to her lessons, bringing her own former experience as a teacher into requisition for the benefit of her little girl, who would, she knew, be in all probability dependent on her own exertions in the future. Nora had already begun to learn music, and Mrs. Kennedy, after her husband's death, had, at the sacrifice of her own watch and chain, retained her piano. She was herself an excellent musician, and she now resumed the child's lessons, making her practice steadily and systematically. Nora had great love for music, so she worked hard, and soon made considerable progress. Mrs. Kennedy had also brought down with her from Dublin a large case filled with books, which had formerly been stored away, unopened, in an attic. A day or two after their arrival at Knockartela, she and Nora unpacked these books, arranging them in a shelf-lined recess in the little sitting-room. Nora, who was by nature and habit a thorough book-worm, was delighted with the rows of well-bound volumes; and she was still farther attracted by seeing written on the fly-leaf of each, in clear, legible characters, the name "Roger Devereux." These, then, had belonged to her mother's first husband, and that was the reason they had remained so long unopened and unread. Anything connected with Dr. Devereux had such fascination for Nora, that she began eagerly to read his books, going patiently through many a dry volume, from which she would otherwise have turned with distaste. She liked rambling about the farm, book in hand; and her mother, who thought it good for her to be continually in the open air, rather encouraged this habit, so that she spent many a summer afternoon, crouched among the fern and heather on the mountain-side, sometimes reading, sometimes watching the sun-gleams and cloud-shadows as they crossed the distant mountains, and seldom coming down until the sight of the labourers, returning from their work along the white road below, warned her that it was tea-time. One of Dr. Devereux's books always accompanied her in these

rambles; his collection was a singularly well-chosen one, though many of the volumes were not what are generally termed standard works, being chosen rather with a view to the individual tastes of the owner, than to conventional ideas on the subject. They were all books worth reading, however, and were made still more valuable by a number of marginal notes in Dr. Devereux's clear, minute handwriting—quotations from, and references to, other authors on similar subjects, and sometimes, though more rarely, the reader's personal thoughts and criticisms. As Nora grew older, these notes, and the choice of the marked passages, gave her much insight into the mind of the chooser, and her somewhat romantic childish fancy for him grew gradually into a better founded admiration for his character, as it was there revealed to her. His books formed a strong element in her education, and so she passed on, from childhood into girlhood, the whole tone of her mind coloured and influenced by that of the man whose pictured face she had seen but for a moment, whose name she had heard but twice, and who had lain quiet in his grave for many years before she was born.

GRANDMOTHER'S SONG.

THE grand-dame sits at the cottage-door
 Dreaming, singing, sighing;
 The children play on the cottage floor
 And watch her needles flying,
 And catch the words that fall from her lips
 In rambling rhyme and story,
 While spring the lights in the harbour ships
 And fades the sunset glory.

Many a song of war and pain
 Singeth the agèd mother—
 The strife for love, the strife for gain,
 Of men with one another;
 Of dauntless sword and fiery fort
 Unconquer'd mid the burning—
 Of ships that gaily sailed from port
 And ne'er were seen returning!

And many a song of joy and peace
She crooneth softly after :
Of wounds that heal and tears that cease
And happy fireside laughter ;
Of patience long and pardon sweet
And faith of love undying,
The children whisper low at her feet,
" Say why is granny crying ?"

They look in each other's wond'ring eyes
And turn away to ponder.
Out in the burning western skies
Lieth the great world yonder !
And each young soul has chosen here
A verse of the grand-dame's story
To sing through many a coming year,
Of patience, might, or glory.

The aged mother sleeps at last,
Hush'd is the children's prattle :
For one has sailed before the mast,
And one has gone to the battle,
And one in the cottage sitteth long
To keep the hearth-light burning,
And hopeth well and prayeth strong
For wanderers home returning.

O feeble voice that crooneth low,
While babes are round thee playing,
Of human pain and human woe
And Christ's dear love repaying,
What power is thine of song and sigh
To set God's music ringing,
To strike the key-note loud and high
That chimes with angels singing !

How many a soul that toils amain,
Because the toil is glorious,
And fights with sin and fights with pain .
And still comes forth victorious,
Can see in dreams of long ago,
On life's dim threshold yonder,
The aged mother crooning low,
The babes who list and ponder !

R. M.

GREAT IRISH SURGEONS

BY E. D. MAPOTHER, M. D.

I.—IN OLDEN TIMES.

THE materials of the following papers formed the subjects of addresses to the students of the Royal College of Surgeons, St. Vincent's Hospital, &c., and it is now proposed to arrange them chronologically and in more popular form, with some additions. The fragmentary style of the present paper will be excused by those readers who have tried to follow the history of any literary or scientific subject through the darker days of our poor land.

When, to use the recent words of Mr. Gladstone, "Ireland had almost a monopoly of learning and piety, and when she nearly alone held up the truths of civilisation—of true Christian civilisation—in Northern and Western Europe," the healing art was highly honoured both during peace and war.

Diancecht was the first Irish surgeon we read of. At the battle of Moytura, near Cong, he healed both wounded friends and foes with a bath of milk, in which various herbs had been steeped. His generalship on the second day, and his daughter's aid to the wounded, were recorded in glowing terms. Each military legion had both physician and surgeon, and memory of their skill lives in the expression common even in the last century, "The doctor of the army could not raise him." Their function, as well as their highly prized books, passed from father to son, and over many centuries we read of the hereditary doctors of great clans. Amongst the most famous were the O'Sheils, and to this day there is a worthy scion of the house and kind in Ballyshannon. Hippocrates was the favourite authority, and O'Connor of Belanagare, possessed a translation of his works in Irish, made long before the Venetian copy, usually thought to be the first in Europe. The Irish medical manuscripts which endure are beautiful specimens of penmanship, which cannot be said of modern medical writings.

Josina, 9th King of Scotland, who died 137, B. C., had studied as a physician in Ireland, and was the author of a treatise on herbs; and Molanus mentions that among the holy men who left Ireland for the Continent in the 7th century was Willibrod, who, "among other diseases, was wont to cure the disease in the throat, called by the phisitians the squinancie."

According to the Brehon Laws, the chief physicians sat in the councils of the State, a right most sparingly granted now. Regarding the doctor's house, they prescribe as follows: "He shall arrange his lawful house: a house of great work; it shall not be one of the three lesser houses—that is, a cowhouse, pighouse, or sheephouse. There

must be four doors upon it, so that the sick man may perceive it from all sides, and for ventilation with wind from any point, and there must be a stream of water passing through the middle." In such royal abodes as Emania there was a refuge for the sick and wounded termed the "House of Sorrow."

According to this code, the leech fee, or rather fine, for the wounded of the highest rank was forty-two cows, of which eighteen went to the substitute of the disabled man, nine for diet, four and a heifer each to the doctor and the nursetender. It was sometimes asserted—I hope without reason—that a further fee of cows was given to the doctor as a bribe for concealing the real state of the wound. The fine for the maiming of a houseless man was six cows, and for that of a horseboy or slave only three. The testing time for injuries to the head was three years, and for those of the hand one year; if within these periods the wound gave trouble, the physician was fined if it was shown to be his fault, if not the penalty fell on him who inflicted it. The doctor had power to keep from the sick-room "fools and female scolds." There was a peculiar way laid down for distraining a physician. "Let his horsewhip or his probes be taken up. If he has not the proper number of such things, let a thread be tied about the finger next his little finger."

Clear evidence of surgical skill appears first in 3950, when Fighnin trepanned King Conor for a fractured skull. He warned him against fits of passion; but the advice being disregarded,* the brain inflamed, and the monarch died. At the battle of Criona, in Meath, Tiege being wounded, many barbs were left in the wounds. The surgeons at Tara giving no relief, a professor from a famous Munster medical college came with three pupils and cured him. It is related that in battle, during the 13th century, near Mullingar, Cethern, rushing through the enemy's camp, received very many wounds, and that the surgeon was able to tell by their nature the person who inflicted each. Although one stab had "severed his heart-strings," a cure was wrought by a bath of marrow, an idea which still endures in the name Smarmore, county Louth. The Milesian surgeons "tented" or kept open some wounds, and the inflictor had to smart the more. In checking bleeding they used often to tie ligatures round other parts than that affected, and the practice was advised during the present century if means for preventing mortification were taken. About A. D. 840, Turgesius, Danish king, started "the nose money," or the penalty of losing that organ if the tax-gatherer was not satisfied; but it does not appear, if the fine was often inflicted, that nose restorers, like those of India, where this barbarity is common, came to the front. Only one such outrage is remembered in Ireland.

* In the holiest of causes, however, and in a very generous manner, which has furnished Mr. T. D. Sullivan with the subject of a spirited ballad.—*Ed. I. M.*

In the great battle in 1178, near Downpatrick, "Sir Amoricus (de Sancto Laurentio, from whom the Howth family descends) was sore wounded, laid under a hedge eating honeysuckle for his reliefe, when he left much bloud and was carried away betweene foure men; his woundes were so many and so dangerous that no physitian or surgeon could promise life the space of nine dayes, yet in the end recovered."

In 1559, Lord Viceroy Sydney was cured in Dublin by an operation only revived by the Paris surgeons in the present century, but which, it is said, Ammonios of Alexandria performed in the year 15. As regards hospitals, the first Irish one was founded in 1405, for Ware says, "Not long before his death, John Allen, Dean of St. Patrick's, founded an hospital in St. Kevin-street, at Dublin, for poor and sick folk, principally to be chosen out of the Allens, Barrets, Beggs, Hills, Dillons, and Rodiers, to whom he assigned lands for their maintenance." Ware adds "that its affairs ought to be inquired into."

The laws enforcing on the natives the shaving of the lip must have given much work to barbers who appear to have become a numerous and powerful body; for, in 1446, they were incorporated as barber-surgeons, an absurd union of occupations which was only divorced in 1784, when our College of Surgeons was chartered. The barber-surgeons of England were not chartered till 1461. The respectability of the craft is supported by Ambrose Paré having been one, and by the fact that Caius, the founder of the College in Cambridge, taught, in their hall, anatomy for the first time in England. The guild in Ireland was small and aristocratic, for the charter granted by James II. declares the Earl of Limerick, Sir John Barnewall, and a few others the brothers of the body.

Females were admitted as barbers by the first charter, and this position, as well as compounding of drugs, are even at the present day most fit employments for the sex. In England, in the middle ages, females were occasionally physicians, and it is said they often abused their knowledge and became criminal poisoners. I may mention that while many Englishwomen have lately tried to become doctors, no Irishwoman has thus wished to unsex herself.

Allen Mullen, who was born in the North of Ireland, was one of the ablest anatomists of the 17th century. His account of the anatomy of an elephant, accidentally burned in Dublin, in 1681, is wonderfully minute, and was quoted by Buffon and successive writers, even to Agassiz in our own day. He communicated this paper to the Royal Society through Dr. (Sir) Wm. Petty, Surveyor of Ireland, the founder of the Lansdowne family. In his next paper, while he was still a Bachelor of Medicine of "Trinity Colledge, near Dublin," he describes the tunics of the eye with great accuracy. He is highly praised for the discovery of some of these structures by the illustrious Albert Haller (often wrongly called Baron Haller, as with the modesty of

true genius he had humbly declined all titles). He shortly after established a laboratory for Natural Science, attended the Philosophical Society in Dublin, became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and sent capital papers on the quantity of the human blood, and on the ear in birds and fishes. Mullen enjoyed an opportunity rare in those days, of dissecting a human body, that of a malefactor, which Dr. (Sir) Patrick Dun had procured. As in the cases of many other Dublin surgeons, the profits of practice seduced him from the science of anatomy, and he is mentioned in Molyneux's letters as being famous for curing the gout by means of some vegetable infused in brandy. It may have been colchicum or *eau medicinale* which contains it. Fired by the success of Sir Hans Sloane's Natural History expedition, he accompanied Earl Inchiquin, the Governor, to the West Indies, but died in 1690, a few days after he had landed at Barbadoes.

By works, if not by licence, the profession can claim the illustrious Robert Boyle. The most remarkable of his physiological essays was that in 1684, in which he states that the blood emits an alkaline spirit, and hence clots, and that an ammoniacal salt keeps it fluid—the theory revived in the Cooper Prize Essay of Dr. Richardson, now the famous temperance advocate.

A few years later, another Irishman, Sir Hans Sloane, became illustrious, but not in his native land, which he had left owing to a spitting of blood. Subsequently he enjoyed perfect health up to his 92nd year, which he attributes to abstinence from wine. No medical man ever received such honours. Succeeding Newton, he held the chair of the Royal Society for fourteen years; for sixteen continuously he was President of the College of Physicians, and he was regarded as the founder of the British Museum. A constant correspondent of his was Dr. John Locke, the immortal metaphysician, who was also a most ardent student of medical science.

Charles I., in a letter dated 1626, authorised the foundation of our College of Physicians, "as the practice is daily abused by wandering ignorant mountebanks and empyricks, who for want of restraint do much abound to the daily impairing of the health and hazarding of the lives in general of our good subjects there."

Owing to the civil wars the Dublin College was not founded till 1667, when Dr. John Stearne was the first president. He was born at Ardraccan, the house of his famous relative, Archbishop Usher. The following prescription of the next president, Sir P. Dun, for General Ginkle at the Connaught camp, in 1691, was said, contrary to all etiquette, to have been dispensed by the physician: "Æ. Chester ale, claret, potted chicken, and grean geese. This is the physic I advise you to take. I hope it will not be nauseous or disagreeable to your stomach—a little of it on a march."

It is not generally known that William III. was wounded in the

back by a ball at the Battle of the Boyne, and that many surgeons urged him to take to his couch. Dun, his private surgeon, thought this unnecessary, and placed a plaster over the wound. The king, feeling that his absence would have disheartened the army, and perhaps lost the battle (with results the magnitude of which it is impossible to estimate), knighted his surgeon, and bestowed on him forfeited lands, which are now the property of the College of Physicians and the hospital which bears his name.

The great surgeon at the end of the 17th century was Thomas Proby. The Philosophical Transactions contain accounts of several striking operations performed by him. Dean Swift calls him "a person universally esteemed," and castigates Lord Lieutenant Wharton for dispossessing him of a house and part of the Phoenix Park where now stands the Military Hospital. Proby appears to have been the first Chirurgion-General, and was an ancestor of the Earl of Carysfort. It is a curious coincidence that both sides of the "Sweet Vale of Ovoca" belong to noblemen descended from members of our profession, for Dr. Ralph Howard, Professor of Physic in 1674, was the founder of the Wicklow family. Proby was one of the trustees under the will of the generous Dr. Steevens, who bequeathed his fortune for the hospital which bears his name. Owing to the self-denial of his sister, the bequest was at once available, and the hospital received patients in 1733. It is little known that in 1756 Edward Cusack was a donor of a larger property than Dr. Steevens. Five years previously there was opened in Cook-street the Charitable Infirmary now in Jervis-street. Upon the walls was the following inscription:—

"SOLI DEO GLORIA.

"The Charitable Infirmary was first founded and opened August, 1723, at the sole expense of the following surgeons—George Duany, Patrick Kelly, Nathaniel Handson, John Dowdall, Fr. Duany, Peter Brennan—who served the poor without fee or reward."

Up to this time there had been neither hospitals nor dispensaries for the poor—institutions which are now so numerous and well-regulated. It is now urged that their amalgamation would be desirable.

In the year during which Steevens' was opened, Bartholomew Mosse became a surgeon, upon the examination of the Surgeon-General, and for the remaining twenty-six years of his life he laboured with unexampled energy for the Lying-in Hospital, first in George's-street, and then in Britain-street. In the words of his biographer, Sir W. Wilde:—

"His eulogy is to be found in his acts. Without fortune, without influence, without patronage, without precedent, he conceived the project of affording relief to a certain class of the community, and with extraordinary energy, prudence, and perseverance, by never relaxing, never despairing, he carried it into execution at an expense of his character, station, and pecuniary independence. By the earnestness of

his benevolence he interested persons of all classes, and finally secured for his good work the patronage of Government, and the protection of the Throne. For this one great object of providing an asylum and a refuge for woman in her greatest hour of trial he lived—for this he may be said to have died—died poor as to wealth, but rich in the blessings of the needy and of those who were ready to perish.”

To the generosity and exertions of medical men either wholly or largely must be attributed the institution of Dun’s, the Meath, the Lock, City of Dublin, and St. Vincent’s Hospitals. The name of Surgeon George Doyle deserves more recognition than it usually receives, for he was the sole founder of the Lock Hospital, in 1755.

Sir P. Dun’s bequest has promoted physic almost exclusively, although the deed of 1704 provides “for one or two professors of physic to read public lectures, and make public anatomical dissections of the several parts of human body’s or body’s of other animals, to read lectures of osteology, bandages, and operations of chirurgery.” In like manner the Charter of the London College of Physicians, Henry VIII., 1518, was “for the protection of the science and cunning of physic and surgery.” On condition that Dun’s endowment was to be for one chair only, Albinus, Haller, and Van Swieten, became candidates, and offered to test their merits by competitive examination—the mode of election then in force. The Act of 1741, however, subdivided the professorships, and thus was lost the opportunity of gaining for Dublin the greatest anatomist, the greatest physiologist, or the greatest pathologist of the first half of the 18th century—any one of whom, considering that one genius creates and fosters enthusiasm in a seat of learning, might have forthwith rendered our city famous. This Act ruled that the lectures were to be in Latin and gratuitous.

About this time medical literature was very scanty in Dublin, the only authors being (Mr., afterwards Sir) Fielding Ould, then of Golden-lane, man-midwife, his fierce critic Thomas Southwell, and Dr. Bryan Robinson. Southwell relates a case in which one of the greatest of surgical operations was successfully done, in 1738, in Armagh, by “Mary Donally, an illiterate woman;” after the operation she “held the lips of the wound together till one went a mile for silk and common needles with which she stitched the wound, and dressed it with the whites of eggs. In twenty-seven days the patient walked a mile on foot.”

Robinson was Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Dublin from 1716, and wrote the “Animal Economy,” a book in which mathematics is applied to physiology. It is arranged in forty propositions, and the thirty-seventh is as follows: “The fibres of animals are stronger or weaker as the air abounds less or more with watery vapours or putrid exhalations, or more or less acid particles, or as it is colder or hotter.”

Dublin seems to have been no desirable residence for doctors in 1765, for in that year Relhan, Brooke, Kennedy, Nugent, Alexander, and Allen, leading practitioners in this city, emigrated to London,

where the first five attained the very highest position, and Allen was surgeon to Lord Anson in his voyage round the world. Relhan had been President of the College of Physicians in 1755, but was deprived of its fellowship in 1761 for non-residence.

Clinical or bedside teaching in Dublin is often said to have originated during the present century; but, in 1785, four wards of Mercer's Hospital were devoted to cases for the lectures of the College of Physicians. It is likely that the next-door neighbours, the College of Surgeons, stepped in, for shortly afterwards the wards were closed against lecturers and students, the governors alleging that reluctance had been shown to the amputation of the limb of a girl bitten by a supposed mad dog—very justifiable reluctance, we may say.

That bedside teaching was pursued eighteen centuries ago, although in no very pleasant way for patients, appears from the following lines freely translated from Martial:—

"I'm out of sorts—but Symmachus is here,
His hundred pupils following in the rear;
All feel my pulse with hands as cold as snow,
I had not fever then—I have it now."

The provincial cities possessed some illustrious medical men about the middle of last century. Maurice O'Connell, of Cork, wrote, in 1746, a treatise so excellent as to gain for him, from the renowned Professor Gaubius, of Leyden, the title of the "Irish Sydenham." His friend Barry, of Cork, about the same time dissected the most rheumatic skeleton on record, and of which he states: "He is one entire bone from the top of his head to his knees; he was valued by his master on account of his fidelity in watching the workmen, for when he was once fixed in his station it was impossible for him to desert it. He could neither sit or lie down, and slept in a sentry-box." The town of Strabane had also a surgeon of surprising boldness—John Ferguson, who extirpated the spleen, an operation never before performed, and which has been only thrice repeated—all the instances having been during the last ten years.

Sylvester O'Halloran, of Limerick, in his nineteenth year, wrote his treatise on Cataract, and during many subsequent years performed and improved on several operations of the eye. It was, perhaps, upon him that the following "bull" of that day was fathered: An Irish oculist, having completely restored a woman's sight, related, with astonishment, that while she could thread the finest needle, she couldn't tell one letter from another, he having neglected to ask her if she had ever learned her alphabet. He was just the man who, before he cured one eye need not have spoiled a hatful—a stupid, but often quoted remark of Guthrie's, which in retort gained for his hospital the title of "blind manufactory." O'Halloran is well known as one of our fullest and most reliable historians.

The axiom generally attributed to Sir A. Cooper, that symptoms of

compression of the brain alone warranted trephining (removing a part of the skull), was propounded by O'Halloran over a hundred years ago.

His writings probably suggested the formation of our College of Surgeons, for, in 1765, he proposed the election of professors who shall examine and licence all surgeons. Also that their examination "hold for three days—the first entirely for anatomy; the second for disorders of surgery, and if a candidate for midwifery, for this also; and the third to finish with performing all the operations of surgery on a body with their apparatus and bandaging. When a proper faculty, signed by the professors, is given to the candidate, if some little honour were annexed it might add greater stimulus to the young students." The last proposal I have often advocated as a substitute for that hurtful farce, the giving of testimonials. This College, on its foundation, recognised his merit by electing him Honorary Fellow—a distinction then only shared by John Bell. It has since always been chary of this honour; the last recipient being an Irishman of undoubted genius, the Rev. Dr. Haughton. O'Halloran was very proud of his heraldic arms, although his motto was not a happy one for a great operative surgeon—"Locum ꝛ manebam," the Irish words signifying "I wound and kill." An operator seeking a motto might take "*Festina lente*," that of the Plunkett and Onslow families. The latter name is a fair translation of the words.

(To be continued.)

IN THE PRIME.

BY ETHEL TANE.

PATHLESS and fragrant these woodlands wait;
 Never the husbandman comes to till;
 All the young earth is untrodden still,
 Save close against the Paradise gate.

Up from the sycamore, oak, and lime—
 Up from the tiniest lichen here—
 Rises a melody, sweet and clear,
 Telling their joy in the gladsome prime.

Vines that are climbing the trees among,
 Loaded with clusters of purpling fruit—
 Why are they drooping, and sad, and mute,
 Restlessly yearning the whole day long?

Luscious red strawberries, thickly set—
 Crab-apples harsh, and the wilding pear?
 Perhaps they are dreaming of vineyards fair,
 Gardens and orchards unplanted yet.

LOUGH DERG.

BY A RECENT PILGRIM.

LOUGH Derg, in the county Donegal, is not a very large, and by no means a very beautiful lake ; but in it there are two islands which have made it famous. Station Island is still annually visited by more than 10,000 penitents, and Saints' Island contained the original St. Patrick's Purgatory, in mediæval times one of the most frequented places of pilgrimage in the world. This St. Patrick's Purgatory has a strange and chequered history. Its origin is hidden in the mists of fable ; it has been celebrated by historians, poets, and theologians ; it was suppressed by the Pope, desolated in the time of Charles I., banned by edict of Queen Anne, even the site of the shrine itself was changed ; yet, in spite of time, and change, and penal enactments, it still retains its place in popular favour. From the time of Gerald Barry to Carleton, ignorance, bigotry, and credulity—each had its own story to tell of Lough Derg—and, as might be expected, that story was most part lies. Even the great Catholic writers of the seventeenth century tell some very strange things of St. Patrick's Purgatory, and, not having visited the island themselves, their local descriptions are not always quite accurate.

The writer of these pages paid a visit to the lake a short time ago, and will venture to record his own observations, and a few authentic facts concerning the history of its famous shrine.

The tourist, as well as the pilgrim, can afford to pay a visit to Lough Derg. The road from Bundoran to Pettigoe runs through a district of great natural beauty, and rich in legendary, historic, and poetic associations. By road or rail the journey is a pleasant one, but we should recommend the former : it affords more time and opportunity to observe and admire the various beauties of lake and river, plain and sea and mountain. The entire distance is only twenty miles to Pettigoe, and four more to the lake itself. For the first few miles, from Bundoran to Ballyshannon, the road passes through a fertile and gently undulating limestone plain between Lough Melvin and the sea, famous in our early history as Magh-Ceidne—the plain of the tribute—where the Nemedians paid their annual tribute of cattle, corn, and children to their Fomorian conquerors. As we reached the crest of the hill overlooking Ballyshannon, the gray mist of an autumn morning was slowly lifting, but, after a few minutes, the sun came out in splendour, and revealed all the beauties of that smiling valley—

“Where the sunny waters fall
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore.”

The town itself is built on a steep declivity sloping down to the river, which here takes its final plunge into the sea over a ledge of rock, twelve feet in height above the ordinary tides, forming the fine cataract now called the Salmon-Leap, but anciently known as Eas-Aodh-Ruaidh, or, Assaroe, that is, the Cataract of Red Hugh, an old king who was drowned there 2,500 years ago, and buried under a mound on the bank of the river, somewhere about the place where the Protestant church now stands. The "Purt" of Ballyshannon is a narrow, dirty, and by no means inviting thoroughfare to pass through, but it is, perhaps, the oldest port in Ireland; for that little rocky island in the river, just below the waterfall, is Inish Saimer, where Partholanus landed shortly after the deluge, and where he lived many years before he went to Ben Edair. His queen, Dealgnait, had a favourite greyhound called Samer, which, in a fit of passion, he killed on this island, and from the dog, the island, abbey, town, and river received their old poetic name. The ruins of the great Cistercian Abbey de Samario are still to be seen in a sheltered valley, a little seaward of the town, and attest its wealth and magnificence in those days, when it had the salmon fishery of the Erne, and all the fertile lands stretching faraway to the sea at Kildoney and the old castle of Kilbarron, where the O'Clerighs once lived in princely splendour, as became the historians of Tyrconnell.

From Ballyshannon to Belleek, the road runs quite near the Erne, and affords some fine views of the impetuous river plunging down that rocky staircase to the sea. At Belleek, on an island in the river, is Mr. M'Birney's factory, where the famous Belleek pottery is made. The works are courteously open to strangers, and well worthy of a visit. Here the Erne pours its wealth of waters over a broken ledge of limestone rock, nearly fourteen feet high, and then rushes onward over its rugged bed between two perpendicular walls of rocks, gracefully overhung with the boughs of the mountain ash and drooping willow. In its course from Belleek to the sea, a distance of not more than four miles, the river falls 140 feet, and the available water-power has been estimated at about 100,000 horse-power, hardly any of which is utilised except at Belleek. From this place to Castlecaldwell the banks of the stream are able to confine its abounding waters within due limits; but at Roscur, near the ruined castle of Caol-uisque, or the Narrow-water, the scene of many a bloody fray in the stirring days of Tyrconnell, the river expands into what is, perhaps, the finest lake in Ireland, extending from Enniskillen to Castlecaldwell, a distance of twenty miles, with an average breadth of four or five miles. During the remainder of the journey to Pettigoe, the eye never tires of contemplating that vast and beautiful expanse of water. "Every step produces change, and every change delights." The lake contains 28,000 statute acres, and embraces 109 islets, the largest of which, Boa Island, opposite Pettigoe,

contains 1,300 acres ; and all, or nearly all, are beautifully wooded down to the water's edge. Receding creeks and shallow bays, sloping lawns and stately mansions, broad domains and cultured leas, ruined castle and round tower, mountain and moorland—the dark-brown of the heather strongly contrasting with the gleam of the sun-bright waters, and the vivid green of the woods—all combine to lend their charms to the entrancing beauty of this “ Windermere of Ireland.”

Pettigoe, “ the honestest little town in all the North,” said a commercial traveller to me—snuggly nestles between three of those low, round, fertile hills so characteristic of Ulster scenery. The road thence runs nearly due north, for four miles, to Lough Derg. I started from the village early and walked to the lake. As you advance into Donegal, the lands look colder and more barren, the houses grow less frequent, cultivation is confined to scanty patches of potatoes and oats that seemed in no hurry to ripen, even in mid-September. A little further on there are no houses to be seen, and moorland hills rise threateningly in advance, as if to bar the traveller's further progress. You have, however, all the way the companionship of a turbulent and tortuous stream, that plays some curious pranks in its downward journey from its home in the mountains—now running along the road, two or three times crossing it, then receding and disappearing, only to show its noisy and turbid waters a few moments afterwards. At length the traveller reaches the crest of the hill and the end of the road ; the remainder of the way, be he prince or peasant, he must trudge on foot through the mud to the margin of the lake. Sir John Leslie is landlord, and not a bad one, they say, of all the ancient territory of Termon Dabog, and receives £50 a year for permitting the pilgrims to be ferried over the lake—a beautiful remnant of our feudal land laws ; but, it seems, he will neither make the road to the lake's margin himself nor permit the grand jury to do it, lest, I presume, it might interfere with his proprietary right in the ferry : so he puts on the crowd of benighted Papists who visit the place every summer the additional penance of walking a mile through the mud to the lake's margin.

From the hill's crest the entire lake bursts at once upon the view ; and a dreary and desolate expanse of water it is, about thirteen miles in circumference containing 2,140 statute acres. The encircling hills are heathy and barren, rising from 400 to 700 feet above the level of the lake. On the north-east, the superfluous waters force their way through a narrow gorge to join the river Foyle. The range of hills on which I stood was in reality the boundary line between the watershed of northern and southern Ulster. Lough Derg itself supplies the head water of the Foyle, while the stream at my feet flowed down to the Erne valley to join the sea at Ballyshannon. The basin of the lake is a huge quarry of the metamorphic rock known as *micaceous slate*, or *schist*,

upheaved in ages azoic by some fiery agent, so that the stratification is now almost perpendicular to the surface. It crops up all round the shore, and through the lake into numerous rocky islets and hidden reefs, whose projecting points are sharp as iron spikes, and render the navigation of the lake a matter of great caution.

There is no grandeur in the surrounding scenery ; everywhere is the same wilderness of heather, the same dreary moorland hills—no variety in their outline, no steep cliff or bold escarpment to vary the scene, not even a single patch of green to relieve the eye, except in one corner wherethere is a small, paralysed plantation of stunted Scotch firs. Not a living thing was to be seen—neither man nor beast nor game on the mountains, nor bird on the lake. I was, however, told afterwards that hares and moor-fowl do contrive to live there, and a certain kind of small, mountain sheep with long horns and black faces, a leg of whose mutton a hungry man might easily dispose of at a single meal. So much for the *fauna*. There was no *flora* except moss and heather. In fact, nature here clothes herself in sackcloth and ashes ; the very aspect of the place induces solemn thought, and makes it meekest shrine for penance. It seemed to me, too, that the bare, whitewashed houses on the "Station Island" were utterly out of tone with nature's wild surroundings. Seeing no person to apply to, and unwilling to return with my task unaccomplished, I resolved to try and reach the island myself in a boat which I found on the shore. I had nearly succeeded, when the freshening breeze compelled me to desist, and I was very glad to find rest and shelter under the lea of a kind of insular promontory, connected with the shore by a narrow ford, where, fortunately, I was discovered by the owners of the boat, who rowed me up to the island in the teeth of a very stiff wind.

It is a mere rock, rising only a few feet above the water, and apparently not much more than half an Irish acre in extent. It is about a hundred yards long, and varies in breadth from twenty to forty yards. There is a neat church, erected four or five years ago, a commodious dwelling-house for the three or four priests who reside on the island during "station time ;" and five or six lodging-houses for the penitents, where they get some rest and refreshment during their stay, but they never dream of going regularly to bed. These houses are untenanted, and, indeed, uncared-for during the greater part of the year, hence they present a somewhat dilapidated appearance. Their owners only charge some few pence ahead per day for such accommodation as they afford. The only other building on the island is the prison chapel, which has now taken the place of the original cave called St. Patrick's Purgatory. There are also seven "beds" of stone between the church and the "prison." Their position is marked with much accuracy on Ware's map of the island, drawn more than 200 years ago, and they are dedicated respectively to Saints Patrick, Bridget, Columcille,

Brendan, Molaisre, Catherine, and Dabeog or Fintan; the two latter are the patron saints of the island. The Four Masters invariably call Lough Derg "Termon Dabeog," or the Abbey-land of St. Dabeog. These stone beds were originally little penitential cells where the saints of old spent many a weary vigil in prayer and penance. Now they are merely circular spaces paved with stone, or the naked rock, and surrounded by a low wall, about a foot and a half high. The "station" begins at "St. Patrick's Bed," in the centre of which there is an upright circular stone-shaft, about four feet high, and eight inches in diameter, with spiral flutings and a plain iron cross fixed on the top. This stone-shaft is said to be the genuine "clogh-oir," or golden-stone, from which the diocese of Clogher has derived its name. It was originally a pagan idol, and, like Apollo Pythius, seems to have delivered oracular responses, until it was exorised and blessed by our Apostle. Two circular iron bands, nearly eaten away by rust, lend some colour to the idea that this stone was originally covered with metal plates, which were secured by these iron cramps. This seems to be the only ancient relic in Station Island. There are four inscribed stones in the south wall of the Prison Chapel; two of them were head-stones over the graves of Friar Doherty and Friar M'Grath, whose names are written in English characters of the last century. The third stone contains the names of four of the saints (the remaining names are now undecipherable) to whom the "beds" are dedicated; but they are written in characters by no means archaic. The "cave" of Station Island was long ago filled up, and a neat belfry of cut stone is now erected on the spot. Peter Lombard describes from hearsay what that "cave" or "prison" was in his time (1620): "A few paces to the north of the church is the cave—a narrow building roofed with stone which could contain twelve or at most fourteen persons kneeling two-and-two. There was a small window, near which those were placed who were bound to read the Breviary." Ware marks the spot on his map and gives the dimensions of the cave, 16½ feet long by 2 feet 1 inch wide. "The walls," he says, "were of freestone, the roof of large flags covered over with green turf." It must be borne in mind that this was only an *artificial* "cave," constructed, when the "station" was transferred to this island, in imitation of the genuine cave on Saints' Island, which was the real St. Patrick's Purgatory.

The boatmen also pointed out the rock on the margin of the lake, and within a few paces of the cave, bearing the mark of St. Patrick's knee where he prayed (and where the penitents always conclude the station), when he killed the great serpent who, my informant added, had followed him all the way from Croagh-Patrick. Here is the story taken from an old Irish MS. of the O'Clerighs and given by O'Connell in the notes to his translation of the Four Masters:—

"An extraordinary, monstrous serpent, called the 'Caol,' was in the

nabit of thus passing its time. It came to Finnlough (Lough Derg) every morning, where it remained until night, and then proceeded to Gleann-na-Caoile near Lough Erne, and there during the night it consumed a great deal of the produce of that locality until the religious champion of God, St. Patrick, came to Ireland, and, hearing of this monster, he went straight to Finnlough, where the serpent then was on an island in the lake, and immediately it took to the water and with its devouring mouth open it set all the lake in commotion . . . and finally directed its course to the shore (of the island) and, opening its mouth, it cast forth its internal poisonous matter, like a shower of hail-stones, over the lake, but chiefly towards the place where the saint and his clergy stood. The saint, however, having prayed to God, cast his crozier at the serpent which pierced its breast, so that it turned its back at him and its blood flowed so profusely that it turned all the water of the lake red. After that St. Patrick said that Finnlough (the fair lake) would be called Lough-Dearg (the red lake) thenceforth until the Day of Judgment."

The Bollandist writer calls the Irish a "*natio poetarum fabulis facilis credere*," and I confess I plead guilty to the soft impeachment, so far as to profess my belief that this fanciful legend is founded on a substratum of truth.

Unfortunately, the wind blew so briskly that we tried in vain to reach the Saints' Island, which is two miles to the north-west of Station Island. It is considerably larger than the latter, and was anciently connected with the shore by a wooden bridge. The boatmen pointed out distinctly the site of the old monastery, whose foundations can scarcely now be traced, and on the highest point of the island they showed me where a few trees marked the ancient cemetery in which was the cave called St. Patrick's Purgatory, "*quæ est in cæmeterio extra frontem ecclesiæ*," says Henry of Saltrey. The "cave," however, was long ago filled up and its site quite forgotten. Wright tells us in his work on St. Patrick's Purgatory (London, 1824), that a certain Frenchman, from Bretagne, employed workmen during two summers to discover the original cave, but without success.

The history of this Purgatory of St. Patrick is very curious and interesting. The first recorded account of the place is from the pen of Henry, a Benedictine monk of Saltrey, in Huntingdonshire in England, who wrote a treatise de "*Purgatorio S. Patritii*," about the year 1152. He declares that he received his information from Gilbert, a monk of Luda, or Louth, in Lincoln, who himself received all the details from a certain "*Oenus Miles*," or, a soldier-knight called Owen, who served in the armies of King Stephen. Owen was an Irishman, and made a pilgrimage to the Purgatory, all of which he in confidence communicated to Gilbert. Henry of Saltrey adds that Owen's account was confirmed by the testimony of Patrick, third of that name, who was bishop

of the place where Lough Derg is situated, and who also declared that "many of those who visited the cave never returned, and even those who return pine away because of the great torments they suffered."* There is no bishop of the name of Patrick at this time in the lists given by Ware either for the diocese of Clogher or Raphoe. Henry of Saltrey's story is to this effect: "Our Lord Jesus Christ, visibly appearing to Saint Patrick, led him into a desert place, and there showed him a circular cave (*fossam rotundam*) dark inside, and at the same time said to him, whoever, armed with the true faith and truly penitent, will enter that cave and remain in it for the space of a day and a night, will be purged from the sins of his whole life—in modern language, obtain a plenary indulgence—and moreover, passing through it, if his faith fail not—(*si in fide constanter egisset*)—he will witness not only the torments of the damned but also the joys of the blessed." He then adds, that after this vision, St. Patrick in great joy built a church on that spot, and made the *canons of St. Augustine guardians of the same*, and he surrounded the cave, which is in the churchyard in front of the church, with a wall, and closed it with a—

"Dore bowden with iron and stele
And locke and key made thereto
That no men should the dore undo."

Metrical Version.

He gave the key to the Prior of the convent, without whose permission no man could enter the cavern. Owen then narrates what he himself witnessed in the cavern—how he met fifteen venerable men clothed in white, who received him kindly and told him to act manfully or he would perish body and soul, that he would be assaulted by demons who will by torments strive to drive him back:—

"But if they will thee beat or bind,
Look thou have these words in thy mind,
Jesus, as thou art full of might,
Have mercy on a sinful knight."

Metrical Version.

So when he was attacked by the demons, who were about to throw him into hell, the invocation of the Holy Name saved him. He then had to cross a *high, narrow, slippery* bridge, called the bridge of the three impossibilities, but strengthened by faith and prayer, he crosses it safely. Next he comes to a bright-crystal wall, having a door adorned with gold and jewels, through which he is admitted to the terrestrial paradise where the *unwise* Adam and Eve dwelt when on earth, and where many persons still remain free from sensible pain (*a pœnis liberi*

* See Dr. Kelly's notes to "*Cambrensis Eversus*" from whom the writer has derived much of his information.

sumus), but not yet admitted to the joys of heaven (Nondum tamen ad supernam sanctorum lætitiā ascendere digni sumus). Owen was very anxious to remain there, but was not permitted. Then a "Bishop" showed him the celestial paradise and the *hill* leading thereto, after which he is let out of the cave, safe and sound, to the great joy of the clergy. His life was ever afterwards changed for the better; he went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and lived many years after his return, when at length he died a holy death.

It cannot be denied that if this is merely an allegory it contains an excellent moral lesson. The Bollandist writer remarks that we must not suppose Owen Miles saw all this "*oculis corporeis sed imaginationi sunt subjecta quae ita prorsus hominem afficiunt ac si corporeo intuitu fuerunt usurpata*" (Boll. Acta SS. 17 Martii).

Before any person was permitted to enter this cavern, and few even of those who made the pilgrimage had the courage to enter it, it was necessary, in the first place, to get the permission of the bishop by letter addressed to the Prior, and the bishop always dissuaded the pilgrims from attempting it. Having presented the bishop's letter to the Prior, the latter also dissuaded the adventurous individual, but if he persisted in his purpose, he had to remain five days in retreat; then a Requiem Mass was celebrated at which he received the Holy Communion, and he finally made his will. After these somewhat terrifying preliminaries, if he was still determined to visit the cavern, the clergy, in solemn procession, accompanied him to the pit's mouth, singing the litanies, the Prior unlocked the door, the adventurer took holy water, signed himself with the Sign of the Cross, and entered the cave, which was closed after him. Next day the clergy went again to the pit's mouth; if there was no appearance of the pilgrim, he was given up for lost, but if he did appear, he was taken out, the clergy with great joy conducted him to the church, where he spent fifteen days more in thanksgiving for his deliverance, which was almost regarded as a mark of predestination.*

We have not space to discuss the *questio vexata* whether this alleged vision of St. Patrick was an imposture, or a reality, or a delusion. Lanigan calls Henry of Saltrey's account "stuff," which he would not condescend to refute. A Spanish Benedictine, called Feijoo, wrote a treatise against the genuineness of St. Patrick's Purgatory, which was received with great approbation on the Continent. Their arguments may be briefly summed up:—

1. There is no evidence that St. Patrick was ever in Lough Derg at all.

2. There were no Canons Regular of St. Augustine in Ireland before the beginning of the 12th century; and, therefore, they could not have been made guardians of St. Patrick's Purgatory in the 5th century.

* Acta SS. loco citato.

3. It is heretical to speak of the terrestrial paradise as the abode of souls, and distinct from Purgatory and Heaven ; II Council of Lyons, and the Council of Florence, according to Feijoo, at least implicitly, condemn this error. In our opinion these arguments are by no means conclusive. It does not surely follow, because we have no *written* record of the fact, that St. Patrick never visited Lough Derg. Have we written records of all the places he visited during his seven years' sojourn in Connaught? We have a strong and vivid traditional record that he visited Lough Derg, and this tradition is confirmed by Lanigan's own account of how our Apostle, when in the district of Tyrconnell, went back eastward towards Lough Erne, the very place where Lough Derg is situated. We know, too, that our Saint was in the habit of withdrawing to lonely and retired places for the purpose of prayer and penance, and no place could be more suitable for that purpose than an island in Lough Derg. The Bollandists answer the second objection. It is true there were no Canons Regular in Ireland before Imar of Armagh introduced them to his great Church of St. Peter and Paul, built about 1126 ; but as the Canons Regular reformed or re-peopled most of the old Irish monasteries desolated during the Danish wars, the custom gradually grew up of calling their monastic predecessors also in those houses Canons Regular, and even St. Patrick himself was called a Canon Regular, and his festival specially celebrated in their Order. As to the charge of heresy no one expects that the vision of a rough soldier like Owen would conform to strict theological accuracy. The Councils mentioned, too, were held since the time of Henry of Saltrey.

St. Patrick most likely did visit the lake, and may have spent some time in one of the islands, or in this lonely cave. He certainly was frequently favoured with heavenly visions, whether or not the one recorded by Henry is genuine. At any rate the place was sanctified by his presence. St. Dabeog, who founded a monastery there about the year 490, and his disciples, would follow St. Patrick's example and use the cavern as a "*duirteach*," or, solitary praying-cell ; "some had visions, like those recorded, others imagined they had, and, perhaps, some pretended they had;" and thus the origin and history of the cave might easily be explained without insinuating, as Dr. Lanigan does, that St. Patrick's Purgatory on Lough Derg was got up as a rival to Patrick's Purgatory at Croagh-Patrick, mentioned by Jocelyn.

Henry of Saltrey's story, improved by Cambrensis after his peculiar fashion, and copied by Mathew Paris, soon made St. Patrick's Purgatory famous all over the Continent. Three metrical French versions of Henry's story were published in the 13th century, and two English ones, one in the 14th and one in the 15th centuries ; copies are in the British Museum. It was celebrated in an Italian romance called "*Guerino detto il meschino*," and Calderon made the "*Purgatorio de*

San Patritio"* famous throughout all Europe. Illustrious pilgrims from every country came in crowds to Lough Derg. It was, like our own, an age of pilgrimages. Great men in those days committed great crimes for which they had the grace to do rigorous penance. In 1358, Edward III. granted to one Malatesta, a Hungarian knight, and to Nicholas de Brecario, of Ferrara, in Italy, a safe conduct through England, on their way to St. Patrick's Purgatory. Richard II. granted a similar safe conduct to Raymond, Viscount of Perilleux, a knight of Rhodes, with a train of twenty men and thirty horses.†

Froissart gives an account of Sir W. Lysle's and another knight's visit to the cave when Richard was in England. Raymond of Perhilos, a Spanish nobleman, visited St. Patrick's Purgatory, and his experiences there, even more marvellous than those of the knight Owen, are given at length in O'Sullivan Beare. The Four Masters, under date of the year 1516, tell of a French knight, who, on his return from Lough Derg, stopped at Donegal with O'Donnell, and, in return for his generous hospitality, sent him a ship, with large guns, which enabled him to retake the Castle of Sligo from O'Connor Sligo. But it seems the very fame of the place led to abuses.

A Dutch monk, from the monastery of Eymstede, came in pilgrimage to Lough Derg. With great difficulty he got the requisite permission from the Bishop, Prior, and Prince of the territory, to enter the cavern—"omnes enim petierunt pecuniam"—and he had none to give. However, he was let down into the cave by a rope, taking with him a little bread and water; but, whether from a want of faith or of imagination, he saw nothing in the cavern. Going forthwith to Rome he declared the whole story of the cave was a fraud, and, by way of proof, narrated his own adventures in Lough Derg. Accordingly, in 1494, Alexander VI. issued a Brief, directed to the Guardian of the Convent of Donegal, and the official of the Deanery of Lough Erne, ordering the suppression of the pilgrimage and the destruction of the cave—"quia fuit occasio turpis avaritiæ." The aforementioned monk was himself the bearer of this Brief to Ireland. On the 17th March, 1497, the orders of the Pope were executed; the pilgrimage was suppressed and the cave destroyed.

Strange to say, the Four Masters, writing little more than a century afterwards at Donegal, make no mention of this suppression. But it is recorded in the Annals of Ulster, by Cathal M'Guire, their author, who was "Dean of Lough Erne and Deputy of the Bishop for fifteen years before his death," and who was one of those who aided in the execution of the Pope's order.

* One of the first of his works translated by Denis Florence Mac Carthy—selected partly, no doubt, for the sake of its subject.

† Rhaymer's "Foedera."

The pilgrimage, however, soon revived; very probably it was never wholly suppressed, for we find the visit of the French knight recorded by the Four Masters in 1516. It is not easy, however, to determine when the formal transfer of the station to Station Island took place, or when the guardianship of the place passed to the Franciscans. In Peter Lombard's time the change of place had occurred, but not of guardianship. The Canons Regular were still on Saints' Island, but the Prior of the Purgatory lived on Station Island. It is not improbable that the change took place on the revival of the pilgrimage after the Pope's prohibition. In 1632, some years after the plantation of Ulster by the English and Scotch "Undertakers," by order of Adam Loftus and Richard Boyle, Lords Justices, Sir James Balfour and Sir William Steward "drove the friars from the island, caused their dwelling to be demolished, and the cell (on Station Island) to be broken open, in which state it hath lain ever since, so that the pilgrimage is now come to nothing," says Boate (in his *Natural History*), who wrote in Cromwell's time. But as soon as the fury of the persecution had blown over, the pilgrimage was again resumed, for in the 2nd of Queen Anne, it was enacted that—"whereas the superstitions of Popery are greatly increased and upheld by the pretended sanctity of places, and especially of the place called St. Patrick's Purgatory, in the county Donegal, be it enacted that all such meetings shall be deemed riots and unlawful assemblies, and all sheriffs, &c. &c., are hereby required to be diligent in putting the laws in force against all such offenders."

The pilgrimage, however, flourished all through the 18th century. Dr. Burke, the learned author of "*Hibernia Dominicana*," who himself visited the island in 1748, and greatly extolled its fame and sanctity, tells us that Benedict XIII., when a cardinal, preached a sermon in Rome, in which he praised and approved of the penitential austerities of Lough Derg.

These penitential austerities were in ancient times exceedingly rigorous. The station lasted for a period varying from nine to fifteen days. In later times it was reduced to six, and at present only continues for three days. The station begins on the 1st of July, and continues until the 15th of August. The average number on the island is from one to two hundred; but towards the close of the station time there is often from four to five hundred. The station commences with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in St. Patrick's Church. Then certain prayers are said at St. Patrick's and St. Bridget's Cross, after which the pilgrim makes the circuit of the church seven times, of the large penitential bed six times, and of the smaller ones three times each; during these circuits, which are made on the bare knees, a certain number of *Paters* and *Aves* is said. The first night is spent entirely in the prison chapel, and each pilgrim makes his confession on the second day. The penitent "brings his fast to the island," otherwise he cannot

begin his station on that day. The only food allowed is oatmeal bread, with the water of the lake, or a cup of black tea. No whiskey is permitted within three miles of Lough Derg. The spiritual exercises are conducted by three or four secular priests, who remain on the island during the station time and are called always "friars" by the people.

One thing is certain: this pilgrimage has done much during the most disastrous centuries of our history to keep alive in the hearts of the people the spirit of our holy faith and its characteristic practices. Our enemies themselves attest "how much the superstitions of popery are greatly upheld by the pretended sanctity of that place called St. Patrick's Purgatory, in the county Donegal." In the midst of a district peopled by the bigoted, transplanted Puritans, the plundered and persecuted pilgrims found a shrine where the poor friars taught them the lesson of patient endurance at the foot of the cross, and poured into their breaking hearts the cordial of spiritual strength and vitality. And every priest in the neighbouring counties knows well from experience what lasting fruits of penance are to this day produced by a pilgrimage to the holy island. It is, in truth, a sacred spot, that barren rock, rising from dark waters, and surrounded by bleak and frowning hills. The rough stone is worn smooth by the bare knees of the generations of penitents who prayed and fasted there. Many a mile they travelled, poor, toil-worn, and foot-sore, to reach that lonely island. Many a bitter tear of penance was mingled with the waters of the lake. Many a weary vigil they passed in that "prison" chapel or on those "beds" of stone. Aye, and many a darkened soul got light, many a sinful, sorrow-laden heart found there abiding consolation. These thoughts thronged my mind as I left the shore sacred to solitude and penance; and the poet's prayer rose unbidden to my lips:—

"God of this Irish isle,
Blessed and old,
Bright in the morning smile
Is the lake's fold;
Here where thy saints have trod,
Here where they prayed,
Hear me! O saving God!
May I be saved.

J. H.

IS MOORE THE THIEF ?

THIS startling question refers to something very much more decisive and important than any of those "Rogueries of Tom Moore," which Father Prout was fond of denouncing in the pages of *Frazer's Magazine*. Many of those were made-up cases, and the supposed plagiarisms from the older poets were, at most, accidental coincidences, often vague enough. But my present case, which I believe has never been noticed before, regards an entire poem of three stanzas which Thomas Moore must have taken from the French or Jean Reboul from the English, though both give it as their own. Moore's version is, I think, the sweetest, and certainly the most intelligible to the ordinary reader. It is the best known of his "Sacred Songs" :—

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There's nothing true but Heaven.

"And false the light on glory's plume
As fading hues of even ;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered from the tomb ;
There's nothing bright but Heaven.

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way ;
There's nothing calm but Heaven."

Now, would not the foregoing lines pass as a very graceful, though not very close version, stanza for stanza, of the following poem which struck me some years ago, as already known to me, while reading for the first time the "Oeuvres de Jean Reboul," the baker-poet of Nîmes, in which it is called, "Soupir vers le Ciel" :—

"Tout n'est qu' images fugitives,
Coupe d'amertume ou de miel,
Chansons joyeuses ou plaintives
Abusent des lèvres fictives :
Il n'est rien de vrai que le ciel.

"Tout soleil naît, s'élève, et tombe,
Tout trône est artificiel.
La plus haute gloire succombe ;
Tout s'épanouit pour la tombe,
Et rien n'est brillant que le ciel.

"Navigateur d'un jour d'orage,
Jouet des vagues, le mortel,
Repoussé de chaque rivage,
Ne voit qu'écueil sur son passage,
Et rien n'est calme que le ciel."

Surely this keeps almost as near to Moore's lines as the following Latin translation of them, which Dr. Benjamin Kennedy contributes to the *Sabrina Corolla*:—

"Vita fugaci similis pompæ
Vanis hominem capit illecebris;
Risus hilares, miseri fletus,
Falsi radiant falsique fluunt:
Solidi nihil est nisi cœlum.

"Splendet inani gloria crista,
Ceu fluxa rubet vespere nubes;
Et Spes et Amor Formæque nitor
Quid sunt? Tumulo data sarta novo:
Nitidi nihil est nisi cœlum.

"Nos obeuntes deforme fretum
Tumor undarum rapit huc illuc;
Iter incertum vix irradiat
Fax Aonidum, lux Rationis:
Placidi nihil est nisi cœlum."

In the French work there is, as I have said, no indication whatever that the "Soupir vers le Ciel" is a translation from the English; and it is very unlikely that a Nîmes baker should know English, especially forty or fifty years ago. I have not been able to fix the date of the original publication in either case. Lest the reader should imagine that Reboul was one who could not attract Moore's attention, I will give his most famous poem, "L' Ange et l' Enfant," with a version of my own which can claim the one merit of fidelity:—

"Un ange au radieux visage
Penché sur le bord d'un berceau
Semblait contempler son image
Comme dans l'onde d'un ruisseau.

"An angel with radiant face
Bent over a cradle's side,
And seemed there his image to trace
As if in a brooklet's tide.

"'Charmant enfant qui me ressemble,'
Disait-il, 'oh! viens avec moi.
Viens, nous serons heureux ensemble,
La terre est indigne de toi.

"'Come with me,' he whispered, 'come!
Sweet Infant, so like to me—
Come, we'll have a happy home,
This earth is unworthy of thee.

"'Là, jamais entière allégresse;
L'âme y souffre de ses plaisirs;
Les cris de joie ont leur tristesse,
Et les voluptés leurs soupçons.

"'Here never is perfect gladness,
The soul here is pained by its joy,
The cries of mirth have their sadness,
And pleasures soon, soon annoy.

- “ La crainte est de toutes les fêtes,
Jamais un jour calme et serein
Du choc dangereux des tempêtes
N'a garanti le lendemain.
- “ Eh! quoi? les chagrins, les alarmes,
Viendraient troubler ce front si pur,
Et par l'amertume des larmes
Se terniraient ces yeux d'azur?
- “ Non, non, dans les champs de l'espace
Avec moi tu vas t'envoler,
La Providence te fait grâce
Des jours que tu devais couler.
- “ Que personne dans ta demeure
N'obscurcisse ses vêtements:
Qu'on accueille ta dernière heure
Ainsi que tes premiers moments.
- “ Que les fronts y soient sans nuage,
Que rien n'y révèle un tombeau;
Quand on est pur comme à ton âge,
Le dernier jour est le plus beau.
- “ Et, secouant ses blanches ailes,
L'Ange à ces mots a pris l'essor
Vers les demeures éternelles
Pauvre Mère, ton fils est mort!”
- “ Fear lurks in the festive-hall;
No day so serene and warm
But changes ere evening fall—
To-morrow may come the storm!
- “ Shall sorrows, alas! and fears,
This forehead so pure surprise?
Ah! why should the bitter tears
Dim ever these azure eyes?
- “ No, no, through the fields of air
With me thou must flee away;
Kind Providence deigns to spare
The days thou wert still to stay.
- “ Let none in thy dwelling here
Put on the dark weeds of woe;
Let them smile on thy tiny bier
As first on thee cradled so.
- “ No cloud be on any brow,
No grave be in mourning dressed;
With heart pure as thine is now,
The last hour is brightest, best.
- “ And, waving his pinions white,
The angel thus singing sped
Towards the Home of Eternal Light—
Poor Mother! thy child is dead.”

I will end for the present—for the question may be brought before the tribunal of *Notes and Queries*; and, if any light be thrown on it, our readers must have the benefit thereof—I will end with a suggestion in favour of our countryman. I have seen somewhere that Augustin Thierry contributed to the *Censeur Européen*, in 1820, an essay, “*Sur l'esprit national des Irlandais apropos des Melodies Irlandaises de M. Thomas Moore.*” It is possible, but not very probable, that in some such article a prose version may have been given of Thomas Moore's poem, like M. Villemarque's prose translation of Banim's “*Soggarth Aroon*,” which Sir C. G. Duffy quotes in his preface to the last edition of his “*Ballad Poetry of Ireland.*” But the verses on Heaven are very unlikely ones to be thus introduced to the notice of the baker-poet, and his “*Soupir*” purports to be as completely his own as the famous “*L' Ange et l' Enfant.*”

M. R.

THE CONDITIONS OF VISION.

IT is not many hundred years since men of science believed the eyes cast out rays in the act of vision. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says, that one eye pierces through another with its rays, and some there be whose power is such as to compel gazers to look aside, for the rays and spiritual vapours they send forth can no more be endured than the sunbeams at noon-day. *Visio fit intramittendo.* The basilisk kills afar off, he tells us, by sight alone, and blear-eyed persons transmit the contagion of impure blood along with the rays, and so infect others with their own complaint; also doth not Philostratus, in his veracious history of Apollonius of Tyana, tell of an Ephesian of so pernicious an eye, that he poisoned all he steadily looked on?

Very different from the somnolent faith of Burton's day is the nervous, inquiring, dissecting spirit that animates scientific men in our times, and much more satisfactory and intelligible are their theories about the eye and its functions. Some important strides have lately been made in the investigation of the mode of action of light upon the organ of vision, and we believe a sketch of them will be interesting.

It is needless to state that the act of vision does not consist in the eye going forth to the object seen. The soul would, indeed, be a rover if it sent out its coruscations to visit the stars sailing through the depths of heaven, or darted a spiritual message to every leaf and twig or waving shadow that forms part of a wooded landscape, or touched each of the myriad grains of sand, wrinkling curls of water that salute the eye as one gazes upon the ocean. No spirit or spiritual power leaves the eye in the act of seeing. Quite the contrary. The soul abides within itself, and it is the external universe that sends messengers to it in its lordly pleasure-house—messengers that come in the guise of sounds, and sights, and touches, and odours, and all the harmony of multiform and rainbow-varied nature. They penetrate through the avenues of sense, and having entered the sanctuary of the soul are there freed from their shackles of space and time, number and quantity; are etherealised, broadened out, and made like to the soul, where they find a home. In other words, they are abstracted from their individuality, and become general concepts or ideas.

Every visible object sends forth rays of light. It is either phosphorescent or light-giving in itself, as the sun and the comets, or it catches the light from some already luminous body, splits it into its component rays—violet, red, orange, and so on—absorbs some of these, and gives back or passes on the others.

These rays of light may have travelled from beyond the Pleiades, from the uttermost bounds of space, yet their streams remain unmingled, though they have flowed side by side for years, till they break at last the ultimate impulse of their waves upon the tender lenses of the eyes, those

" Frailest and softest things
That shut their coward gates on atomies."

Here they are received upon the cornea or external surface of the eye, and transmitted through lenses of varied consistency and shape till they rest upon the thin film of the retina, which, like a curtain, receives the picture they form. The retina, being an expansion of the optic nerve, gives rise to the feeling of vision.

The mind is lost in bewilderment when considering how those ten thousand times ten hundred thousand rays fall unconfused upon the tiny screen of the retina. It is surprising when the microscope reveals, in a little dot on the prepared glass, a friend's portrait, minute to every wrinkle on the forehead and curl in the beard; how divine, then, must be the instrument that fixes in a single picture the rays that issue from the mountain range, sleeping with all its glens in the dying light of sunset, from the ships resting on the quiet bay beneath, and the white moving sails of the boats beyond the bar, combining them into a picture, whose colour, proportion, and aerial depth surpass all earthly workmanship! How elastic must be that instrument that catches the filmy changeful lustre of the shell upon whose smooth surface the coloured light is playfully rippling!

From all such thoughts, however, the biologist turns prosaically aside, and tries, in a matter-of-fact way, how near his experiments and analyses will bring him to the hidden springs of sensation. The latest researches have certainly proved curious and interesting.

It was generally supposed until lately that the retinas of all animals were of a white or grayish hue. The observations of Franz Boll, however, showed that they are of a purple red colour during life, a colour which is bleached by strong light, restored (as he thought) by darkness, and disappears for ever a few minutes after death.

Kühne, another German chemist, now took the matter up and investigated it in great detail. His researches proved that the purple colour is transient, and disappears thirty seconds after death, when the membrane is exposed to strong sunlight. In gaslight it retains its brilliant hue for twenty or thirty minutes, and in the dark or in the yellow light of the sodium flame it remains unaltered until after its decomposition has set in. When stretched upon glass in the sodium light and allowed to undergo complete desiccation, the purple colour is permanently fixed. It was found, also, that, when spread upon glass and partly covered with strips of tinfoil, it retained its brilliancy of hue,

where it had been shielded by the strips from the action of light and was only bleached on the unprotected portions. In other words, a positive photograph of the strips was impressed on the membrane.

The question now arose—how is the sight and purple renewed in living animals, after being destroyed by the action of light? Careful experiments showed that this renewal is the function of the choroid—a membrane composed of delicate nerves and bloodvessels and secreting a black, granular matter. It lies next to the retina, and its sole understood purpose hitherto was to absorb the rays of light which might otherwise be reflected in the orbit of the eye and render indistinct the pencil of rays which pierce the chrystalline lens, a little globe that hangs suspended in the central opening of the choroid.

The retina of a frog was, by a skilful touch of the scalpel, sundered entirely from its accompanying coats and spread upon a glass plate. An equatorial section of another retina was made, which still, in its natural relations to the other coats, was likewise spread upon a glass plate. Both were exposed to sunlight till the first retina was thoroughly bleached. They were removed for a few minutes to a sodium chamber and then again exposed to ordinary daylight. The severed retina was a pure white; the other had recovered its purple hue.

In a second experiment, a retina was removed and spread on glass with a few fibres of the choroid still adhering to it. In this case the bleaching effect was not so thoroughly marked as in the first instance.

Again, a retina was transferred from its surroundings and left in sunlight till its colour was completely discharged. It was then put back to its natural positions and the choroid quickly restored its purple colour.

It was clear, then, that normal vision consisted in the bleaching by light of the retina, which, on the other hand, is kept in a sensitised condition by the purpurogenous action of the choroid coat, and that a balance in the action of these two agents upon the medullary web of the retina is necessary for the preservation of the latter's normal condition during an animal's life. Could the purple-producing action of the choroid be arrested, when the impression of a luminous object was upon the retina? Would it not be possible to obtain a permanent optograph?

This Kühne now set himself to accomplish, that "martyr of science," the rabbit, being still the subject of his experiments. A rabbit was fixed about five feet from a window-shutter, out of which a square piece had been cut; its head covered for a short interval with a black cloth, which was removed, and the rabbit left facing the apperture for three minutes. A miniature guillotine chopped off its head, while the eye was still resting upon the opening in the shutter. The head was

removed quickly to a sodium-lighted chamber, and the retina of the eye treated with alum. On being examined, a square white image was seen upon a rose-red ground, with its edges sharp, as if drawn with a pencil.

A second experiment produced still more beautiful and interesting results. A rabbit was treated in the same manner as in the last experiment, only on this occasion it was placed a short distance from an entire window. When the retina was examined a perfect photograph of the window was seen, the panes white, and the chastely defined cross-bars a delicate pink.

The simplest of all methods of optography was now tried. A rabbit was decapitated. While the head was still warm, and the organs unstiffened, the eye was held under the middle of a skylight in the dissecting-room. The retina was then subjected to the usual alum treatment, and displayed a perfectly sharp photograph of the skylight, with a clearly-cut outline of every pane and cross-bar. At some little distance was a second skylight, the light from which fell obliquely into the eye.

The conditions of vision, then, are essentially photographic. The retina is analogous to a sensitised plate, the colour of which is discharged by light, but immediately renewed by the layer of cells in contact with it. Thus, the saying of Solomon, "There is nothing new under the sun," receives a fresh illustration. Photography is reckoned one of the newest discoveries; all vision is now shown to be the action of a living camera. The discovery must certainly be reckoned important. It brings within the grasp of a defined chemical law what was before vaguely understood, and points to the possibility of lenses being perfected and plates sensitised to such a degree as to rival the powers of the living eye in fixing colours.

When first it is boldly stated that the eye is a photographic machine, there is a confused idea of degradation, as if the functions of the eye were lowered in its being shown that this loftiest of the senses works by the same blind law as guides the chemical changes of matter; but a little reflection will show that in apprehending and formulating this law, we are only approaching a step nearer that sublime unity wherein the "onward sloping motions infinite" of science will rest, and proving not that man is elevated by identifying himself with dead nature, but that nature is elevated and glorified in partaking of the properties of man, who is the king of nature, "the roof and crown of things."

A WINTER RHYME FOR A CHILD.

BY M. LA TOUCHE.

WINTER days are sometimes fair
With a sweetness in the air;
This is one.

Robins have a mind to sing,
For they almost think the spring
Has begun.

But the folded leaf-buds say,
"We're asleep this winter day;
By-and-bye
You will see us all unfold,
Dancing in our green and gold
Up on high."

Mother Earth is talking too—
"Little boy," she says to you,
"Wait and see
What I'm hiding down below,
Treasures that you love and know
Kept by me :

"Roots of radiant celandine
Waiting until March to shine,
Stars of gold;
Roots of primrose, daisy, too,
Curly fern and violet blue
Safe I hold.

"Safe for eager little eyes
To behold with glad surprise
Some fine day;
So," says Mother Earth, "just wait :
You shall see my robe of state
When 'tis May."

"Thanks," says Ernest, "I must learn
All its beauties to discern,
And to know
Every common flower and tree,
For they'll all be friends to me
As I grow."

Sonnet.

“ Yes,” says grandmamma, “ but then
 Idle boys and idle men
 Can’t enjoy
 All the lovely things of earth;
 Idleness is foe to mirth,
 Little boy.

“ Read about the birds and flowers;
 Mind your own life’s spring-time hours,
 ‘Use them well;
 Love all creatures, hurt them not,
 And you’ll find they all have got
 Tales to tell.”

OLD AGE.

SONNET.

BY STEPHEN DE VERE.

OLD hopes, that upward soared with joy elate,
 Now buried 'neath the dust of wasted years,
 Buried for evermore—old hopes, old fears,
 That thrilled the heart, now crushed beneath the weight
 Of listless age—old homes, how desolate!
 Old friends—alas! to stand beside their biers
 Sunk in an agony too deep for tears,
 Still living, lingering—such the old man’s fate.

One joy remains, the hope to die, to have
 Perfect communion with the dead. In faith
 We wait the angel summons. Speak and save,
 Herald Divine; how merciful thy breath!
 The weary watcher by a cherished grave
 Welcomes those glorious wings that bring him death.

NEW BOOKS.

I. *North Italian Folk*. By MRS. COMYNS CARR. Illustrated by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. (Chatto & Windus).

THE Italy, which is written about in this volume, is not the Italy of religious controversies or civic struggles, nor the Italy of tourists, nor even the Italy of art, but the Italy of the people. The graceful courtesy and the dignified simplicity of the peasantry are faithfully and lovingly depicted by one who "grew up in their midst, and can never forget their pleasant faces and quaint enthusiasms, their friendly greetings, their frank speech, and their emphatic opinions." But with much that is good in taste and feeling, we regret to perceive that the author of these lively sketches shows herself in many passages to be a very insular Protestant. She is unconscious of her utter ignorance of the deeper religious life of rustic Italy, and we place scanty trust in her account of the relations between priest and peasant. This handsome book, which Mr. Caldecott has illustrated very cleverly, would be altogether delightful if Mrs. Comyns Carr had brought with her the genial, reverent Catholic spirit that Adelaide Procter did in her briefer sojourn amongst these same North Italian Folk.

II. *The Christian Reformed in Mind and Manners*. By BENEDICT ROGACCI, of the Society of Jesus. The Translation edited by HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, of the same Society. (London: Burns & Oates. 1877.)

THE appearance of this twenty-third volume of the Quarterly Series compels us to express again our wonder at the punctuality with which works of such size and importance are produced so carefully in every respect at intervals so close as four times a year. The present number of the series is an octavo of four hundred pages, containing a very satisfactory translation of one of Father Rogacci's spiritual treatises. It consists of a systematic "Series of Meditations, in which the whole substance and system of the Exercises of St. Ignatius are worked up," for the use of all classes of persons. Father Rogacci was a consummate theologian and a very holy man; and these qualifications, together with his great experience in giving retreats, account for the solidity and clearness of his writings, of which this is one of the most excellent.

III. *Cathedra Petri: A Brief Summary of the Chief Titles and Prerogatives ascribed to St. Peter and to his See and Successors by the Early Fathers and Councils of the Church*. By C. F. ALLNATT. (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

THIS brochure of sixty pages fulfils the promise of its title-page, which we have quoted in full, with the exception of its motto from Saint Jerome: *Super istam Petram ædificatam Ecclesiam scio*. It has been

very carefully compiled by a convert, who wishes to help others along the road by which he himself has travelled. The materials have been collected with industry and accuracy; they are arranged very effectively and in good order; and, on the whole, they form a mass of evidence which it seems utterly impossible for an honest, thoughtful man to reject, if he seriously applies himself to its consideration, and if he really believes in the divinity of Him Who said: "Thou art Cephas, and upon this cephas I will build My Church." We give the words of our Redeemer in this form, for it is curious that this juxtaposition of "Rock" and "rock"—*Vous êtes Pierre, et sur cette pierre, &c.*—fails in English and German, the languages of Henry VIII. and Luther, those arch-rebels against the authority of St. Peter's successors.

IV. *A Romance of Repentance: or, the Heroine of Vesuvius.* By the Author of "The Martyrs of the Coliseum," &c. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THE previous works of this author, "The Martyrs of the Coliseum" and "The Victims of the Mamertine," entertained their readers with many interesting and touching facts, which were true and authentic; but the present volume, though it professes to be "founded on facts recorded in the Acts of the Canonisation of St. Francis Jerome," approaches very much nearer than its predecessors to the character of an original work of fiction, and, indeed, deals too largely in sensation for humdrum tastes.

V. *The Twelve Months Sanctified by Prayer.* (London: R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster-row.)

THE above is the general title of a series of twelve little books, one for each of the months of the year, appropriating each of them to devotions in honour of some saint or mystery, such as could, in most instances, be conjectured by one familiar with the exquisite vicissitudes of the Church's seasons and festivals. Besides May as the month of Mary, October will be readily recognised as the month of the Angels, November as the month of the Holy Souls, and, of course, March as the month of St. Joseph, and June as the month of the Sacred Heart. Some months have a double dedication, the coming January, for instance, being treated in this series as the month of Spiritual Gifts as well as the month of the Infant Jesus, and both St. Anne and St. Mary Magdalen being allowed to claim July as specially their own.

We may append to this notice of "The Twelve Months Sanctified by Prayer" the mention of a pious publication which will help many to sanctify the twelve months by prayer. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son have just brought out a greatly improved set of the Circles of the Living Rosary. The pictures in such sheets, being intended for popular use,

must be brought out very cheaply indeed, but they are often unnecessarily hideous.

“‘ Shall I have nought that is fair ?’ quoth he,
‘ Have nought but the bearded grain ?’”

Our Catholic public, and Catholic individuals, are not nearly so zealous or so generous as they ought to be in promoting religion and piety and other good causes by means of literature of various kinds. They do very little for themselves in this respect, and they do nothing for others—nothing like what is done by the active members of many Protestant sects. But we are straying too far to account for the meanness and uncouthness of much that is provided for the use of devout Catholic readers. These new Circles of the Living Rosary are a considerable improvement on some that we have seen. A Living Rosary!—what a happy name for a devotion so rich in the poetry of faith and love! Keats felt the poetry of the very word when he wrote:—

“ Ere the hot sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine.”

VI. *Vivisection viewed under the Light of the Divine Revelation*: An Essay. By M. A., Cambridge. (London: William Ridgeway, 169 Piccadilly, W. 1877.)

THIS Cambridge Master of Arts has written this pamphlet with excellent and amiable motives, but we think that both the theologian and the physician will find many weak places in his argument. Of course vivisection may be cruelly abused; and we do not envy those whose duty it is even to use it in its mildest forms; but, for that matter, we rejoice, also, that our acquaintance with ducks and chickens dates almost exclusively from their appearance on the dinner-table, and we advert as little as possible to the fact that they must previously have been put to death in a somewhat truculent manner. The M. A. is to be commended for his earnestness in inculcating the propriety of kindness and considerateness towards the animal creation; but his special object is hardly advanced by this course of thought, nor can he add to the force of the text on his title-page: “Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?”

VII. *The Angel of Love, and other Poems*. By RICHARD STURGES. (London: Provost & Co.)

THERE is so much of deep religious feeling, and of true poetic feeling also, in this little volume, that we are surprised and sorry to find ourselves unable to go nearly so far in its praise as (we perceive by a fly-leaf of “opinions of the press”) some critics have gone—critics of much higher authority than the British public has yet recognised in the present censor. There is something disappointing, a certain want and

thinness in the conception and execution of almost all the poems, each of which, in so small a volume, might fairly be expected to be finished with fastidious and loving care. The most pleasing piece is "My Linnet." "My Need" ends well:—

"And I would fain, if only freed.
Run frightened from myself to Thee."

Why did the poet allow such an expression to pass as "Do smiles on its face *exist*?" The pagan word "Titanic" grates on the ear at the close of so profoundly Christian a poem as "An Ordeal," which seems to us to be far the best thing that Mr. Sturges has done.

TWO PAGES FROM LOUIS VEUILLOT.

I.

A PORTRAIT.

AH! who will give me the power to show forth, such as I saw it one day, the modest flower whose perfume enchants my memory? I will not name her, for she is humble; I will not write a false name under her picture, for she is true. If you recognise her, keep silent, and pity my unskilful pencil. As for her, if she should see this imperfect sketch, she will smile; and, then, with a sigh, "Ah!" she will say, "who is this Saint? How I long to know her! how I long to be like her!"

She was born in a station higher than the crowd, but she plunged into obscurity, seeming, in the eyes of men, to descend, while God saw that she was mounting upward. She is rich in all the gifts that please the world, and the world knows nothing of it, for she only reveals herself to those who bestow no praises. Hidden by her veil, with eyes cast down, she passes from her home to the church, from the church to her home, seeking for solitude, despising the vanities of dress. Hundreds have met her a thousand times, and only know her veil and her dark dress, while *she* knows none of their faces. In the midst of life an eremite.

But the poor have seen the whiteness of those delicate hands which have tended them so well; they have heard the exquisite melody of that voice which has comforted them so often; they have relished the charm of that bright and gentle spirit which, by so many ingenious

services and such pleasant talk, has known how to soothe their griefs, to lighten their hardships, and to bring to their dwellings hope and contentment. But what care they for beauty, intelligence, and grace? They perceive only the good that is done to them. On the part of God, an angel has visited their abode; no one is astonished that the angel should be beautiful and tender-hearted, and should work wonders. They thank the angel; they praise God.

Tried, perhaps, in the depth of her soul—at least I have thought that I could guess this from a certain unspeakable resignation in her looks—she has struggled in silence. God alone has known the strife and the victory. If, amidst all those tears which she has shed over the sorrows of the world, some have been shed over her own sorrows, it is a secret between herself and the heavenly confidante whom she has chosen. Mortal eyes have never seen on her face anything but an unalterable smile. Smile of a soul that is secretly wounded but strong in hope! God knows from what depths of feeling you may come, the world only knows how sweet you are. Like those purple flowers which sprang from the blood of the martyrs, and which perfumed all the country round, you spread around you the strengthening odour of sacrifice.

Providence of my God, do not allow these things to be too much hidden. Lead other souls towards these treasures; you know what evils the mere sight of them can cure. When I saw this woman for the first time, I knew neither her works nor her name. Time had already marked that noble face with the shadow of his wing, and without taking away any of its beauty had dimmed its first glow. An humble and docile child in her father's house, obedient to her elders, submissive to the youngest, working with her needle, her head bent down, far away from the lamp, she listened with an attentive smile to the talk of others, and was silent. In the midst of an assembly of saints, of whom one represented the vigour of faith, another the ardour of charity, a third the holy impetuosity of zeal, and another again the immovable strength of hope, she was the sweet and charming figure of humility.

After many years, after many long and painful journeys far from this asylum in which I reposed with delight for an hour, and which, doubtless, shall never see me again; a traveller so weary already, though, perhaps, far distant still from the goal to which I aspire: what a joy and what a consolation it is for me to have saluted you in passing, O handmaid of the Lord! Receive, without thinking that it is to you it is addressed, my cry of gratitude. You hardly spoke a word to me, you hardly promised me a prayer, and yet I have reason to bless you. Determined as I was to serve our Master, but leaving always in my plans too much room for the intemperance of the human will, I was dreaming of placing myself in the front rank, not to be

seen by Him but to be seen by the world. Then, knowing my danger, He presented *you* to my eyes, and on your forehead I read, in inef-faceable characters, the words which would have put me to confusion eternally: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart."

My sister, I thank you.

II.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

JOHN, the chamois hunter, is well content with his place in this world. He thinks that God has given him a glorious lot.

"The man who is not a hunter," he says, "is he a real man? But the hunting must be on the mountain. To hunt on the plain is not to hunt in earnest.

"There is everything on the mountain—goats, wolves, foxes; there are eagles also, there are flowers, there are strong winds.

"There, many a time, I have seen myself face to face with the lightning; many a time I have seen the lightning under my feet.

"If you knew the sound of the wind in the fir-trees, if you knew the sound of the thunder in the mountain-gorges, you would care no more for any other music.

"At night, alone on the mountain, when the torrent roars, when the winds howl, then it is that a man knows what he is worth.

"In the morning, on the lofty peaks, at the birth of the dawn, then it is that man feels the greatness of God. From his heart leaps forth a prayer.

"I have met God upon the mountain; I have spoken to Him. Weeping, I have blessed Him for having given me my dog and my gun."

M. R.

TOLD BY A BRETON GRANDFATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANCES OF WAR."

IT was the last day of the year, and the evening was as cold and chilly in the little village of Beaujolet as in any other village of France. The sharp wind of winter rushed shrieking across the hills and ravines of the Bocage, on his way to join the noisy revel which was going on upon the sands of Olonne. The snow that had fallen during the day hurried from his path, and took refuge beneath the

walls and hedgerows, where it lay piled in long irregular heaps. The villagers had long ago taken their places around the warm hearths, and were talking, we may suppose, of the events of the year which was soon about to close, and of their hopes for the year which was coming in. In fact, there was nothing abroad to attract little Marie Blanche to the window of her father's cottage, or to induce her to peer so curiously out into the dark and dismal night, where all was shrieking wind and drifting snow beneath, and all was darkness above, the moon and stars declining, it would seem, to look down upon a scene so dreary. Her elder sister, Jeanne, and her brother Armand, had already several times begged Marie to come and sit with them by the blazing fire; but she still kept her place on the table by the little window, and with her rosy face pressed against the glass, continued to look out into the dark night.

"Marie, ma chère," cried again her sister, "do come and sit by grandfather's chair, and he will tell us one of his nice stories." But this entreaty, backed even by such a promise, was lost upon little Marie.

"Beware, my child," said now her grandfather himself, speaking in a warning tone, "the night is dark; the Blues may be abroad. Do not stay near the window."

At the mention of the Blues, the child hastily withdrew from her post of observation, hurried to her place by the fireside, and seated herself on a low stool, which she drew as close as possible to her grandfather's chair.

"And now will you tell us the story, will you not?" said Jeanne.

"Willingly," replied the old man. "The warning which I have just given Marie recalls to my mind strange scenes in which I, too, had a part, when I was no bigger than Marie herself. The present is not, perhaps, an appropriate moment to speak of them; still, as they are now before my mind, I will describe some of them to you—unless, perhaps, Marie should not like to hear any more of the Blues." The child, who was always deeply interested by her grandfather's stories, assured him that she was very anxious to hear something further of those "dreadful people."

"What I am about to relate," began the old man, while his youthful audience drew their seats still nearer his chair, "took place a great many years ago—in fact so far back as the year 1793. In those days men of cruelty and blood were the rulers of France. They had risen up against the authority of man and of God, had overturned the throne of the old Kings of France, and desecrated the altars round which more than a thousand generations of Frenchmen had knelt and prayed. New Year's Day, in the year of which I have spoken, was a sad one for us all in the Bocage. On the 11th of December, the King had been brought to trial before the Convention. No one thought of welcoming

in the New Year, so absorbed were all in the result of the trial. A thousand vague rumours were circulated among the peasants of St. Michel and the neighbouring villages. At one time it was said that the King had been condemned, at another it was rumoured that the people had risen against Robespierre and the other tyrants who oppressed us, had opened the gates of the Temple, and conducted King Louis back in triumph to Versailles. But at length, towards the end of January, the news came that on the 21st of that month he had perished on the guillotine of the Place de la Revolution. Wild was the dismay, and fierce the anger of the peasants of La Vendée as the dreadful news spread from village to village. We were all attached to our king and to our religion; the Republicans of Paris had now deprived us of the one, and were straining every nerve to deprive us of the other. For this we hated them with intense hatred, and made no secret of the feeling which we bore towards them. Yet they wished to compel even us to defend their wretched lives, and to fight the battles of their abhorred Republic against the Prussians and the Spaniards. In the month of March, commissioners arrived to enrol the men of La Vendée in the regiments of the Republic. The peasants rose against these representatives of the power which they hated, and led on by Cathelineau, they drove them and their dissolute soldiers from the towns and villages of our province in which they had established themselves. In the spring of that year the women and children had to work hard planting the crops, as a great many of the men had followed Cathelineau towards the Loire. My father had gone with the others, and we had heard from him but seldom since his departure—only when some sick or wounded neighbour returned from the war and brought us some loving message from him. He always bade us be of good cheer, and told us to pray for France and for him. And oh! how fervently did we pray in those calm quiet evenings of April and May, when we all met around the altar of the Virgin, to implore her protection for those who were fighting for us on the banks of the Loire. Often on those evenings did the old Curé tell us of the persecutions of the Church and of the Martyrs who had given up life and friends for the cause of God, and animate us to imitate these good examples. We listened to him attentively, and when he had done we offered ourselves and all that was ours to God, as he bade us do; but the act was scarcely made when all again turned to the Madonna to ask of her the life of father, of son, or of brother who was in danger. Towards the end of June my father returned home. Oh, how happy were we to see him come back to us safe and unharmed! My mother threw her arms about him, and could only say: 'O Jean, Jean!' We children gathered round him, clung to his arms and legs, and cried and laughed by turns. Then he laid his musket and cartouche box aside, embraced and kissed us all, and sat down to dinner with one of my two younger brothers on

each knee. What a happy dinner party was ours that day! What a number of questions we had to ask, and what strange stories he had to tell us!

“ ‘You will not leave us any more, father,’ I said to him; ‘the war is over now.’

“ ‘Let us pray that it may be so, my child,’ he answered, while a shadow of care and anxiety passed over his face, and he looked anxiously at my mother and us.

“ Before the end of the meal, the villagers came pouring in to ask questions about their friends in the camp, and to talk over the prospects of the cause in which all were so deeply interested. I soon perceived that the news which my father brought was not the best. The men talked together with knitted brows and in low voices, and I often caught the words—‘If they come, they shall rue it.’ A fortnight passed by, and we had almost forgotten the fears which these threats and whisperings caused, so happy were we in having father with us again, when at length these fears were suddenly revived and greatly increased. One day, about the middle of the month of July, my father returned earlier than usual from his labour in the fields. He held a letter in his hand, and was accompanied by the Curé and several of his neighbours, with whom he retired into the inner room of the cottage, where they talked together long and earnestly. When the conference was over, they left the house, silent and depressed, and the Curé, before going, said: ‘It is already time to commence our preparations; to-night we shall send our cattle to the mountains, and remove everything that is worth removing to the caverns of Mont Ardegnac.’ That night there was much noise and hurry throughout the village. No one seemed inclined to go to rest. We children, who had been sent to bed early, could not guess what all this meant, and we lay awake a long time wondering at this unusual bustle. At last we fell asleep, and were awakened only by my mother’s shaking us, and saying: ‘Rise quickly, my children; I have allowed you to sleep so long, because we have a journey before us to-day.’ She spoke in a hurried tone, her eyes were red, as if she had been weeping, and when she had spoken, she turned quickly away, as if unable to look at us again. We were soon dressed, and we hurried to the kitchen. It looked bare and empty; a great many things had been removed from it during the night.

“ ‘Where is father?’ was our first inquiry.

“ He was gone out, but would return soon. We sat down to breakfast with heavy hearts, for the gloom which had fallen on the village began to settle upon us. Just then a noise was heard in the street, and we all rushed to the door. A courier, covered with dust, and panting for breath, had arrived from a neighbouring village, and an anxious and expectant crowd was assembling from all points.

“‘Where is the house of M. le Curé?’ cried the messenger, impatiently.

“‘There, to the right of the church,’ cried a hundred voices.

“The courier hastened at once in the direction indicated, while a murmur ran through the frightened crowd, ‘They are coming! they are coming!’ A few moments later, the bell of the church swung slowly in its old tower, and the tocsin pealed through the valley of St. Michel. The signal had a magic effect upon the people. The men hurried to their houses, followed by the women, who wept and sobbed aloud: all was grief and mourning. My father came in shortly after, looking very pale and distressed. He approached the cupboard by the fireside, and took from it his cartouche box, which he slung across his shoulder. He then took down his musket from its place, rested it against the wall by the door, and turned to us, who stood watching him in mute amazement.

“‘My children,’ said he, ‘I must quit you again for awhile, but I shall return soon. Be obedient to your mother in all things. God and the Virgin protect you.’

“He embraced and kissed us all, as if he was never to see us again; and we all cried bitterly, without precisely knowing why. His voice trembled as he said to my mother, ‘Good-bye, Marie, we shall meet again soon.’ She made no answer. The large tears rolled down her cheeks, and she sobbed aloud. He clasped her for a moment to his breast, kissed her fondly, then snatched up his musket, and hurried from the house.

“We followed him to the church, whither all the men of the village were hastening, each carrying his musket and cartouche box. Before the altar of the Virgin, which had been stripped of its ornaments, knelt the old Cure, whilst a crowd of armed men and weeping women and children filled the church. All joined in the Rosary, which was being recited, and when it was over, the men suspended their beads round their necks. When the prayers were ended, the Curé spoke to the crowd: ‘Those who have to meet the enemy will march at once; I will go with them; the others will immediately convey the women and children to the appointed place of safety. My children, we are already late; let us go.’ The crowd hurried from the church; the armed men were ranged in order in the Place, the word of command was given, and amid the tears and wailings of those who remained, they quitted the village.

“We followed as long as we could with our eyes, but a turning of the road soon hid them from view. A quarter of an hour later, we ourselves were toiling up the steep, entangled passes of Mont Ardegnac, and before night came on, I was asleep in one of the dark caverns hollowed out in its rugged side.

“Towards midnight I awoke, and looked cautiously out from be-

neath the clothes which my mother had piled over us to protect us from the chill air of the cavern. A bright light, which seemed to illumine the whole country, burned without. Near the entrance, I could plainly perceive the figure of my mother. She was kneeling on the cold rock, her hands clasped, and her eyes raised to heaven. 'O God,' she murmured, 'watch over those who expose their lives for thy sake. Mother of Sorrows, we have already suffered much, do not let us now become widows, and our children orphans.' I rose silently from my bed, and stealing to the spot where she prayed, I knelt down by her side, clasped my hands like her, and repeated the *Ave Maria*, which was the prayer I then knew best. She stooped, and kissed me fondly, saying: 'Yes, my child, pray to the Virgin for your father, who is in danger. Look where our enemies are at work! She led me to the mouth of the cavern, and pointed in the direction of the village of St. Maur. From amid the trees which encircled this village—the next to St. Michel, from which it was separated by the pass of Cordonnais—shot up many jagged points of flame. They rose and fell fitfully in the midnight darkness, and spread a lurid glare upon the dark furze which clothed the neighbouring mountains. At times, the night wind carried to our ears the sound of hoarse voices, some of which howled out angry threats or curses, while others shouted some savage air which they had learned in the streets and clubs of Paris. All night long, even after my mother had retired, I watched those dreadful flames rise and fall, and listened to the alternating sounds of drunken broil and savage merriment, which the winds bore past the mouth of the cave.

"At length morning came. No more flames went up from the village of St. Maur, but a heavy cloud of smoke, mingling with the morning mists, hung over its orchards and gardens. The boisterous shouting had ceased, and to it had now succeeded the clang of arms and the gruff word of command. Shortly after sunrise, I saw a long line of soldiers emerge from the cloud of mist and smoke. In front marched the drummers, who beat a quick march, and behind came a column of dark uniforms and bristling bayonets. Under other circumstances, the sight would have made my heart bound with delight; but at that moment it caused me only horror and fear. For a long time I watched the moving line. At last, as I saw that it turned towards the pass of Cordonnais, I rushed to the spot where my mother still slept, and rousing her, cried out: 'Mother, mother, the Blues are coming; they have quitted S. Maur, and are coming towards S. Michel.' She followed me to the mouth of the cave. The drummers were still beating their lively march, and the rows of bayonets were still glistening behind. They were now rapidly nearing the entrance to the pass. My mother looked at them, and as she did so, her face grew deadly pale, and she trembled violently. Onward marched the dark column as before, but now in silence. The drums ceased; the way had become

rough and irregular, and the symmetry of the line of march could no longer be preserved. The foremost files now entered the pass. My mother trembled more violently; she said to me: 'My child, you had better go back to bed; the morning is cold, and you have been already a long time in the open air.' I begged hard to be allowed to remain. 'Let us pray, then,' she said, falling on her knees. 'Mother of Mercy, the hour is at hand; help us by thy intercession.' Again she glanced at the line of dark uniforms and glittering steel. It had now penetrated into the middle of the pass, and hurried forward in silence towards the entrance into the valley of St. Michel. 'It is coming, it is coming!' she gasped in anguish. As she spoke, a piercing whistle rang through the hills. At the same moment, a long, irregular line of fire flashed along the bushes which lined the sides of the pass, and a few seconds later the mountains echoed with the report of several hundred muskets. The column reeled beneath the fire thus unexpectedly poured upon it; and already many of the dark uniforms lay prostrate on the ground. 'For God and the king! Charge!' shouted a voice which, changed as it was by the excitement of the moment, I knew to be my father's. At the cry, a hundred of human forms rose from amid the bushes, and precipitated themselves down the sides of the pass. 'Close up, close up!' cried the dismayed commander of the Republicans to his terrified soldiers. There was no time to obey. The wild cry, 'For God and the king!' again ran through the hills, this time prolonged into a fierce shout by the eager voices which caught it up. There was a moment's silence; then came the sound of clashing steel and the cry of mortal agony: the Vendéans had grappled with their foes.

"I cannot describe to you all that followed, for my mother at that moment fell senseless to the earth, overcome by the spectacle which she had witnessed; and for a long time my attention was directed solely to her. When she had recovered, and I could again look down into the pass, the combat was over. Hundreds of dark figures lay stretched upon the ground, and in the open country to the left of S. Maur, fugitives might be seen flying in all directions. Of these, as I afterwards learned, few escaped to bear the tidings of their defeat to their companions, who were themselves flying from the lost field of Vihiers.

"Silence had again settled down upon Ardegnac and the valley of St. Michel. We waited impatiently for the arrival of some messenger who should tell us that all danger was now past, and that we might return home. But the day wore on, and no one came. My mother's anxiety increased every minute; the fear was growing upon her that some evil had befallen our father. At length, towards evening, a step was heard on the rocky path which led to our place of retreat. I rushed to the entrance, expecting to meet my father, but it was not he; it was the old servant of M. le Curé, who had been sent, he said, to conduct us home.

“‘And where is Jean?’ asked my mother, in an anxious tone.

“‘The man seemed at a loss for an answer; but at last he replied: ‘He has been wounded in the engagement in the pass; he could not, therefore, come himself.’

“‘Let us go! let us go!’ she cried impatiently. ‘It is no slight wound which keeps him from us at this moment.’

“‘We followed the old man down the side of the mountain. He walked rapidly, but our pace seemed slow to my mother, who continually begged our old and somewhat enfeebled guide to hurry on a little faster. Lights were gleaming in many windows as we passed through the street of the village. Most of the inhabitants had returned and were already busy restoring things to their old places. Light streamed from the windows of our own house, and several of the neighbours stood before the door talking in low whispers.

“‘Here is his wife,’ said one in a tone of compassion, and immediately they all fell back a step or two to allow us to enter.

“‘Do not despond, Madame Retailac,’ said another, as we passed; ‘there is yet hope.’ My mother made no reply, but hurried into the cottage. What a sight met her eyes! On a rude bed, which the kind but unskilful hands of his companions-in-arms had prepared in a corner of the almost empty kitchen, lay my father. A blood-stained bandage encircled his forehead, and his hair was clotted with blood. As we approached the bed, he opened his large dark eyes and looked at us vacantly from beneath that dreadful bandage; but he did not seem to recognise us.

“‘O Jean, Jean! do you not know me?’ cried my mother, flinging herself on her knees by the bedside. Her voice seemed to rouse him. He moaned heavily, and made an effort to raise his hand to his head; but it fell powerless on the bed-covering. He was evidently suffering much, but his incoherent words showed that his thoughts were of us.

“‘They will not harm you,’ he murmured; ‘do not be afraid—we will fight for you—you are safe. Ha! they have burned St. Maur; but let the spoilers beware of the pass of Cordonnais.’ And now his mind wandered to the conflict in which he had been engaged, all the circumstances of which seemed to pass before him. ‘Hush! hush!’ he whispered; ‘not a word or a sound—they are coming—let them advance yet a little farther. Yes, yes, it is time now—steady—steady—take sure aim. Ha! how they fall! Forward, forward! For God and the king! Down with the ravagers of La Vendée!’ His eyes closed, and for a time he lay motionless and silent.

“‘Marie, Marie!’ he began again; ‘it is over now. Peace is come again—I will not leave you any more.’ My mother’s tears flowed fast, and she could only sob out prayers to God for his life. Tears, too, stood in the eyes of the kind villagers, who, with uncovered heads, were kneeling round the bed of the wounded man. There was a pause of a

few moments, all listened in silence to the long and heavy breathings which told but too plainly that death would soon be in the midst of us. The Curé began the prayers for the dying. The villagers recited the responses in voices broken by sobs. Suddenly the dying man opened his eyes and fixed them steadily on my mother and us. I cannot tell you all that was expressed in that last look, which I shall never forget. We all burst into a loud wail of grief. He looked at us still, and made an effort to speak, but could not. There was a hoarse rattle in his throat, a deadlier paleness passed over his blood-stained face, the intelligent look of fondest love settled into a dull stare—my father was dead."

The old man paused and looked round on his youthful audience, who had listened to him with deepest attention. Tears were rolling down little Marie's cheeks as she withdrew her eyes from her grandfather's face, and fixed them on the blazing fire. The eyes of her brother, too, were moist, and on his brow burned a glow of deep indignation.

"I have not told you before," continued the aged story teller, "what bitter cause I have had to remember the Blues; but you are already old enough to begin to know and love the cause for which your forefathers died. There are still many Blues in France and in the world; though they are known by other names now. They are called Red Republicans when they endeavour, as in 1793, to destroy by fire and sword the altar and the throne, and they are called Liberals, or Freemasons, when they endeavour to attain the same end by cautious plotting and slow intrigue." The old man looked steadily at little Armand as he continued. "There may come a time, my dear children, when you will have to meet these enemies, and to defend against them the cause for which your ancestors have laid down their lives. Should that day ever come, let their valour and endurance animate and encourage you. Never forget the words upon their lips when they died—'For God and the king!'"

The story was done, the moral had been drawn. The children quitted the fireside to retire to their beds, to think of the wild wars of La Vendée, and to fancy that in every shriek of the wild night wind they heard the holy war cry of their heroic fathers.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, AUTHOR OF "DEIRDRE."

BY THE EDITOR.

A NEWSPAPER editor of great skill and experience says that all of us Irish are born with the knack of writing poetry and of writing letters to the newspapers. To keep his columns free, he adopts the policy of admitting no verses whatever, and of letters he admits only a very small fraction—say .0000001—of the flood of letters that sets in at every post through his letter-box. This inexorable system of repression saves the public from many a rhyme; and from many a printed volume of rhymes the public is saved by the sterner terrors of the printer's bill.

This poetic wealth of the Irish nature finds vent more easily in the richer and more populous Ireland beyond the Atlantic. We hear of sundry tomes of excellent verse published in the United States by sons and daughters of Erin, such as the author of "Out of Sweet Solitude," and now the author of *Deirdré*. This poem has attracted much attention in America as one of "The No Name Series" published by the Messrs. Roberts of Boston. But though this series is so called from the supposed stringently observed anonymity of the works which it ushers into the world, the secret of authorship was not long kept in the present instance, and the author of *Deirdré* has been fully recognised as Dr. Joyce of Boston. Indeed, an Irish issue of the poem, with his name in full on the title-page, has just been sent forth by the enterprising Dublin firm, whose own name has been printed in this magazine some seventy thousand times since the establishment of the latter.

Robert Dwyer Joyce, who is still a young man, is a native of the county Limerick, "born (adds Mr. Ralph Varian) in Gleann Oisín." He is the brother of Dr. P. Weston Joyce of Dublin (in this latter case the degree is LL.D., not M.D.), the author of the well known works on "Irish Names of Places." Having completed his medical studies in Cork and Dublin, and taken out his degree, he decided ten years ago on practising his profession in the United States, and settled at Boston, where he has attained an eminence that leaves him scanty leisure for the relaxation of verse. Yet he still presents that combination of physician and poet with which the American public has already been happily familiar in the person of that genial "autocrat of the breakfast-table," Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Before, however, we proceed to bring this prosperous exile forward in the last of the two characters we have assigned to him, let us crave the pardon of some Irish poets nearer home for the many months which, we foresee, must elapse between this present month and that

future "MONTHLY" which shall enshrine them in their proper niche in our temple of fame. This delay weighs so heavily on our conscience that we were meditating a set of papers to be called "The One-apiece Series," in which many poets might be grouped together expeditiously by being represented each by a single poem. Thus our sample of Denis Florence MacCarthy might be his exquisite "Waiting for the May;" of Timothy D. Sullivan, his genial and clever "Cluricaune;" of William Allingham, perhaps, the "Winding Shores of Erne." With these and others we will in due time share whatever measure of immortality awaits our magazine in its flying leaves or in its bound volumes.

Dr. Joyce must have begun to write and to print his verses at a very early age, for it is many years since the late James Duffy, who published so many kindred works, brought out his "Ballads, Songs, and Romances of Ireland." These were reprinted at Boston, the poet's new home, in 1872, in a handsome tome of some five hundred pages of printing as close and compact as printing could be that is meant to be pleasantly readable. There is not a line of preface, and the dedication consists of the words, "To my Son Garrie." These details are intended to cover our first piece of criticism on Dr. Joyce's muse. In preparing this "complete edition" of his songs and ballads, he would have been better advised if he had not given all. The old Irish airs to which the songs are set are mentioned carefully, and, doubtless, they are more effective in the singing than when read in cold blood; but many of them have the appearance of being too slightly "laboured impromptus." Let us give a sample, which, we think, has received much more care than many of its comrades.

"The mountain-ash blooms in the wild,
Or droops above the wandering rill :
You ne'er can see
A fairer tree,
But I know one dear maiden mild
With witching form more lovely still.

"The mountain ash has berries fair,
The reddest in the woodlands green ;
Sweet lips I know
With redder glow
Than ever lit those berries rare—
The red lips of my bosom's queen.

"The mountain ash has leaves of gold
When autumn browns the steep hill's side ;
Of locks I dream
With brighter gleam
Of yellow in their braid and fold
Than e'er tinged leaf in woodland wide.

"The mountain ash in winter sear
 Stands bravely up when wild winds blow;
 So love shall stand,
 Serene and bland,
 Between me and my Ellen dear,
 A fadeless flower in weal or woe."

Though the poet has not kept to the letter the promise contained in one of these songs, of which the refrain is—

"No, I'll be true for life to you,
 And stay at home, dear land!"—

he has been faithful to the spirit of the promise, and he has drawn his inspiration chiefly from the history and scenery of Ireland. To appreciate him thoroughly one should be more familiar with the story of Ireland than, alas! most of her children are. It is strange that Dr. Joyce has not illustrated his historical ballads with notes, which would be more useful than even Mr. Fergus O'Hea's pictures. For instance, how close does that sturdy ballad about the "Blacksmith of Limerick" keep to facts? The best, however, of these ballads are so long that we cannot venture on any examples. Our purpose from the first has been to introduce Dr. Joyce to our readers as the author of *Deirdré*.

Deirdré is one of the most important additions that have been made to the poetical literature of our country since the publication of Mr. Samuel Ferguson's *Congal*. Like that magnificent poem, it takes its subject from early Irish history; but no such effort is made to attain antiquarian truth of colouring, nor is the new poem enriched with learned notes, of which not a few would be needed for those who are unfamiliar with the history and topography of ancient Ireland. Altogether it is an achievement displaying a strength of pinion which would not have been conjectured from the poet's previous "swallow-flights of song." He has shown courage and judgment in choosing as his metre the fine old heroic ten-syllable measure, rhyming in couplets—freed, however, from that elaborate balancing of sense and sound which is for the most part splendidly effective in Pope, and for the most part tiresome sing-song in the Popelings who ape the manner of that great poet. Dr. Joyce does not try to relieve the somewhat monotonous staidness of this metre by the occasional use of triplets, or by indulging now and then in that additional unaccented syllable, of which "Endymion" gives an example in even its first famous line; but he allows the couplets to run freely into one another, and sentences and even paragraphs often begin in the middle of a couplet. While thus falling back on the old heroic measure, the author of *Deirdré* has shown a highly creditable ambition to emulate the mingled sublimity and simplicity of the old epic writers. He has made his own of many of the merits of his great models; but we fear he has sometimes copied

the baldness and bareness which most of us feel even in Homer and Virgil and Dante, though not all who feel it plead guilty to the feeling.

Who and what was Deirdré? The two pages of "Argument" which summarise the details of the very simple plot furnish us with no dates whatever, and, as we remarked before, there are no notes or illustrations. Deirdré is an Irish maiden, in the old days before St. Patrick, who is the heroine of an unsophisticated, idyllic tragedy which makes her a sort of Celtic Helen, with this important difference that the beautiful Celt is good and pure as well as beautiful, and that the woes and miseries of which she is the cause are not due to any fault of her own. Her birth took place at Emania, near Armagh—

"In the joyous time
 "When wood-flowers bloomed and roses in their prime
 Laughed round the garden, and the new-fledged bird
 Mid the thick leaves its downy winglet stirred"—

and it was accompanied by many untoward omens, beginning with her poor mother's "mighty cry" of travail—

"A long, shrill-sounding, quivering wail of woe,
 Like the young heifer's cry in her last throes
 When a great snake coils round her on the heath
 Crackling her bones and crushing out her breath."

The hoary Druid priest, Caffa, gives utterance to many dark prophecies about the infant which, if she had understood, she might have forgiven to the seer who apostrophised her as a "lovely little bud of womankind," while foretelling that

"Each thread of thy yellow hair,
 For some great hero's heart shall be a snare
 Of love's enchantment: blue shall be thine eyes
 As the deep sapphire depths of April skies;
 White pearls thy teeth, thy lips and bright cheeks red
 As berries in the bosky wildwood bred
 'Neath summer suns, and fair and smooth thy skin
 As the soft satin rose-leaves white and thin
 Of the king's garden in the prime of June."

The misfortunes which the prophet proceeds to link with the birth of this exquisite babe are such that one of the chieftains proposes the stamping-out remedy, and he does so by means of a northern legend, which, though too long for the purpose, is as well done as anything in the book, as, for instance, where the mighty she-bear steals out "with step as noiseless as the small brown mouse makes when a crumb of bread is on the floor and the cat nigh." If this simile be too quaintly

simple, what say you to the following, which describes the effect of the warrior's stern proposal?

"As when, 'mid Allen's bogs, some sunny day
The wild geese with their offspring are at play,
And as they gambol by the lakelet's edge
The hunter's arrow shears the rustling sedge
And splashes in the shallow marsh thereby;
At once the wild fowl raise their signal cry
Of danger, and loud cackling in their fear,
Some hide in reeds, some seek the middle mere:
So at the grisly warrior's words of doom
The aged dames 'gan rustling round the room," &c.

The upshot of it is that the King of Ulster builds a palace for the child, where she grows up under the care of the old nurse Lavarcam, screened from the sight of the world, till she be of age to wed King Connor.

This is only the first of the eight divisions—books they are called in the old epics, but not here—into which the poem is divided. The child's life in the palace garden is very beautifully told, and the awakening curiosity of her girlhood. The third part, "the Flight from Eman," contains some delightful descriptions of natural scenery which we would fain quote; but our space narrows, and we cannot return to this poet, as there is already another to whom we have promised to return, and there are many more to whom we must pass on. Here is one of the passages we had marked for quotation:—

"They looked and saw
The eagle of the golden beak and claw
And bronze-bright feathers shadowy overhead
And silent on the elastic ether spread
A space, or with alternate flutterings
Beating the light air with his winnowing wings;
While, underneath, the quick hares 'gan to flee
Into the brake, save one that tremblingly
Crouched blind with fear. Then, as when 'cross the heaven
On a wild March day the dark wrack is driven,
And a small cloud-rent sails athwart the sun,
Sudden a bright gleam smites the marshland wan,
Arrowy and swift: so, like that flash of light,
The mighty king-bird from the heavenly height
Shot down upon the shuddering prey below
With a great whirr that raised the powdery snow
In a pale cloud around, and from that cloud
His piercing mort-scream echoed shrill and loud
Upon the listener's ears; then with his prey
Up through the blue bright heaven he sailed away
Leaving upon the snow a broad red streak
Of blood behind him."

In a scolding-match, such as Homer gives us examples of, a rough

warrior thus charges the enemy with too strong an instinct of self-preservation :—

“O small-souled men !
 With valour like the little water-hen
 That at the otter's plunge scuds o'er the wave
 To hide its head within some reedy cave
 Under the stream-bank till the danger's o'er.”

And of another warrior we are told that—

“A ponderous sword hung low upon his thigh,
 Whose huge hilt sparkled like a starlit sky
 With many a gem.”

As a matter of course, the poor maiden wearies in her splendid prison, and equally, of course, her “heart is sair for somebody,” who, we need not say, is *not* the king. But, in telling us so, why is the ancient dame Lavarcam guilty of the gratuitous anachronism of quoting, and quoting expressly as an old saw, that “there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip?” and why does another of the characters speak so like a Christian about the Trump of Doom? Deirdré marries the flower of Eman's chivalry, Naisi, one of the sons of Usna; and then the wanderings and misfortunes of that brave tribe begin. But we, instead of beginning, must perforce come at once to an end. Let our readers ask the bard himself to tell the tale to them in full. They will find plenty of variety in it—marchings, battles by land, sea-fights, and pleasant pauses in the vicissitudes of the doomed race: their flight to Keth of Connaught, their voyage from the Moyle to Alba, their sojourn in the realm of Mr. Black's “Princess of Thule”—to perpetrate another wild anachronism—their joyful return to their Ulster home on the treacherous invitation of the king, by whose emissary they are slain, while

“rose the shrill voice of despair
 From Deirdré, over all sounds rising high
 And piercing, like a wounded seagull's cry
 Heard 'mid the roar of storms”—

till at the last she dies embracing her husband's corpse.

Grievous injustice would be done to this Irish-American poet if his work were judged from a brief notice which has not even extracted one of his war-scenes, the best part of the poem. *Deirdré*, as we have stated, has had a great success in America as the second of “The No-Name Series.” It ought not to be unknown to us at home, to whom the scenes amid which the legendary tale is laid, and the history from which it is taken, are, or ought to be, as dear as they manifestly are to our exiled countryman. Let us hope that Irish literature has not heard the last of the name of Robert Dwyer Joyce.

ELEANOR'S STORY.

By KATHARINE ROCHE.

CHAPTER III.

CLOUDS AFAR OFF.

THE slanting rays of the August sun, as yet unwilling to sink into the bed of cloud prepared for him on the horizon, throw their golden glory over the nine-acre field at Knockartela, where the reapers have now been some days at work, laying low the feathery crop of barley. More than half the field is already bare stubble, dotted over with stooks, and a long train of reapers and binders are steadily, if slowly, reducing the remainder to the same condition. Beside the group of binders, her black eyes on the alert to detect any signs of loitering or gossiping among them, stands Mrs. Brennan; a large straw hat perched a-top of her white cap in no unpicturesque fashion, knitting rapidly, as she talks to Eleanor Kennedy, who has stopped a moment on her way through the field to look at the busy scene. The years which she had spent at Knockartela have changed Nora from a sallow, delicate child, into a tall, active girl, not very far removed from absolute beauty, with her clear, dark complexion, soft, inky-lashed, gray eyes, and dusky hair hanging in heavy waves on her neck. The plainness of her holland dress, and coarse straw hat exactly the same as Mrs. Brennan's, cannot prevent her looking at all points a lady, as she stands among the homely group of farm workers, her book in one hand, in the other a bunch of poppies, fern, and ears of corn. Her mother had judged wisely when she decided on settling in the country, although now that her purpose in so doing is accomplished, and that Nora has grown up strong and healthy, she is sometimes inclined to underrate the share which the means had in bringing about the end, and to lament the advantages, educational and otherwise, which she has forfeited for her child in leaving Dublin. Her greatest regret is, that the girl's very decided talent for music has never been properly cultivated, and many a wakeful night is spent by her in the consideration of ways and means by which she may be enabled to take Nora to Dublin, and enter her as a pupil of the Academy of Music. The chief reason which influenced her in settling at Knockartela, however, still holds good; her income being so small, that it would be utterly impossible for two persons to live upon it in Dublin, without enduring privations to which she cannot for a moment think of exposing Nora; so she can only wait and hope, although the happy chance which is to

enable her to carry out her wishes is still so far in the distance, that she cannot even imagine in what guise it will be likely to appear. No such longings disturb Nora; she is well content with things as they stand; her books and her music are a never-failing resource, and she likes the picturesque freedom of her country life, although she can never be induced to take an interest in the details of farm work. She has just asked some question displaying profound ignorance of agricultural operations, and Mrs. Brennan is, for the hundred and fiftieth time, lecturing her on her culpable neglect of her opportunities of self-improvement.

"Suppose, Miss, that you were to marry a farmer—you'd find it useful then, I think, to know something of what do be doing on a farm."

"But, Mrs. Brennan, I don't mean to marry a farmer," says Nora, with an involuntary glance at old Darby Brennan, who is helping one of the men to make up a stook.

"Oh, you may laugh, Miss—of course, when I say a farmer, I don't mean one like my old man there. There's farmers an' farmers. Look at young Mr. Carroll of Lisnalough. I'm sure he's quite a gentleman, and though his wife would not want to be working about the farm like I have to do, still it would be no harm to her to know how things ought to be managed."

"But I am not going to marry Mr. Carroll either."

"No, Miss, I know you're not; seeing that he hasn't asked you, but you may marry some one like him."

"Well, Mrs. Brennan, if ever I do, I promise to serve a regular apprenticeship to you, and learn all about everything—even butter-making. But meantime, I want to speak to you about mamma. Don't you think she has been looking very badly of late?"

"So you've noticed that at last, Miss, have you?"—Nora had noticed it long before, but had not spoken, from an instinctive dislike to give substance to a shadow by putting it into words.—"Your mamma has been looking badly this many a day, Miss, and it's my belief that she ought to see a doctor without loss of time. I was meaning to speak to you myself about it."

"You don't think it is anything serious?" said Nora, in a tone of alarm.

"How can I tell, Miss? Anyway, she ought to see a doctor. There's Dr. Burke at Rathlee is a clever man, they say; Darby went to him once about his rheumatism."

"And did he do him any good?"

"He done him no harm, at all events, Miss. If I was you, I'd make your mamma go to him at once. I'll be going to Rathlee on Saturday to market, an' ther'll be room on the car for her an' for you."

"I am afraid she won't," said Nora, doubtfully; "she has such a dislike to doctors."

"I know she have, Miss, mostly because of the expense, I think; but she ought not to mind that, in the matter of her own health. If you take my advice, Miss Nora, you'll speak to her this very night; there's no good losing any more time; 'tis too much, maybe, has been lost already."

Nora walked slowly back to the cottage, pondering over Mrs. Brennan's words, and multiplying her own uneasiness by that so evidently felt by her mother's faithful old friend. She was, however, still young enough to have complete faith in medical science, and thought that if her mother could only be persuaded to see a doctor, all would be well. She was, therefore, much relieved by what would have given a more experienced person fresh cause for uneasiness—Mrs. Kennedy's ready assent to her proposition of consulting Dr. Burke.

"I may as well patch myself up in time, Nora," she said, "for what would become of you, my child, if I were to die?"

Saturday found them both in the doctor's consulting-room; Mrs. Kennedy in a low chair, facing the light, giving hurried nervous answers to Dr. Burke's keen questions, while Nora sat at a little distance, studying his quiet, impassive face, and trying to guess at his opinion of her mother. She soon came to the conclusion that it was a favourable one, as he ordered little medicine, and laid great stress on the necessity for rest and freedom from anxiety. An illness which required such simple remedies could not, Nora felt certain, be a serious one; so when her mother sent her to find Mrs. Brennan, and make some trifling change in their arrangements for the day, she never suspected the motive for desiring her absence, and went down the busy, sunny street, with a lighter heart than she had had for some days. She found Mrs. Brennan without much difficulty, and while repeating to her every word the doctor had said, tried to impress her with her own hopeful view of the case; a view founded mainly on the fact that Dr. Burke had ordered little, save rest and freedom from anxiety. Mrs. Brennan did not, however, seem as much relieved as Nora expected.

"Doctors are very fond of ordering people to give up fretting, Miss; one would think it was like tay or tobacco, to be given up at a moment's notice. Sure we don't want a doctor to tell us that fretting is bad; if they could take away the trouble that causes it, we'd be thankful to them, but they can't."

"But," said Nora, "mamma has no cause for anxiety,"

"Hasn't she, Miss? I don't know that. People's children are always a cause of anxiety, I'm sure, though I never had one of my own. I've had trouble enough with Tom; I've lain awake at night, thinking that he'd come to a bad end, in a way that would have been the death of many a one."

"Thank you, Mrs. Brennan," said Nora, laughing, "but I am

not yet in the habit of going to fairs, and coming home with a broken head."

"You catch one up so, Miss Eleanor, that there's no saying a word to you. I had no thought of evening you to Tom, an' if I done it unawares, I ask your pardon, Miss. But all the same, your mamma may have cause to be anxious about you. She knows what it is to be left alone in the world."

Mrs. Kennedy joined them presently, looking so white and ill that both Mrs. Brennan and Nora cried out in alarm. She said herself that she was only a little tired from answering so many questions, and laughed off all suggestions that she should go home to rest, insisting on remaining in town until Mrs. Brennan had transacted all her business; but when they went to the baker's for lunch which was to serve them as dinner, Nora noticed that the cup of soup which her mother had asked for, remained almost untasted, and she could not help thinking that whatever might be the ultimate results of this visit to the doctor, the immediate ones were far from satisfactory.

Later in the day, the car from Knockartela was driving slowly up and down the chief street of Rathlee, waiting for Mrs. Kennedy, who was in the little church. Upon the car sat Nora, by this time a little tired of her long day's waiting, and trying to find amusement in watching the groups of country people who had come into market. She looked very pretty in her holland dress and broad-brimmed black hat, with just one touch of scarlet underneath, and some among the more appreciative of the passers-by, glanced admiringly at her, as she sat perched upon the car, and wondered what chance had brought such a pretty picture into the little town of Rathlee, this sunny Saturday afternoon. Presently a tall figure in black came rapidly up the street, and as it drew near, Nora recognised Dr. Burke. A sudden desire to speak to him herself, to know his opinion of her mother from his own lips, arose in her mind, and almost before she knew what she was doing, she had made a sign to Tom Brennan, which caused him to check his horse in its lazy saunter, and draw the car up close to the footpath. As Dr. Burke passed, Nora bent forward, and spoke his name. He stopped at once, but on seeing who it was that had spoken, he seemed somewhat embarrassed, and made an effort to pass on. Now, however, that she had once taken the step of addressing him, Nora was determined to profit by her opportunity, and plunged at once into the subject.

"Dr. Burke, will you tell me truly what you think about mamma? She surely is not seriously ill?"

Dr. Burke paused a moment before replying.

"Your question is a difficult one to answer, my dear. There are many illnesses, which although not serious at first, become so from neglect."

Poor Nora did not notice the evasion in this speech, but there was sufficient meaning on the surface to alarm her.

"And you think that mamma's case is one of these?" she asked.

"I think that for some time to come, she will require the greatest care. You heard the directions I gave her this morning?"

"Tell them to me again, please?"

He repeated them slowly and carefully. Then he asked: "Has she no relative, no sister or aunt who could come to stay with her for the present?"

"She has no one but me," answered Nora; "we two are alone in the world."

"Well, my dear, I am sure you will take as good care of her as any one could do. Do not forget what I said. Good-bye."

"Alone in the world," said Dr. Burke to himself, as he went quickly down the street. "Poor child! it might have been kinder to tell her something of the truth; but I had not the heart to do it."

CHAPTER IV.

CLOUDS OVERHEAD.

DR. BURKE'S treatment was so far successful, that for some time after her visit to him, Mrs. Kennedy regained strength in a manner which convinced Nora, and even the more experienced Mrs. Brennan, that she was on the way to a speedy and permanent recovery, while she herself began to think that the term of life yet remaining to her might be longer than she had been led to expect, and that she might even be spared until Nora was provided with some resource against the utter destitution awaiting her on her mother's death. The improvement, however, was but temporary; the beginning of the new year found her weaker and less equal to exertion than she had ever been before; and although the idea of death, which was seldom absent from her own mind, had not yet dawned on Nora's, the latter was anxious and uneasy, with an undefined consciousness of impending trouble. The uncertainty of her child's future was, of course, a bitter sorrow to the invalid; many a wakeful night did she spend in anxious thought, without other result than an ensuing day of languor and weariness; many a plan did she form, only to abandon it on further consideration; and time was slipping by, in slow hours and minutes, swift weeks and days. The old parish priest at Rathlee had promised to do his best to obtain a situation as governess for Nora when the time came which would necessitate her seeking one, and in this promise Mrs. Kennedy was forced to put her trust.

One day, towards the beginning of the new year, she was suddenly

seized with an attack of pain and faintness, to which she had lately become subject; the remedy, however, was at hand, and in a short time the worst symptoms had subsided. As Nora was replacing the little bottle containing the medicine, her fingers, trembling still from fright and agitation, lost their hold, and the bottle lay in pieces on the floor, its precious contents hopelessly lost. Poor Nora was in despair; Mrs. Brennan had gone into Rathlee some hours before, taking her nephew with her, and the only persons left at the farm were old Darby himself, and a servant-girl, who, even if she could have been spared from her work, was too stupid to be depended upon as a messenger. To face the night without the medicine was a risk not to be thought of for a moment, and yet Nora did not like to leave her mother alone while she went for it herself. At length, late in the afternoon, Mrs. Kennedy sank into a quiet sleep, and Nora, obtaining a ready promise of attention from the good-natured servant, set off on her five miles' walk. It was snowing heavily when she left the house, and before she had accomplished half the distance, darkness had set in. At length she reached Rathlee, wet through, and worn out from the struggle against wind and sleet. She obtained the medicine from Dr. Burke's assistant, and was starting on her homeward journey, when, to her great joy, she heard the sound of wheels, and was overtaken by the car on which Mrs. Brennan was returning home. For a moment she feared that the sign she made to stop it had been unseen, but after it had passed her, it was pulled up, and she heard Mrs. Brennan's voice asking: "Do you want a lift, good woman?"—then, "Miss Nora, in God's name, what brings you here at this time of night?" and while giving her hurried words of explanation, Nora found herself being helped up on the car, where she was soon settled in comparative comfort, sheltered from the wind by Mrs. Brennan's substantial person, and protected from the cold by a horse-cloth wrapped round her knees.

"Miss Nora," said Mrs. Brennan, after she had heard Nora's story in detail, "it seems to me that your mamma doesn't get one bit better. I have not any opinion of that Dr. Burke myself, ordering nothing but rest and quiet. I'm sure he might give more value for all the money your mamma has given him. You ought to make her go up to Dublin, Miss, and see one of the real good doctors there, or two of them, for the matter of that."

"What is the use of speaking to her, Mrs. Brennan, when we have not got the money? it would cost a great deal to go up to Dublin."

"Whisper, my dear," said Mrs. Brennan, moving closer to Nora, and lowering her voice so as not to be overheard by her nephew on the other side of the car, though, indeed, the wind and rain rendered such a precaution unnecessary; "whisper, my dear. I have some money saved, unknownst to Darby or any of 'em; not much, but

enough to take you an' your mamma to Dublin, an' pay doctors besides, so don't let the want of money stand in the way."

"You are very good, Mrs. Brennan," said Nora, "but how could we take your savings in that way? It would be a shame."

"My dear," said Mrs. Brennan, energetically, "I would beg my bread for the rest of my days, and be thankful, if I thought I could save your mamma's life by it. I don't like to be frightening you, Miss, but you won't have her long if something isn't done, and quickly too. You'll be doing what's very wrong, Miss, if you let your pride stand in the way of what would be for her good."

By this time they had reached the house, and Nora went with Mrs. Brennan into the farm-kitchen where Kitty the servant came to help her to take off her wet cloak and boots.

"Wisha, you're drowned, Miss," said Kitty. "Your mamma is having a fine long sleep to-day; she never so much as stirred when I took in the tay-things an' made up the fire. I think 'tis a'most time to wake her now, though; 'tis a long time since she had anything to ate, and a long fast isn't good for her."

Nora went into the little sitting-room, where the bright fire, the only light in the room, showed her mother, lying on the sofa, apparently in a deep sleep. Her face was in shadow, but something of weariness in her attitude struck Nora, in whose ears Mrs. Brennan's warning words still sounded. Thinking that her mother must be exhausted from want of food, she hastened to make the tea, and then proceeded to light the lamp, hoping by so doing to waken the sleeper. But Mrs. Kennedy never stirred. Nora poured out a cup of tea, and carried it over to the sofa.

"Mamma, here is your tea." She stooped down, touching her mother's hand. "Mamma, mamma, wake up. Oh! Mrs. Brennan," called Nora, wildly, "come here quick, and see what is the matter with mamma."

Mrs. Brennan rushed in, followed by Kitty, and found Nora making frantic efforts to rouse her mother, the broken tea-cup at her feet bearing witness to her terror. It needed but one glance and one touch to send Mrs. Brennan back into the kitchen, where she was presently shaking her nephew, who, tired from his day's work, had fallen asleep before the fire.

"Tom, you'll have to put the horse into the car again, and go to Rathlee as quick as ever you can drive, and bring the doctor and Father Lynch back with you—Mrs. Kennedy is very bad. Never mind your supper, you omadhawn you," as the half roused Tom, cast a doubtful look at the table where it was already laid, "never mind your supper, but lose no time in bringing the priest and the doctor back with you. Not that it'll be a bit of use" she added to herself, as she went back into the parlour, where, by a few rapid words in

Irish, she checked Kitty's useless efforts to restore life to the motionless form. "Miss Nora, my darling, you can do nothing more until the doctor comes. Tom is gone in for him; come away my dear."

"Oh, Mrs. Brennan!" sobbed Nora, "say that she is not dead; only tell me that she is not dead!"

"Whisht, whisht, my darling; the doctor 'll be here presently an' he'll know what's the matter."

When an hour later, priest and doctor arrived, the words of the latter were not needed, to tell them that Mrs. Kennedy was dead, and he at once turned his attention to Nora, who was lying on the rug in a stupor of despair, her head resting on Mrs. Brennan's knees. He gave her a sleeping draught which he had brought with him, desiring that she should be at once undressed and put into bed.

"That poor child has no relatives, I believe?" said Father Lynch, as Mrs. Brennan returned with the report that Nora was asleep.

"So far as I know, sir," said Mrs. Brennan, "she has not a creature belonging to her in the whole world. Her mother, I know, had no relations, and I never heard of any on the father's side. So much the better if they were to be like what he was."

"Poor child!" said Dr. Burke; "I intended to make her understand something of her mother's danger, but I put off doing so from day to day. Indeed, I hardly expected the end would be so soon."

For some time after her mother's death, Nora was in a state of mental and physical depression, which seriously alarmed Mrs. Brennan; by degrees, however, she roused herself, and showed a knowledge of her actual position, very annoying to her kind old friend, who had hoped to keep her in ignorance of it at least for a time. Nora, although childish and simple in many ways, was clear-headed and intelligent about money matters, her mother having always made a point of her understanding the manner in which their little income was apportioned. She knew that Mrs. Kennedy's annuity went at her death to a hospital, it having been originally left to her by an old uncle, who hated her husband, and who was determined that no child of his should profit by it, while the sum left by Mr. Kennedy, which now reverted to his daughter, was so small, that no economy on her part would enable her to live on the interest of it. She therefore gratefully accepted the offer made by Father Lynch, of finding her a situation as governess. Mrs. Brennan was much annoyed at this, and used many ingenious arguments to prove that her little income would, with good management, be amply sufficient for her wants; but Nora was firm in her refusal to give the plan a trial, well knowing the manner in which deficiencies would be made good. In this resolution she was encouraged by Father Lynch, who knew her mother's wishes on the subject, and understood better than did Nora herself how undesirable it would be for her to fall into the position of a dependant at

Knockartela. Accordingly, after some little delay, a situation was found for her with a lady, who was looking for a governess for two girls and a boy, all under ten years of age.

Her last evening at Knockartela had come, and Nora sat by the turf fire in the little sitting-room, where she and her mother had spent ten of the happiest years in the life of one, at least of the two. Mrs. Brennan, who had come to remain with her for the evening, as she now usually did, sat on the other side of the fire, knitting busily, and scarcely trusting herself to look across at the slight, child-like figure in the heavy black dress, curled up in her usual attitude on the rug, her head resting, not as of old, against her mother's knee, but against that mother's empty chair. Nora had spent the day packing and arranging her own and her mother's little properties, most of which were to be left in Mrs. Brennan's charge. Among them was Dr. Devereux's picture, unseen by her since the evening ten years before, when she had discovered it in the secret drawer of the ebony cabinet. She had put it carefully into a corner of her own desk; but the sight of it had recalled her childish romance, and she was now picturing to herself her mother as she had been at the time of her first husband's death, and wondering, with the wonder of her twenty years, how that mother had ever been happy again. She did not know that Mrs. Brennan's thoughts were busy with the same subject, carried back to it by the sight of the slight, black-robed figure, so like that of the widowed Mrs. Devereux.

"Mrs. Brennan," said Nora, suddenly, "did not you know my mother in her first husband's lifetime?"

"I did, Miss; I was her servant then."

"What kind of person was Dr. Devereux?"

"My dear, he was one man in a thousand; I never yet saw anyone to come up to him for goodness, and them that knew the difference said he was as clever as he was good."

"Was mamma very fond of him?"

"She was; although I sometimes thought that he cared more for her than she did for him. How she afterwards came to marry the man she did was more than I could understand. I beg your pardon, Miss, I'm sure; I forgot that he was your father. You have a great look of him, too, sometimes, for all your likeness to your mamma; he was a handsome man in those days, but as for comparing him to the doctor."——

"Where did they live—mamma and Dr. Devereux, I mean?"

"At Rathcorrig, in the county Cork; people often said it was a pity for a clever man like him to be living in such an out-of-the-way place; but he liked the quiet of it, being fond of reading, and writing, an' the like, and he had money enough to live on."

"What did mamma do after his death?"

"She just went on living in the same house. The doctor had left her what money he could : it was not much, for the most of what he had was settled on Master Roger, but it was enough for her to live on. I often since wondered what become of that money—she told me when first she come to live here, that it had been lost in some speculation."

"Was it at Rathcorrig that she first met my father?"

"Yes ; there was a barrack near, and Mr. Kennedy used to be a deal with the officers. I don't know exactly how she first come across him ; but any way, things were soon settled betwixt 'em. She was young and lonely, and your father had a taking way with him when he choose. She intended taking me to Dublin with her when she was married, but he soon put a stop to that. He was that jealous of Dr. Devereux, that he would have liked every one that ever knew him to be swept off the face of the earth, for fear of reminding her of him. She used sometimes to write to me afterwards, and once, when me and Darby was in Dublin about a law-suit we had, I went to see her ; I told her then that I let lodgings, and she remembered it after when she wanted them herself."

"Do you know what became of Dr. Devereux's little boy?"

"I never set eyes on him since the day his grandmother's maid came to take him away : a stiff, disagreeable woman she was, and speaking that Englified that you could hardly understand her. If her mistress was at all like her, I pity the poor child that never got a hard word in his life before, either from his father or his stepmother. She, poor thing, almost broke her heart at parting with him : she knelt down in the hall, and put her arms round him, and kissed him, and cried, and told him never to forget her ; and the poor child cried too, and I cried for company, and all the while the maid stood by with a kind of sneering look on her face, and presently she took the child by the arm and said, 'Come, Master Devereux, I can't wait any longer,' and she took him out almost by force, to the carriage that was waiting at the door. No, I never saw little Master Roger since then, and somehow, I think he must have grown up without much heart, or he would have made some kind of effort to find the stepmother that was always good to him. Come, Miss Nora, 'tis time you went to bed, with the journey before you to-morrow."

Noon the next day found Nora in a second-class carriage on her lonely way to Dublin, and kind Mrs. Brennan, who had come to the railway station to see her off, driving back on her car to Knockartela, sobbing as if her heart would break.

THE CROSSING OF THE BALKAN.

RUSSIAN WAR SONG.

BY STEPHEN E. DE VEEB.

HARK to the soldier's tread ;
 Hark to the thundering drum ;
 To the harvest of the dead
 The northern warriors come.
 Thro' darkness, flood, and storm,
 Up Balkan's rifted side,
 The fierce battalions swarm,
 And the wild Cossacks ride.
 On, brothers, on !
 Ere the rising sun
 Springs from his ocean cave,
 O'er peak and crag
 Must our Russian flag,
 Avenging Eagle, wave.

On Balkan's hoary crest
 The panting squadrons stand,
 And storms of billowy mist
 Enshroud the gallant band.
 Up leaps the cloud, sunlit ;—
 Lo ! in the crimson morn,
 Spear-head, and bayonet,
 And brazen helmet burn.
 On, brothers, on !
 For the kingly sun
 Welcomes the brave and free ;
 And the light he sheds
 On our plumed heads
 Is the crown of victory.

Wave high those flashing swords :
 Spur, spur each courser free ;
 And crush the Moslem hordes
 From the mountains to the sea.

Hurrah ! for our native land !
Shout for our father Czar !
Then, comrades, hand in hand
March to a righteous war.
On, brothers, on !
Till the work is done,
And Christian slaves no more
Shall pine and sigh,
Crouch down, and die,
On their own Danubian shore.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COUNTRY DISPENSARY.

BY M. J. MALONE, M. D.

WHEN my name was first entered on the Medical Register, a variety of circumstances prevented me from immediately engaging in the practice of my profession in my native city, and I thought it well to convert the few months at my disposal into an extended holiday, as a kind of recompense for my self-denial during the period of grinding which precedes all medical examinations. ("Grinding," by the way, is the technical expression for a peculiar system of teaching, for the most part catechetical, by which knowledge is forced into the brains of miserable students to prepare them for the awful examiners—much as food is forced down the gullets of possibly equally miserable turkeys when it is thought desirable, regardless of their private feelings on matters of diet, to bring them up to a certain standard of obesity.) I set out, accordingly, on my holiday trip, and spent some delightful days in Galway in the company of a dear friend of my early college life. It was our custom to row up the river in the afternoons, and gliding under the stately walls of Menlough Castle, to pass through a kind of canal known as the "Friars' Cut," whence we suddenly burst into lovely, lonely, silent Corrib, with all its islets, and all its ruins, and all its misty archaic traditions. And glorious it was to sit with oars at rest as the sun went down behind the hills that shot their peaks up into the golden ether, and to watch the darkness stealing on, while the wild duck cackled high overhead, and the pale moon rose up, like some spectre of the mountains, from the opposite horizon, and

then to be borne homewards on the rapid stream, without the assistance of oar or sail, as one by one the stars began to glitter like diamonds in the deepening vault above us.

But human pleasures are proverbially short-lived; and so it happened, that on my return one evening from a more than usually pleasant pull on the lake, I found a telegram awaiting me from a medical friend in another county, requesting me to take charge of his dispensary for a few weeks, as he was obliged to absent himself on urgent business. He had been unable to procure a substitute nearer home, and he expected that I would not refuse to oblige him. And of course I could not; for though the sudden interruption of my delightful vacation was anything but agreeable, yet I felt, in addition to my desire to do a friendly office, that a little practical work at my profession must certainly be useful to me before my final "settling down." Moreover, I was anxious to extend my knowledge of the geography of Munster, for I am almost ashamed to confess that I had no very definite idea of the whereabouts of the village that was now to receive me as the guardian of its health, though its population numbered two hundred souls, and very many pigs, and some cattle. I tore myself away from the City of the Tribes and its romantic surroundings, and after a twelve hours' journey by trains not remarkable for a dangerous rate of speed, and a horse that required a considerable amount of persuasion to induce him to pull our vehicle over the hilly roads for nearly twenty miles, I found myself at length at my destination.

The doctor, whose place I was about to fill, was just as young in the profession as myself, and had not been many days appointed to his dispensary. He therefore had no residence in the district, and I was consequently compelled to go into the first lodgings at which my driver pulled up. In praise of these lodgings, without meaning the least disrespect to the worthy folks who kept them, I cannot say very much. The furniture, not to go into details, was extremely plain and still more scanty; but as lodgings had never been looked for in the village by any one in the aristocratic position of a dispensary doctor, or even of a *locum tenens*, this was not to be wondered at. My apartments were over a shop devoted to "public business;" and, as they had the advantage of being ceiled, a colony of rats took up their abode over them, under shelter of the warm thatch; and, judging from the noise they made when differences of opinion came to be adjusted between them, they must have been a pretty numerous colony.

Yet one can learn to tolerate rats over one's ceiling; and as they never ventured to put in a personal appearance, I overlooked the noise. Besides, I was not left much at home. The duties of my dispensary, and attendance on private patients, kept me pretty well occupied by day, and my evenings were, for the most part, divided between the kind clergyman of the parish and the hospitable owner of Baurroe

House. On market-days a good many people assembled for refreshment at the inn where I resided, and they generally enlivened their meetings by vocal music. This was a source of considerable amusement to me, for, as my sitting-room was separated from the scene of the symposium by a slender wooden partition only, I had the advantage of hearing all without being observed. Some of their ballads were very well put together, and very well rendered, too. I remember one in particular, the subject of which was a dialogue between a poor woman and her daughter on the question of marriage. The daughter, who would seem to be a person of superior personal attractions, is resolved to wed a "laborin' boy," while the mother is strongly of opinion that she should reserve herself for a viscount or possibly an er-ril. The case is well argued out between them, stanza by stanza, but at length the daughter's logic prevails amid uproarious applause, and calls on every side for additional "rounds" of drink. It was evident that the sympathies of the audience were decidedly on the side of the labourin' boys.

I was particularly amused by an old gentleman who called one morning to pay his respects to the strange doctor. We chatted on the scanty matters of conversation that the village supplied; and when these were exhausted, my visitor asked me, in an uneasy sort of manner, if he might be permitted to knock on my table. I could not comprehend what he wanted, but ventured to reply that if knocking on my table could possibly be a source of enjoyment to him he might knock away. He then gave three distinct knocks with his knuckles on the board, and lapsed into silence. I had not satisfactorily determined in my mind whether he was a maniac or a spirit-rapper, when the landlady decided the question by appearing at the door laden with a supply of whiskey and water, a thing I should not have thought of at such an early hour. But she evidently knew the old fellow's ways—he *was* a *spirit-rapper*, and he understood some of the principles of acoustics in addition, for the three knocks were conveyed by table, and floor, and wooden partition, down to the bar, where the telegram was received and correctly interpreted. And so the old gentleman drank his grog, but he never came to knock on my table again.

My dispensary district was a very extensive one, having a length and breadth of several miles. There were three medicine depots in it, and every second week-day I attended at one of these for a couple of hours, and gave the assembled patients the best mixtures that a rather limited stock of drugs enabled me to compound for them. Visiting tickets, or *red* tickets, as they are called from being printed in red ink, were also handed in, requiring me to visit at their homes persons unable to come to the dispensary. Some of these tickets were issued certainly in a very improper manner, and a vast amount of unnecessary toil thus imposed on the doctor. I well remember getting, one bleak

evening, a red ticket to visit an old woman living at the extremity of my district. When I had driven about six miles, I thought I must be near the residence of the patient, and resolved to inquire of the next person I should meet. This happened to be a crone driving home a flock of geese that she guided, or rather *fanned*, with her apron in the direction of her house.

"Can you tell me, ma'am, where Mrs. So-and-so lives?" I said, while my servant pulled in the horse to a walking pace.

"Indeed then I can," was the reply. "Hirsh! hirsh! hirsh!"—to the geese.

"Would you be good enough to point out to me the place?"

"To point out to you the place? why you're talking to the very woman. Hirsh! hirsh!"

"Oh, indeed! I thought you were ill?"

"Hirsh! hirsh! hirsh! Ill! So I was, agra; but I'm bettther now. Maybe you're the docthor?"

"I am. What was the matter with you?"

"A stitch in my stomach, docthor. Hirsh there with ye! I was afeard it might get worse, and so I sent for you; but I don't want you now."

"Thank you. Do you often get the stitch?"

"Oiyeh, I do; very often. Sure I oughtn't to mind it at all; that's what I oughtn't. A blast of a pipe nearly always dhrives it away."

"I devoutly wish you hadn't minded it this time," was my response, as the horse's head was turned for the journey home.

But of course this was an exceptional case; and on the whole, the persons receiving visiting-tickets were fairly entitled to them, and were grateful for anything done to relieve them. The same might be said of those who presented themselves at the dispensaries: these generally suffered from minor ailments, a cough being the most common affection to be treated. A skillet full of hot water, in which a considerable quantity of treacle had been stirred up, formed the principal "excipient" in the compounding department, and the people were so used to this, that they usually requested to have their bottles *thrackled*, if that essential component were by any chance omitted. On one occasion the treacle ran short, and I remember an old woman, to whom I had given an excellent mixture, indignantly exclaiming, that "the poor were butchered—that's what they were, God help 'em," when she missed the well known flavour. I have also a vivid recollection of the man with wind in his head for sixteen years. He knew it by "the huzhing and the noise," and snapped at a question, and answered it before it was half asked, so used was he to undergo cross-examination at the hands of successive doctors. And then there was the wild-looking man who feared to open his mouth wide lest he should dislocate his jaw. True, he never put it out in his life, but he was certain he would if he

opened his mouth, and he had no notion of subjecting himself to experiments. And so he ate his potatoes cut in thin slices, and probably eats them so to this day, and keeps on the safe side.

My stay in the district was prolonged to several weeks, and I left it and its kind-hearted people with the feelings that possess one when he parts from friends. Nor were there wanting in the locality scenic attractions of a high order. On the northern limit a charming lake nestled down amid encircling hills, and from it issued a river that wended its way through a fertile valley to swell the waters of Lough Derg. In this lake, saith the ancient story, the loveliest woman in Ireland was drowned, and to the present time it bears her name, Grainne, for she was called, from her beauty, after the sun. And by night, when the moon throws an uncertain light on hill, and lake, and island, one might fancy that the ghost of the fair maiden still lingers near the spot, so lonely and so weird-like is the scene.

I cannot omit some notice of a remarkable woman who had lived in the district; and a very remarkable one, indeed, for a quiet, out-of-the-world Munster village—I allude to Biddy Early, then recently deceased. No doubt that name has never been heard or read by the majority of those who may read these notes, but nevertheless, it was one to conjure by in many a cottage and cabin for a radius of fifty miles, and more, from the place where she dwelt. Biddy Early was a sorceress, a local witch of Endor, in fact, who lived, with the venturesome man, who had dared to become her third husband, in a lonely little house that seemed to shun the companionship of all other little houses, though it stood within a few yards of the high road. There was scarcely anything of the nature of a mystery or secret that Biddy was not supposed to be capable of throwing light upon. Missing cattle, stolen or strayed, and butter or crops spirited away by the charms of dishonest neighbours, were matters on which she was frequently consulted; but it was as a worker of wonderful cures that her fame was chiefly established, and persons suffering from many kinds of injury or disease went, or were brought to her, literally in crowds. Now, I had never seen Biddy Early, but her name had been familiar to me from boyhood, and I had heard, on indisputable authority, many a story of her extraordinary powers that seemed to me quite inexplicable; so I resolved to collect as much information concerning her as possible amid the scenes of her labours.

I was aware that Biddy seldom took money from strangers; she preferred to be paid in kind. The presents which were laid before her were equally useful as cash down, and she thus protected herself from a possible prosecution at law for receiving money under false pretences. Amongst those presents a bottle of whiskey was almost invariably to be found, there being no attempt made to conceal the fact that Biddy, like many another erratic genius, had a weakness for

strong drink. A very intelligent and respectable young man, with whom I was well acquainted, told me that on one occasion he was induced by some friends to consult Biddy for chronic disease of a joint. He looked upon the matter in the light of a frolic rather than otherwise, and set off on a drive of some hours, accompanied by a few companions. Of course a bottle of the best whiskey was put in the well of the car; but as the day was cold and the road long, he decided on reserving it for the use of his party, and procured at a village through which he passed another, of presumably inferior quality, as his offering. But when he was admitted into the presence of Biddy, and in an off-hand manner deposited his gifts on her table, she fixed her keen eyes on him and said: "Take your trash out of that, young man, and bring in the bottle, instead, that you have hidden in the car." She even named the shop at which the whiakey was purchased, and so impressed her patient with this exhibition of her wonderful knowledge that, though he came prepared to scoff, he went away a believer. The fact that his disease remained uncured was a matter of no moment so far as Biddy's fame was concerned; and, indeed, such in general is the impressionableness of the human mind. If the fairy-woman could not "give her walk" to the farmer's wife, crippled with rheumatic gout, or sight to the eyes of his scrofulous child, she could generally, at least, tell them where they lived, and how many cows they milked, or display such an intimate acquaintance with their domestic life as to command their devout belief that she was in immediate and everyday communication with the other world. But Biddy was said to have frequently worked cures—real, good, unquestionable cures—and I am persuaded that there may be some truth even in this assertion, as I shall immediately proceed to explain.

I have said that I never saw Biddy Early, and the principal portion of my information concerning her was derived from the estimable priest of the parish in which she resided, who has since gone to his reward. He described her to me as an uneducated peasant woman, but one possessed of great natural ability and much shrewdness; such a one as would inevitably come to the front in any position in which she might be placed. She had been a nurse in some infirmary in early life, and had thus acquired an idea of medicine that frequently enabled her to judge, in a general way, whether persons brought before her, suffering from disease, were curable or not. Then a few simple remedies, the use of which might be said to amount to what physicians call an expectant line of treatment, and the great faith that her votaries reposed in her would be sufficient, indeed, in many varieties of disorder, to effect a notable improvement in the condition of the patient.

When people waited on Biddy, it was but rarely that an immediate audience was granted. They were allowed to wait to the full extent of their patience, and the apology most frequently offered for the delay

was, that she was sleeping off the little extra drop she had imbibed from the last bottle. This display of carelessness served to enhance her importance, and also gave time for the collection of several persons who would explain to one another pretty minutely the nature of their business with her, or speak upon general matters connected with their farming. If any persons of a better class had arrived on a "side-car," the driver was well plied with drink, and as much information as possible got from him concerning his passengers. Of course this was all conveyed to Biddy by her watchful staff, and the moment it was announced that that estimable woman had just awakened and asked to have some one sent to her, she was generally able to astonish her visitor by such a salutation as "You're welcome, Mrs. Quilligan; sit down, ma'am. How are ye all in Ballynamuc these times?" The worthy Mrs. Q., having never in her life, probably, been within twenty miles of her present position on the map, has her breath taken away by this greeting, and is quite prepared for anything now; and so when Biddy goes on to say that she fears she cannot keep the child alive that has been so long wasting away—they did not come to her in time for that—but that she will try to do something for the sick cow, or the failing supply of butter, the woman feels that she is in the presence of might and mystery, and, muttering her thanks, departs. And so the fame of Biddy Early spreads from parish to parish, and from county to county; and I was assured by my reverend informant that it was within his knowledge that she even had persons in collusion with her in distant places who persuaded others to consult her, anticipating their visits by full particulars of their business, duly forwarded. But Biddy was never believed in, in her own parish. The good people there laughed at her; and laughed still more heartily at her dupes. This, you will say, is the fate of all prophets; but in this particular instance it was very much brought about by the confidence of the people in their worthy pastor, who did not fail to explain to them the sin and the folly of encouraging such a person.

But fairy doctors as well as dispensary doctors must die themselves, and Biddy at last felt that her hour was approaching. With feelings of inexpressible pleasure the good priest received a summons to her bedside, and he was not slow in obeying the call. When he entered her room, she smiled gratefully on him and said: "So you have come to bring back the lost sheep." He treated her with gentleness, and replied, that he was much pleased with her beautiful expression, and that it was, indeed, his privilege to represent the Good Shepherd who never forgot the lowliest member of his flock, however far it may have strayed from the fold. She then, in the presence of a gentleman who accompanied the priest, as a representative of the parishioners, expressed great regret for the life she had led and the scandal she had given, and shortly after received the last sacraments. In a few days

the village beheld the funeral of the last of Irish witches, and her name is seldom mentioned now.

When Biddy Early's house was being emptied out, the whiskey bottles were removed, and placed outside against one of the walls in a pile that nearly reached to the thatch. They had been taken away in donkey-loads by persons in the neighbourhood, and yet those that remained, with the fragments, made a heap on which I gazed in astonishment several months after. Nobody, at that time, would venture to live in the deserted dwelling; and though half a decade of years has since done much, no doubt, to lay the troubled spirits that frequented it, it probably remains deserted to this day—a haunted house.

THINE EYES ARE DOVES.

"His eyes are as doves upon brooks of waters, which are washed with milk, and sit beside the plentiful streams."—*Canticle of Canticles*, v. 12.

THINE eyes are doves on quiet brooks
 That turn and watch with wistful gaze
 My faltering steps, my wandering looks,
 And footprints in forbidden ways.
 Thine eyes are pools in Hesebon,
 In whose mysterious deeps we see
 The shadowed Heaven's sunlit dome
 That we can only reach through Thee.

Their grave and tender beauty leads
 The captive spirit gently on;
 And souls, made conscious of their needs,
 Upturn like flowers to the sun.
 A saddened glance on Peter bends,
 And grief's full tides within him rise;
 A look to Mary's spirit sends
 The burning love that purifies.

O gentle Master! pour on me
 The splendour of those eyes divine;
 Constrain my thoughts to build to Thee
 Within my soul a tranquil shrine,
 Where I may feel their radiance fill
 A votive lamp divinely bright,
 And this frail heart that wanders still
 May find its pathway to the light.

A. O'B.

THOMAS IRWIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME of Mr. Irwin's poetry has already been discussed in the last of the monthly parts which now form our fifth yearly volume. The circumstance that the present paper is thus only a continuation is suppressed in the above title, in order not to emphasise in our table of contents our prompt violation of the law which has been promulgated against allowing tales and serial papers to stretch from one volume into another. It has seemed desirable, however, to return to this subject, as several of the pieces on which our estimate of the poet chiefly rests remain still to be referred to.

Before doing so, we wish to adduce the latest proof that we have met of the "conspiracy of silence" that is practised against Irish poets even less timid and retiring than Thomas Irwin. A writer who calls himself "Zero" in *Notes and Queries* of December 8th, 1877, attempts a census of living English poets. He evidently does not include all English-speaking poets, for he could not forget Longfellow, Bryant, Dana, Whittier, J. G. Holland, Whitman, Aldrich, and others across the Atlantic. Nor does he intend to confine himself to Englishmen, for Aubrey de Vere, who is an Irishman and lets the world know it, is included in his list. Here it is: Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, Sir Henry Taylor, Christina Gabriela Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Coventry Patmore, William Bell Scott, Thomas Woolner, Marian Evans Lewes (George Eliot), Augusta Webster, John Payne, Richard Henry Horne, Thomas Gordon Hake, Robert Buchanan, Philip James Bailey, Aubrey de Vere, Robert Lytton, Theophile Marzials, John Henry Newman, Philip Bourke Marston, George Meredith, Alfred Domett, Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), William Barnes, George MacDonald, Gerald Massey, John Westland Marston, Robert Nicoll, Frederick W. H. Myers, George Augustus Simcox, Frederick Locker, William James Linton, W. S. Gilbert, Edmund W. Gosse, Alfred Austin, Charles Wells, Richard Garnett, James Thomson (*not* the author of "The Castle of Indolence"), Rhoades, and Ross Niel. This list was compiled from two works on contemporary poetry by Mr. Buxton Forman and Mr. Stedman, together with a magazine article by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, to which reference has already been made in our own pages.* "Zero" has not read that article carefully enough to perceive that

* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. v., p. 196.

Mr. Rossetti has not been guilty of omitting Mr. William Allingham, of whom he speaks with high appreciation. This addition brings the census of living British poets up to the number of forty-six; and we can assure the unpoetical reader, to whom many, if not most, of these names will be quite new and strange, that of thirty-three of them personal experience enables us, as far as our judgment goes, to testify that they deserve to be called poets, very much better than a great many of Dr. Johnson's British Poets; and we have no doubt that the remaining thirteen merit similar testimony. It would be easy to complete the half hundred and to go beyond it. For why is not Francis Turner Palgrave included in the catalogue, and why are not Violet Fane and Emily Pfeiffer (not to speak of Lady Wilde, who is merely an Irishwoman) placed beside Jean Ingelow, who has well earned her place here? There are several others whom we could name on the other side of the Irish Sea, such as Sebastian Evans, Alice Thompson Meynell, Austin Dobson, Lord Southesk, &c. But the IRISH MONTHLY will not be blamed for being most concerned with *this* side of the Irish Sea; and, when a Zero sets himself to the task of counting up half a hundred of living poets in the British Isles, how comes it that Denis Florence MacCarthy is not "l'un des Quarante," or even of the fifty? We ask this question with more confidence concerning him and Samuel Ferguson, for some of their works were published in London, which is supposed to absorb into itself every thing excellent of this kind and of most other kinds. It would be too much to expect that Zero or his authorities should take cognisance of books published in Dublin like the poems of T. D. Sullivan; but the names of Edward Dowden and Archbishop Trench, if not of Edmund Holmes and Dr. Todhunter, ought to be found in such a list as that which is keeping us too long from the "Versicles" of Thomas Irwin.

In enumerating his publications in our previous paper we mentioned only the book, of which we have just repeated the modest name, together with the larger volume of "Poems" which was reprinted, in 1872, under the title of "Picture Poems and Songs." A third volume by Mr. Irwin was published later at Glasgow—"Irish Poems and Legends." With true poetry, however, familiarity does *not* beget contempt; and to the pieces in this last volume, which are quite new to us, we greatly prefer those which have long been familiar, such as "A Group in Queen Anne's Time:"—

"Tis noon above Saint James's Park,
 A pleasant scene this summer day;
 O'er haughty belle and modish spark
 Glances the light in sunny play:
 Along the levels of the pond
 The airs in languid pulses stir,
 And loom above the trees beyond
 The towers of hoary Westminster:

While from the distance eastward there,
 Beneath the cloud of smoky shade,
 Floats to the Park's politer air
 The softened roar of city trade.
 Along the grass full many a group
 Are pacing slow in lightsome talk,
 Full powdered wig and swelling hoop
 Flutter along the velvet walk :
 Coy ribands wave on breast and waist,
 Rings flash, and lace's golden glow
 Displays the deep maturèd taste
 Of blooming maid and brilliant beau.
 Now comes a high-heel'd courtier by,
 In ruffles, sword, and curled toupée ;
 While glitters in his serious eye
 The jest he'll give the world to-day.
 For long my Lord in bed hath lain
 This morn, to make his daily wit ;
 And, musing deep, was seen to drain
 Five cups of perfumed chocolate.
 But now, secure in wit and sense,
 To battle moves, with brow of calm—
 Three jests are his, for thrust or fence,
 And one keen, waspish epigram.

Now moving through the moving throng,
 The toast of many a club appears—
 A beauty prais'd in polished song
 Amid St. James's furthest spheres.
 Though bright her eyes, her cheek is paled,
 For midnight found her in the dance,
 And all the morn her fancy sailed,
 Half dreaming, through a rich romance.
 So eager she to glean and use
 The golden precepts bards have sown,
 To guard the heart she fear'd to lose,
 And make all other hearts her own.
 So, through the crowd of bowing Wits,
 All longing eagerly to woo
 Her fragrant smile, she lightly flits,
 And scatters looks of courteous blue.
 Her hoop before her clears the way—
 Her maid behind her treads discreet,
 With pink chintz kirtle, slashed with grey,
 Slipper'd in silk, and soft, and neat."

Then follow two or three pages of keenly etched description, winding up with these lines, the reader of which will please to remember that the surname of Henry Viscount Bolingbroke is pronounced like the present participle of the verb "to singe" when the final *g* is slurred over, as it too often is.

"Now studious nymphs prepare their arms
 In boudoirs full of mirrored light:
 And add to their resistless charms
 With riband, essence, jewel bright.
 Along the street the soft sedans,
 That move in silent sable flocks,
 Give glimpses sweet of cheeks and fans;
 And doors resound with dinner knocks.
 In coffee-houses deep in town,
 The powdered critics sit and say,
 That Congreve's wit is smouldering down,
 And St. John's genius burns away:
 Till darkness fills the city's space,
 The Court, the Senate Hall, and Stage,
 And calmly rests this modish race,
 And silent breathes the passing Age.
 Now all is o'er: along the ways
 The courtiers trod, new shapes arise;
 New modes of mind, more earnest days
 Roll onward under brightening skies.
 The Wits have passed to other stars,
 And all the Beauties' wither'd blooms,
 Like rose leaves shrined in Indian jars,
 Scarce touch us from their odorous tombs."

Is not this a sketch such as Thackeray might have written—especially the portions we have omitted—if the Author of "*Esmond*" had been a poet?

There is a great deal of accuracy and vividness in many of Mr. Irwin's descriptions of nature. We wish we could cull scattered samples here and there which would prove this better than deliberately descriptive poems like the rather long one which is named with prosaic correctness, "*Winter Life and Scenery*," but which is itself anything but prosaic:—

"See yonder branch, all ledged with sleet,
 The numb bird clasps with tiny feet
 And chirps a little shivering cry.
 * * * * *
 "All day beneath the sullen sky
 Some mighty Presence labours round;
 The sunlight glimmers dolefully,
 The leaves are starched along the ground:
 Blank sounds the gunshot through the air
 In frosted fields and fens beyond,
 And, dumb beside the harden'd pond,
 The cattle stand with piteous stare.
 * * * * *
 "Now turn we, as the sun aloof
 Strikes o'er the level earth the while
 And on our distant cottage roof
 Burns with a parting yellow smile.

The numb wind wanders in a swoon
 From the far cloud-line puffed with snow,
 And coldly, coldly breathes below
 The thin light of the dim day-moon."

The very reality of some of these touches may make some readers take them as a mere matter of course, and keep them from giving the poet the credit he deserves. A poet deserves credit, also, especially when he possesses a peculiar mastery of poetic diction—he is to be thanked for describing a thing in a strong, simple way, and leaving it there, without any merely ornamental epithets. There seems to us to be power in the simplicity with which it is said of a terrible "Portrait" by one of the Italian Masters—

"Thought upon the forehead lay awake,"

and again, in a very different context, in a description of evening sights and sounds, the milking of the kine is disposed of in one short phrase:—

"The udders spirt in foaming pails."

These words come in at the end of a very delightful phantasy called "A May-day Revel," wherein the revellers are not human beings, but "bird and beast and insect bright," those, at least, that lived under the jurisdiction of the king of the fairies "'mid wooded mountains o'er the Bay of sweet Rostrevor:"—

"Say, Muse of mountain wilds and streams,
 Of wandering airs and glancing beams,
 Say, frolic Muse, the cause of this?
 A simple cause: the king who bore
 The ferny sceptre of Clough More
 Was wedded just; his bride adored,
 A lively sprite of Carlingford,
 With soul so dignified and pure,
 And lips so lovesome and demure
 That every fairy round that shore
 Had given his kingdom for a kiss.
 She being asked to name the day
 Fluttered her primrose fan, and then,
 In tones as timid as a wren,
 Said, 'Let it be the first of May.'"

The fairy king issues an edict accordingly for a Government Holiday, which edict his secretary writes down with thistle pen on a willow leaf:—

"The while that gracious King intent
 On largess and the public weal,
 With smiling forehead o'er it bent
 And sealed it with his crocus seal.

Scarce was the proclamation borne
 Along the wandering winds of Mourne
 When on a hill the sheep who cropped
 In slopes of dewy pasture green
 (A dull day business of routine)
 Pricked up their white, mild ears, and—stopped."

Then, after a page or two of quaint music, the chronicler tells how the king's holiday was begun by the birds who "at once surceased their matin psalm."

"Some sauntered to the distant brake,
 Whose ruddy berries hung profuse
 Their pendulous cups of summer juice;
 Some winged them toward the waterfall
 That through the granite flashed in foam,
 And hopped, and dipped, and drank their share,
 In joyouset abandon there;
 While others, keeping nearer home,
 Thronged round the grassy garden lake."

Who has not seen the watch-dog that the poet goes on to describe. "stretched with keen nose laid along his paw," as he had lain comfortably all the night—

"Though now and then for duty's sake
 He growled, to mark the obtrusive moon
 Her proper distance o'er the lake,
 Or barked—to keep the house awake."

And afterwards, when he snaps at the flies, "big fussy flies with buzzing song," again and again he misses them:—

"And as around him buzzed and spun
 Those myriad mischiefs in the sun,
 With each mischance he tried to smile
 And, nodding toward them, said the while
 That after all, 'twas only fun."

Though grave readers are not likely to prowl so far into the recesses of this paper, we are afraid to introduce the tipsy bee, stretched sidelong "in the pleasant summer cavern of his honey-suckle tavern," and buzzing forth inconstantly his incoherent hum. Any one who has seen the moon on gray Omeath, shining over those quiet cottage doors, where this sprightly poem ends, will recognise the fidelity with which all the bright summer scenes are sketched; they will, though neither is named, recognise Newry as "the inland town afar," and Narrow-Water Castle where

—— "the river narrows down,
 With ruffled current as it flows,
 By one old turret, lone and brown,
 Sea-lapped and sentinelled by crows."

The many allusions to those and other adjacent places, which have hardly before figured in song, are accounted for by a circumstance which ought to have been mentioned earlier, if we had known it in beginning our remarks on Mr. Irwin's poetry. We are now able to state that Mr. Irwin is a native of Warrenpoint, the famous little watering-place on the northern shore of Carlingford Lough, in which town his father, who died in the poet's childhood, practised as a physician. Instead of making our next statement more prominent by constituting it a separate entity as a footnote, let us venture here to claim for the same place, or at least for the neighbouring town of Newry, the distinction of having given birth to the authors of the two most famous of the Songs of the *Nation*—"The Memory of the Dead," and the beautiful verses, "Dear Land," on which the unsympathising Samuel Lover bestows even more enthusiastic praise.

We have somewhere reproached Mr. Irwin gently with being a little too cosmopolitan, too much of a professional poet, not showing his personality enough, and not letting his heart speak out with a sufficiently decided Irish accent. It is bare justice, therefore, to quote "The Potato Digger's Song," which will hardly be considered to bear out our charge. The mellowest brogue is discernible in it, and it is full of a delicate, roguish pathos. We omit the chorus thrice.

"Come, Connall, acushla, turn the clay,
And show the lumpers the light, gosssoon,
For we must toil this autumn day,
With Heaven's help till rise of the moon.
Our corn is stacked, our hay secure,
Thank God! and nothing, my boy, remains,
But to pile the potatoes safe on the flure,
Before the coming November rains.
The peasant's mine is his harvest still;
So now my lad, let's dig with a will;—
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand
Through the crumbly mould;
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland!

"Och! I wish that Maurice and Mary dear
Were singing beside us this soft day!
Of course they're far better off than here;
But whether they're happier who can say?
I've heard, when it's morn with us, 'tis night
With them on the far Australian shore;—
Well, heaven be about them wid visions bright,
And send them childer and money galore.
With us there's many a mouth to fill,
And so my boy, let's work with a will.

" Ah, then, Paddy O'Reardan, you thundering Turk,
Is it coorting you are in the blessed noon?
Come over here, Katty, and mind your work,
Or I'll see if your mother can't change your tune.
Well—youth will be youth, as you know, Mick,
Sixteen and twenty for each were meant;
But, Pat, in the name of the fairies, avic,
Defer your proposals till after Lent;
And as love in this country lives mostly still
On potatoes—dig, boy, dig with a will.

" Down the bridle road the neighbours ride,
Through the light ash shade, by the wheat sheaves:
And the children sing on the mountain side,
In the sweet blue smoke of the burning leaves.
As the great Sun sets in glory furred,
Faith, it's grand to think as I watch his face—
If he never sets on the English World,
He never, lad, sets on the Irish race,
In the West, in the South, New Irelands still
Grow up in his light;—come, work with a will.

" But look!—the round moon, yellow as corn,
Comes up from the sea in the deep blue calm:
It scarcely seems a day since morn;
Well—the heel of the evening to you, ma'am.
God bless the moon; for many a night,
As I restless lay on a troubled bed,
When rent was due—her quieting light
Has flattered with dreams my poor old head:
But see—the baskets remain to fill—
Come, girls, be alive—boys, dig with a will:
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand
Work spade and hand
Through the moonlit mould;
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland!"

Lavishly as we have strewn our pages with the poet's flowers, we must leave his enchanted garden without rifling it of some blossoms which, perhaps, ought to have been the first to catch our eyes: such as the strange and thoughtful poem on Swift and the two hearts that he broke, and also "The Burgomaster"—which could only have been written by a poet with a painter's soul—or else, "Alice the Nun," with her too ethereal delicacy and her somewhat unnunlike pensiveness and dreaminess which no Mistress of Novices would tolerate for half a day. But unfortunately the last theme is for our poet a mere poetic unreality

like "St. Agnes' Eve" for Tennyson. This name reminds us that Mr. Irwin, though a devout student in much older schools, is at the same time an avowed disciple of the Laureate. "Imogen in Wales" is sister to "Mariana in the South"; and the modern-idyllic tone of "The Gardener's Daughter" is heard in "Myrrha." Another heroine of a very different stamp, Saint Ebba, is sung also in rich and masterly blank verse; for Mr. Irwin's metres are as various as his themes, and he seems to be equally at home in all.

But we must now finally close these leaves over which we have butterflyed—*papillonné*—in too capricious a fashion. We close them with the conviction that Thomas Irwin is a poet of an exceptionally poetical cast, remarkable for his vivid picturesqueness of conception, and, as it seems to our colder nature, only too dainty and too richly poetical in expression. But we should have spoken thus with a happier confidence, immediately after the appearance of his first book of "Versicles"; for now, at a much later date, we are oppressed by the consciousness of the scanty reward and tardy recognition that have befallen the author of all this and of much more uncollected verse, and the author, besides, of many an uncollected volume of imaginative and critical prose-writing scattered over the periodical literature of many years past; and we ask ourselves sadly, what might not these grapes have become, if they had filled and mellowed under a brighter sun?

GREAT IRISH SURGEONS

BY E. D. MAPOTHER, M.D.

II.—THE FOUNDERS OF THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

EITHER of two bodies may be regarded as the precursor of our College of Surgeons—the earliest being the Examiners for Surgeoncies to County Infirmaries, appointed by the Act of 1766. To frame regulations, they met in the Music Hall, Fishamble-street, a building rendered famous by Handel having there first produced his "Messiah," on 13th April, 1742. This glorious musician died on the 17th anniversary of the day, Good Friday, 1759. They afterwards examined, according as candidates offered, in Mercer's Hospital. George Daunt, for his bold operations called "Undaunted Daunt," was chairman of nearly all the meetings for the first ten years. Soon after the College was chartered,

it assumed this examining power; and in 1789, qualified Percival Banks for the Clare Infirmary, he having been, on some technicality, refused examination by the older board.

The more direct parent, the "Dublin Society of Surgeons," met for the first time on March 29, 1780, in the "Elephant" Tavern, Essex-street, which was built where the elephant had been burned a hundred years before, as I have said when speaking of Dr. Allen Mullen. It is remarkable that their meeting-days were the first and third Thursdays of each month—days still retained by the council. The President was Henry Morris, and James Henthorn was chosen Secretary—an office he held till 1832, performing his duties with amazing industry and punctuality. At one of the first meetings, it was unanimously resolved, "That a Royal charter dissolving the preposterous and disgraceful union of the surgeons of Dublin with the barbers,* and incorporating them separately and distinctly upon liberal and scientific principles, would highly contribute not only to their own emolument and the advancement of the profession in Ireland, but to the good of society in general, by cultivating and diffusing surgical knowledge." A petition in like terms was presented to the then Lord Lieutenant, the fifth Earl of Carlisle (whom we remember by the bridge which bears his name). The barbers replied: "That they are an ancient and loyal Corporation, properly qualified to exercise the mystery of chirurgery; but there had appeared in the said city of Dublin a community of men who assumed the name of chirurgeons; that Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory had most graciously incorporated these last with the barbers; and that, therefore, they cannot and ought not by any act or concurrence whatever support the prayer of the petitioners."

This royal sanction and this selfish struggle did not much avail. There is a paper in the Dublin Society Library entitled, "Reasons for making the Surgeons a distinct Society from the Barbers," addressed to the two Houses of Parliament. It asserts that, "the present corporation is a refuge for empirics, quacks, women, and other idle persons; that there are at least ten barbers for one surgeon; that there is not the least affinity between surgery and the feat of barbering, it not being necessary for a surgeon to know how to make a peruke or cut hair; that a surgeon must know Greek and Latin, but a barber need not," &c. &c.

By the Municipal Act, passed by the seventh Earl of Carlisle (whom we remember by his *bonhomie*), the barbers ceased to be a guild in 1840.

* The pole with the bandage round it, and the basin which, up to a few years ago, was hung at the end before barber's shops, are respectively symbolical of the fiddling-stick, binder, and vessel to receive the blood while bleeding was being performed.

The reading of essays seems to have been part of the proceedings of the Society of Surgeons; but I can find no record of them. In "*Baratariana*," which that charming writer, W. J. Fitzpatrick, has proved to be the production of Grattan, Flood, and Langrishe, Cunningham, a leading member of this body, the chief founder of the Meath Hospital, and a Scot, figures as "*Don Alessandro Cuningambo del Tweedalero*."

The members of this society laboured nobly for the establishment of the college, and visited several foreign universities in order to understand the best principles of surgical education. At last the charter, a formidable parchment covered with great seals, was granted, February 11, 1784, and humble premises near Mercer's Hospital were secured. The preamble declares, "that the reputation of the profession of surgery is of the utmost importance to the publick and highly necessary to the welfare of mankind, and that the publick sustain great injury from the defects in the present system of surgical education in our kingdom of Ireland; and that the regularly-educated surgeons of the city of Dublin (who are become a numerous and considerable body) find themselves incompetent (from want of a charter) to establish a liberal and extensive system of surgical education."

At the first annual meeting, January 3, 1785, at the Lying-in Hospital, then moved to Britain-street, the following officers were elected: *President*—S. C. King, 26 Jervis-street. *Censors*—J. White-way, 28 Stafford-street; P. Woodroffe, 2 St. Andrew-street; R. Bowes, 49 Jervis-street; W. Dease, 42 Usher's-quay; J. Neale, 3 Dominick-street; G. Hume, 3 Suffolk-street. *Assistants*—W. Vance, College-green; A. Lindsay, 92 Dame-street; T. Edwards, 7 Great Britain-street; F. Lestrangle, Eustace-street; C. Boulger, 85 Exchequer-street; G. Stewart, 32 Mary-street; T. Costello, 18 Jervis-street; R. S. O'Brè, 18 Abbey-street; W. Hartigan, 8 South King-street; R. Sparrow, 133 Capel-street; J. Sullivan, 4 Fisher's-lane; and F. M'Evoy, 13 Abbey-street.

When this list is placed beside the present council-roll one cannot fail to be struck with its greater proportion of Hibernian names, and the fact that the heads of our profession then resided in very much humbler streets. They probably consoled themselves with the reflection that the grand houses of Dublin, then a capital, were occupied by nearly four-score noblemen and by many wealthy commoners who paid fine fees. I am told the fee-book of the first president (of whom Wellington was a patient in his babyhood) shows sums for surgical operations incredible in the present day. But in these days of rising commercial prices surgical fees are sinking if paid by the visit, for antiseptic treatment heals a stump, after amputation, in as many days as it took weeks a dozen years ago, and the aspirator in a day cures

an abscess which would then have drained both the patient's blood and pockets for weeks.

Justice is done to the wise intentions of the founders by the Rev. J. Whitelaw, the learned historian of Dublin, who wrote as follows: "Their projects for the public good and for the advancement of the profession were not circumscribed by narrow tenets nor actuated by those selfish, monopolising motives which so frequently influence the acts and proceedings of incorporated societies. Men of all persuasions were admitted, and the most lucrative and honourable situations were as open to the licentiates of every sect as to those of the Established Church."

George Daunt and Henry Morris, two good old surgeons, although mentioned in the charter, do not appear to have taken office, owing, probably, to their consciousness of the disabilities of age. The former is well remembered by his surgical instruments, for which the Academy in Paris voted him thanks in 1754; and Morris, from the dedication of Dease's work to him, and his constant presidency of the Society of Dublin Surgeons, seems to have been an acknowledged leader. Another senior, Gustavus Hume, also soon passed away; but his sixty years' service and benevolence are attested in the ward in Mercer's Hospital, which bears his name—and his wealth, by his having built several streets, Hume-street amongst others. He was a great believer in the once famous Lucan Sulphur Spa, which one of these days may be revived; for it and the adjoining house—wherein was established an Idiot Asylum, mainly through the generosity and benevolence of Drs. Stewart and Kidd—are now for sale, the inmates being removed to a new building at Palmerstown.

Sir Henry Jebb was also a member of the Society of Dublin Surgeons, and became Professor of Midwifery, and finally President of the College in 1800. It was probably owing to the fact that such able men as Dease and Jebb were among the founders of our College that midwifery, despised by contemporary bodies, was at once fostered. According to that rare but excellent poem, the "Medical Review," by Dr. Gilborne (1775), in which about two hundred Irish doctors of the time are noticed, nearly all the surgeons practised midwifery. It is dedicated to Robert, twelfth Lord Trimleston, who practised medicine in France and afterwards in Ireland. One of the original surgeons of the Meath Hospital is alluded to in the following lines of the poem:—

"With well-contrived utensils, good Hawkahaw
An aching, useless, hollow tooth can draw,
With straight, diverging, or converging fangs,
And gives the jaw and tender gum no pangs;
But if the pain proceed, in young or old,
From scurvy, rheumatism, or humours cold,
He sooner would th' expected fee forego,
Than make a breach in fair enamelled row."

Some years after, Sir P. Crampton's father, Blake, and *Lestrangle*, the ancestor of our great surgical mechanist, made Dublin dentistry famous; yet the profession is still unregulated. Our London sister having set a good example, a bill for registering and educating dentists in Ireland is now about to be introduced with the sanction of the College of Surgeons.

Subsequent to its incorporation, the three great events in the history of the College are—the erection of the splendid building in 1805, its enlargement in 1825, and at the present time. The first stone was laid by the Viceroy, the Duke of Bedford, on St. Patrick's Day, 1805. The ground had been the Friends' Cemetery, and amongst the remains transferred were those of Dr. Rutty, our most voluminous medical writer in the last century. In the original lecture-theatre there was a gallery from which the public were allowed to witness the dissection of malefactors. In 1825, the building was enlarged, and rendered more uniform and perfect by the addition of the Museum. The cost of the whole structure up to that date was £40,000, which seems in these days a most moderate sum. That year the College lost one of her most earnest workers, Charles Hawkes Todd. His fame has been eclipsed by that of Dr. Robert Bentley Todd, one of his many remarkable sons.

From this year, the College increased in prosperity, and gave 314 licences during the ten years, 1826-35. During the same period the University conferred 145 medical degrees, the College of Physicians 43 licences, and the Apothecaries' Hall 572. How vastly have these proportions altered of late years, when the College of Surgeons annually licences about 140.

Since the erection of the Museum, its largest benefactors have been the Duke of Northumberland, whose grandfather, the first duke of the present line, was a member of our profession, and the eloquent Professor of Medicine, John Kirby. The collection is almost unrivalled, and includes 8,000 specimens, while our library contains 18,000 volumes. For both more space was sadly wanted, and new buildings were begun in 1875, and will be opened with a *conversazione* during the visit of the British Association next August. In 1835 and 1857, when this body met in Dublin, they were also entertained by the College, and the biological was one of the most important sections.

The following is the Roll of the Presidents, with the Scientific or Clinical Chairs, which they held in all but seven instances:—

| | | | |
|-------------------------|--|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1785 Sam. Croker King | Steevens'. | 1793 George Renny | |
| 1786 John Whiteway ... | Steevens'. | 1794 Solomon Richards | Meath. |
| 1787 Robert Bowes ... | Jervis-street. | 1795 Clement Archer ... | Mat. Medica, R. C. S. |
| 1788 Philip Woodrooffe | Steevens'. | 1796 Fran. L'Estrange | Mercer's, Richmond. |
| 1789 William Dease ... | Anat. Surg. R. C. S., Francis-street. | 1797 William Hartigan | Anatomy, T. C. D. |
| 1790 Ralph Smyth O'Brè | Steevens'. | 1798 Robert Moore Peile | Richmond. |
| 1791 Francis M'Evoy ... | Jervis-street. | 1799 Geo. Stewart (II.) | Jervis-street. |
| 1792 George Stewart ... | Jervis-street. | 1800 Sir Henry Jebb ... | Midwifery, R. C. S., Mercer's. |

| | | | |
|---------------------------|--|----------------------------|--|
| 1801 Francis Rivers ... | Francis-street. | 1844 Sir P. Crampton, | Meath. |
| 1802 Abraham Colles ... | Anat. Surg., R. C. S., Steevens'. | Bart. (III.) | |
| 1803 Sol. Richards (II.) | Meath. | 1845 Rich. Carmichael | Surgery, Richmond. |
| 1804 Fran. M'Evoy (II.) | Jervis-street. | (III.) | Surgery, R. C. S., Steevens'. |
| 1805 Robert Hamilton | Francis-street. | 1846 Sam. Wilmot (III.) | Anat., T. C. D., Jer- vis-street. |
| 1806 Gerard Macklin ... | Mercer's. | 1847 J. W. Cusack (II.) | Surg., Cecilia-street, Jervis-street. |
| 1807 Fr. M'Evoy (III.) | Jervis-street. | 1848 Robert Harrison | Mid., R. C. S., City of Dublin. |
| 1808 Sol. Richards (III.) | Meath. | 1849 Andrew Ellis ... | Richmond. |
| 1809 Richard Dease ... | Meath. | 1850 Thos. Ed. Beatty | Surg., R. C. S., City of Dublin. |
| 1810 John Armstrong | Mat. Med., R. C. S., Jervis-street. | 1851 Leonard Trant ... | Richmond. |
| 1811 Philip Crampton | Meath. | 1852 Edward Hutton ... | Dublin. |
| 1812 John Creighton ... | Midwifery, R. C. S. | 1853 William Hargrave | Med., R. C. S., City of Dublin. |
| 1813 Rich. Carmichael | Richmond. | 1854 Charles Benson ... | Meath. |
| 1814 Cusack Roney ... | Meath. | 1855 Sir P. Crampton, | Mat. Med., R. C. S., City of Dublin. |
| 1815 Samuel Wilmot ... | Steevens'. | Bart. (IV.) | Anat., Marlboro'-st. |
| 1816 R. Moore Peile (II.) | Richmond. | 1856 Robert Carlisle | Surgery, T. C. D., Steevens'. |
| 1817 Andrew Johnston | Materia Medica. R. C. S. | Williams. | Surgery, Park-street, Richmond. |
| 1818 S. Richards (IV.) | Meath. | 1857 Hans Irvine ... | Surg., T. O. D., Rich- mond. |
| 1819 Thomas Hewson | Meath. | 1858 James W. Cusack | Coombe and Mercer's. |
| 1820 Ph. Crampton (II.) | Meath. | (III.) | |
| 1821 Ch. Hawkes Todd | Richmond. | 1859 Christ Fleming ... | Surgery, T. C. D., Steevens'. |
| 1822 James Henthorn | Richmond. | 1860 Robert Adams (II.) | Anatomy, R. C. S. |
| 1823 John Kirby ... | Med., R. C. S., Jervis- street. | 1861 William Jameson | Surgery, Steevens'. |
| 1824 Jn. Creighton (II.) | Midwifery, R. C. S. | 1862 Thos. L. Mackesy | Oper. Surg., T. C. D., Mercer's. |
| 1825 Alexander Read ... | Mercer's. | 1863 William Colles ... | Surgery, T. C. D., Steevens'. |
| 1826 R. Carmichael (II.) | Richmond. | 1864 Arthur Jacob (II.) | Anatomy, R. C. S. |
| 1827 Jas. Wm. Cusack | Steevens'. | 1865 Samuel G. Wilmot | Surgery, Steevens'. |
| 1828 Cusack Roney (II.) | Meath. | 1866 Rd. G. H. Butcher | Oper. Surg., T. C. D., Mercer's. |
| 1829 Wm. Auchinleck | Mercer's. | 1867 Robt. Adams (III.) | Surgery, T. C. D., Richmond. |
| 1830 Abm. Colles (II.) | Surgery, R. C. S., Steevens'. | 1868 Geo. H. Porter ... | Meath. |
| 1831 Ewdn. McNamara | Mat. Med., R. C. S., Meath. | 1869 Rawd. M'Namara | Mat. Med., R. C. S., Meath. |
| 1832 Sam. Wilmot (II.) | Surgery, R. C. S., Steevens'. | 1870 Abt. Jasp. Walsh | Adelaide. |
| 1833 James Kerin ... | Med., R. C. S., Jervis- street. | 1871 Jas. Hy. Wharton | Surgery, Ledwich, Meath. |
| 1834 John Kirby ... | Mercer's. | 1872 Fred. Kirkpatrick | Anat., Marlboro'-st., Retunda. |
| 1835 Alex. Read (II.) | Anat., R. C. S., City of Dub. | 1873 John Denham ... | Mil. Surg., R. C. S., City of Dublin. |
| 1836 Francis White ... | Surgery, R. C. S. | 1874 Jolliffe Tuffnell ... | Anatomy, Steevens'. |
| 1837 Arthur Jacob ... | Meath. | 1875 Edward Hamilton | Anat. Dub., Coombe. |
| 1838 Wm. Henry Porter | Richmond. | 1876 George H. Kidd ... | Anatomy, Steevens'. |
| 1839 Maurice Collis ... | Surg., Peter-street, Mercer's. | 1877 Robert McDonnell | |
| 1840 Robert Adams ... | Richmond. | | |
| 1841 Thomas Rumley | | | |
| 1842 William Tagert ... | | | |
| 1843 James O'Beirne ... | | | |

In 1807, M'Evoy, during his third presidency, which followed his second after two years, resigned Jervis-street Hospital, and chose Wilmot as his successor "to an institution which I dearly love, as it has been the instrument by which I have been raised on the shoulders of the poor to my present position." As will be seen by the figures after some names, re-election after intervals often occurred during the past ninety-three years. The only provincial surgeon ever chosen was the late Dr. Mackesy of Waterford, who had served his country at Waterloo. There are in the College busts or portraits of Dease, Stewart, Renny, Colles, Crampton, Carmichael, Wilmot, Todd, Henthorn, Kirby, Cusack, M'Namara, Jacob, Porter, Hargrave, Benson, and Williams, who had been among these seventy Presidents, and of Shingleton, Houston, Kingsley, Bellingham, R. W. Smith, and Power, who were of much fame and merited esteem. Many of my senior readers

will be reminded of these men if they walk through the halls, for, since the foundation, this College has always desired to perpetuate, by marble or canvas, the fame of her most distinguished members. Success among the public is not always a true test of skill or knowledge; but those who have been raised to our high places, or whose memories are there cherished, have, with very few exceptions, deserved such honours. If the saying of Dr. Gregory be true of the surgeon, namely, that "the only judges of his merit are those who have an interest in concealing it," it must be allowed that the Fellows of this College have always acted most disinterestedly. It may be said that the names of some famous surgeons will not be found in the foregoing list, and perhaps the most conspicuous omission is that of Sir W. Wilde. It occurs to me that it is now time to commemorate this great medical and general statistician and authority on the diseases of the eye and ear. His labours in Irish antiquities and topography were so highly valued, that the movement would be aided by all classes of his countrymen.

The most able of the original founders of our College, and Professor until his death, was William Dease. He invented or improved on several operations and the instruments for performing them, but was accused by John Bell and Liston of having concealed his modes of operating. Hear Sir P. Crampton in his defence: "He gave a public course of operative surgery annually at the College of Surgeons, and demonstrated his operations with the utmost minuteness, always dissecting the parts immediately after the operation, so as to exhibit to the class the direction and length of his incisions. It was also his custom to demonstrate his operations—of which he was, naturally enough, not a little proud—to all foreign surgeons who happened to visit Dublin; and, among the rest, I remember to have been present when he operated upon the dead subject for Gimbernat, the celebrated anatomist. I feel that is due to the surgical profession at large, and to the memory of one of the greatest surgeons that this country has produced, to vindicate his character from a charge which would sink him to the level of the Colots and Raus" (notorious French Charlatans and secret operators).

His works on "Injuries of the Head," and other subjects, are invaluable classics, and in one the analogies of surgical and other fevers, generally said to have been first perceived by the great Sir J. Simpson, were clearly laid down by Dease.

Two versions, equally lamentable, are given of the cause of his death, in January, 1798. Dr. Madden states, in his "Lives of the United Irishmen," that being warned by Surgeon-General Stewart, through Peile, then the President, that he was about to be arrested, "he went home from the College, where the intelligence was given to him, opened the femoral artery, and died of hæmorrhage." Others assert that having, in the Meath Hospital, opened an aneurism which

had suppurated, and which Richards had diagnosed as an abscess, he was so horrified at the man's death, by his mistake, that he inflicted the same mortal wound on himself.

Dease's co-professor of anatomy, William Lawless, a relative of Lord Cloncurry, was also warned, escaped, and died, in 1824, a Major-General in the French army. Many others of the profession appear to have been United Irishmen—Richard Dease, Adrien, and Macneven, for examples. The College does not appear to have regarded political feelings a bar to promotion, for Dease was elected to his father's chair, and Adrien, the surgeon who staunched Lord Edward Fitzgerald's wounds, became Professor of Medical Jurisprudence. Macneven became a great practitioner in New York, and his biography has been written by the famous Professor Francis, as well as by our veteran writer, R. R. Madden.

From these sources I glean that he had been educated at Prague, where his uncle, Baron Macneven, was President of the Medical Faculty, and had been ennobled as Court Physician. Settling in Dublin, he acquired a large practice, which he gave up to devote himself to the advocacy of Catholic Emancipation, and afterwards to the principles of the United Irishmen. Having undergone a long imprisonment, he landed at New York on Independence Day, 1805. He was soon afterwards appointed a professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, for there the two professions are united, as, indeed, they well might be in these countries. Dr. Macneven died in 1841.

It is not generally remembered that Thomas Addis Emmet was at first a physician, having adopted the profession of his father, who was archiater, or State Physician. After he began the practice of the law, he resided in the house at present numbered 125 Stephen's-green, which was my home for twelve years. It is well known that he became the most brilliant lawyer and orator at the New York bar. At present his grandson, who is also grandson of his lifelong friend, Dr. Macneven, is a leading surgeon in that city. Lord Erskine was another notable example of a medical man becoming a renowned lawyer.

Emmet's thesis for the M.D. Degree at Edinburgh, September, 1784, was "on atmospheric acid;" and amongst other Irish graduates was James M'Donnell. He and John Jacob of Maryborough became the most famous provincial practitioners, and their sons and grandsons have gained high places in the College, thus affording examples of hereditary transmission of talent, to which may be added to cases of Albinus, Bichat, and many others. In his essay, Dr. M'Donnell most clearly discussed the various means then known for the restoration of drowned persons, and, as a last resource, suggested transfusion of blood. In passing, let me say that Dublin is sadly in want of appliances for rescuing persons from the river or canals, and for treating

them on the spot; when they are carried to a hospital, life is usually extinct. If the London system of keeping such appliances at taverns or other houses close by was imitated, or even if the simple means of drawing in air by raising the arms were commonly taught in schools, great saving of life would result. Early in this century we had a Dublin Humane Society, founded by the Duke of Bedford, but it was very short-lived. Two boats and some recovery stations were organised by it.

M'Donnell, having settled in Belfast, succeeded to the position of Dr. Haliday, so well known as the most intimate friend of the great Lord Charlemont. The Fever and General Hospitals were mainly established by his exertions, and in the latter he inaugurated clinical teaching in 1827. His great paper, "On Differential Pulse," or the variation of the heart's rate by posture, was only published at the Dublin meeting of the British Association, in 1835, although he had made the discovery therein supported as early as 1784, his graduation year. He was noted for the depth of his reverential feelings, which happily influence all educated medical men—no greater untruth is expressed in the Latin language than *ubi tres medici, ibi duo athei*.

In an obituary notice, written by one who now ranks among the highest in the land—Lord O'Hagan—and which gives proof of his future renown for eloquence, it is said:—

"The town of Belfast should remember him as its most eminent benefactor, who toiled for it through many a long year, without spending a thought on himself or valuing his own great services, without a motive but love for his fellow-creatures, or an earthly reward save the memory of the good he had achieved."

(*To be continued.*)

THE LATE JULIA KAVANAGH.

BY MRS. CHARLES MARTIN.

THE name of Julia Kavanagh is, we think, not so well known in Ireland as it deserves to be, and a few words to remind the readers of this Magazine that a Catholic Irishwoman, who was an accomplished and singularly graceful and pure novelist, as well as a skilled writer of biography, has recently passed away, will not be found amiss in these pages.

Although not personally acquainted with Miss Kavanagh, the greater

part of whose life was passed on the Continent, the writer of these lines can, upon the report of mutual acquaintances, bear testimony to the many admirable and excellent qualities of character and disposition which were in her allied to all the charm of a cultivated mind, a lively intelligence, and a vivid imagination. Her life, outwardly rather uneventful, must yet have been a happy one; for it was filled with delightful and useful work, and sweetened by that greatest of earthly joys, a pure and ardent affection—that of a devoted daughter for an idolising and sympathetic mother. So great and profound, indeed, was that affection, that one cannot bear to think of that lonely mother now, in her old age, infirm and almost blind, deprived of that loving companion who lavished upon her not only a child's tenderness and care, but also sought sympathy and counsel from her in her literary labours. Miss Kavanagh was in the habit of making the long hours pass pleasantly to her nearly sightless parent, by reading aloud to her as she wrote, discussing characters and weaving plots with her. Indeed, she occasionally half laughingly complained that Mrs. Kavanagh's inveterate objection to sad endings somewhat hampered her in the conception of those same plots; for, as she argued, to make everybody happy all round, is unfortunately not exactly true to life. But then, as her mother replied, it is just because there is so much unhappiness in real life, that in tales and novels, at least, people should be made as comfortable and cheerful as possible—an opinion in which many will be disposed to agree, since one of the obvious ends of light literature should be to distract and amuse the mind rather than to oppress and sadden it. Moreover, though pathos and tragedy are in the hands of a Dickens, a Thackeray, a George Eliot, and the Masters of Art, powerful elements of interest and effect, they may easily, under less skilful treatment, degenerate into a painful and unhealthy morbidness, and even a glaring vulgarity of which we have too many illustrations in the novels of the present day. Be this as it may, Miss Kavanagh's stories transport us at once into a delightful region of brightness, romance, gaiety, and fancy, dashed, it is true, with grayer colours here and there which show the author's capabilities of touching the chords of pathos, and her tender sympathy with sorrow and suffering; yet on the whole pervaded by a sense of healthy happiness, and a brave determination to portray the brighter aspects of life and human nature, which cannot fail to leave a pleasant impression upon the reader's mind.

There is, however, one notable exception to this rule of happy endings. It is that of her last and charming short tale, called "*Clement's Love*," published in the *Argosy* for December, 1877, and which is written in a sad and sorrowful strain from beginning to end. Perhaps the shadow of the great change (she was in her peaceful southern grave before it was published) had already touched her, while she wrote, and had chilled the ardour of the bright and hopeful

fancy which had created so many charming and happy heroines, but which now, for the last time, painted the sad and pathetic figure of Clement's love—poor, sinful, passionate, loving, and repentant Angélique.

"Julia Kavanagh," says the *Academy*, "who died at Nice on the 28th of October, 1877, was the only child of Morgan Kavanagh, a gentleman of some note in his time as the author of curious books on the science and source of language. Of Irish birth (she was born in Thurles in 1824), a residence in France for some years of her early life gave her a practical knowledge of the manners of French life, and the traditions of French literature. In her twentieth year she returned to London, and at once entered upon literature as a profession. Her first work, entitled 'Three Paths,' a simple story for children, appeared in 1847; but her first step in her new life was won by the publication, in 1848, of 'Madeleine: a Tale of Auvergne.' This was followed by 'Women in France during the Eighteenth Century.' About 1853, she solaced her arduous labours by a lengthened visit to France, Italy, and Switzerland. The fruits of her travels were seen, in 1858, on the appearance of 'Summer and Winter in the two Sicilies.' She again returned, in 1862, to the familiar scenes of French literature with two volumes on 'French Women of Letters,' the success of which induced her in the following year to publish a companion work on 'English Women of Letters.' It would be impossible to mention even the names of the novels from her pen which passed through the press in rapid succession. 'Adele' and 'Queen Mab' were probably the most successful and popular. * * * * Of Julia Kavanagh, if of few other English female novelists, it may be emphatically said that she left 'no line which, when dying, she could wish to blot.'"

And to this verdict what other word can be added, or what more touching tribute paid to the labours of a good and industrious life? To look at Miss Kavanagh was, as one of her friends has remarked, to know that she was a woman not only of high intellectual gifts and culture, but also a deeply and practically religious one. In her earliest stories, notably in that striking tale, "Madeleine: a Tale of Auvergne," the noble spirit of self-sacrifice and abnegation is beautifully portrayed; and in "Nathalie," one of the best of our author's novels, there is a character—that of Rose, the heroine's sister—which is almost ideal in its saintly resignation to a sorrowful and crushing fate. Indeed the original of this pale, patient, outwardly stern, but at heart tender and loving Rose, might well be found in the silent cell of a Carmelite nun, or even in the inspired heroism of one of the martyrs of our holy Faith. Certain it is that Rose would have gone to the stake or into the arena had she lived in the early days of persecution and trial; and the exquisite description of her last act of renunciation, the crowning effort of a life which had been one long chapter of patient endurance, when she turns her longing and dying eyes from the

crimson clouds of the setting sun, is perhaps the best picture Miss Kavanagh has ever drawn.

But, as has been already said, in spite of these occasional instances of the more serious and solemn sides of life and of the deep, religious feeling of the writer, Miss Kavanagh's novels are essentially light ones, romantic, some prudent readers may think even to an excess now and then, teeming with glowing descriptions of the foreign scenery in which they are for the most part laid, and alive with the sparkle and gaiety of foreign manners and customs. Her canvasses are generally extremely crowded, perhaps a little too much so. Her characters are always coming and going, flitting here and there with a restlessness and vivacity which sometimes embarrass the plot; but if a little too numerous, they are always cleverly and carefully drawn, and full of life and charm. Her heroines are simply irresistible; her heroes noble and romantic, though by no means faultless; her old ladies are the most charming old ladies to be met anywhere—witness the Canoness in "*Nathalie*"—and the other personages to whom she introduces her readers are lively, peculiar, odd, fanciful, as the case may be, never dull or heavy, rarely disagreeable or repulsive, and more rarely still, wicked.

It would, however, be doing but scant justice to our author's literary capabilities and attainments were we to criticise her as a novelist merely. Her two volumes on "*French Women of Letters*" would alone establish her claim to be regarded as a delightful and skilful biographer. In this work, as well as the companion one on "*English Women of Letters*," her object, as she says in her preface, was to show how far, for the last two centuries and more, women have contributed to the formation of the modern novel in the two great literatures of modern times, the French and the English, and also to point out the immense influence, whether for good or evil, this kind of literature has always exercised. Miss Kavanagh reminds us that it is in this branch of art alone—that of the novel—that women have acquired undisputed eminence, and she brings before us vividly and graphically a host of writers, many of whom though now nearly forgotten, were yet in their day more or less famous, and who, like all workers, laid a seed which has since borne fruit.

That the fruit of her own labours should be a pure and useful one seems to have been the leading idea and steady aim of Miss Kavanagh's mind. Though in no sense a religious writer, the love and triumph of good, the hatred and ruin of evil, pervaded every line she ever wrote. To make a profitable use of the gifts with which God had lavishly endowed her, was to her not alone a pleasure and a necessity, but also a solemn and gladly accepted responsibility. Gentle, charitable, and meek, she was a true and pious Christian, as well as an intellectual and clever woman, giving thus a bright example to her Catholic sisters,

and proving that a sincere and practical piety can be allied to the judicious use of an ardent and lively imagination.

The last few years of Miss Kavanagh's life were spent in Nice, the climate of which had been recommended for her mother's failing health; and there, on the 28th of last October, she died, after a very short illness, preceding in the solemn journey that beloved mother whose comfort and joy she had ever been. But though the notice was short, and the end comparatively sudden—she had been suffering for some months from neuralgia, but had not believed her malady dangerous—death to such as she never comes but as a friend, gently and tenderly removing the veil which hid from her eager eyes the glory and joy of the better world upon which her hopes were fastened. Let this thought, the only one which can be offered, comfort and console her sorrowing mother, and help her to bear a grief which the light of faith alone can render tolerable; let it help to fill that dreary void which the loss of such a companion and such a daughter must leave.

SONNET.

Written after reading Gilbert's History of Dublin.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

LONG have I loved the beauty of thy streets,
 Fair Dublin! long, with unavailing vows,
 Sighed to all guardian deities who rouse
 The Spirits of dead Nations to new heats
 Of life and triumph:—vain the fond conceits,
 Nestling like eaves-warmed doves 'neath patriot brows!
 Vain as the "Hope" that from thy Custom House
 Looks o'er the vacant bay in vain for fleets.
 Genius alone brings back the days of yore:
 Look, look! what life is in these quaint old shops—
 The loneliest lanes are rattling with the rear
 Of coach and chair; fans, feathers, flambeaus, fops
 Flutter and flicker through yon open door,
 Where Handel's hand moves the great organ stops.*

* The *Messiah* was first publicly performed in Dublin. (See Gilbert's "History of Dublin," vol. i., p. 75; Townsend's "Visit of Handel to Dublin," p. 64; and the first paragraph of Dr. Mapother's article in our present Number.)

A CRISIS IN NEWFOUNDLAND HISTORY.

BY THE REV. M. P. MORRIS.

BENEATH the shadow of the quiet little parish church of Clonmel, in the heart of his own beloved Ireland, sleeps a son of the seraphic St. Francis, whose loyalty at a critical moment saved to the crown of Great Britain the island of Newfoundland, the oldest of Britain's colonial possessions, and the key to her vast dominions in the Western World. This good and useful man was Dr. O'Donnell, the patriarch and founder of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland.

I purpose to devote a short paper to this interesting chapter in the history of the great island in which my lot is cast, as a tribute to the good old bishop's memory in the first instance, and with the collateral purpose of pointing once more to the fact—frequently forgotten or but ill understood—that Catholic loyalty is a duty and an affair of conscience, and that prelates and priests not only inculcate this doctrine, but also in the practice of their own lives show their people how to be governed by its lessons.

But at the outset I am confronted with a difficulty, as the question suggests itself, may I not be assuming too much in taking for granted that the readers of the *IRISH MONTHLY* are even slightly acquainted with Newfoundland, her history, and her people? Too true it is that until very lately Newfoundland, even to ourselves, was a *terra incognita*, her history unknown or uncareed for, her geographical limits undetermined, her wonderful mineral wealth undiscovered; and equally true it is that, of those who have elected to be her historians, not a few have gloried in playing the rôle of traduceurs, seemingly satisfied if they be witty and antithetical, at no matter what expense to truth. Now and again some wandering minstrels, or half-pay officers, have condescended to write some chapters of our history or give to the world some etchings of Newfoundland life, and they have had this merit, that they were so monstrously untruthful that they carried with them their own refutation, nay, even they have furnished us with quite as much fun and laughter for the fireside in the winter's evening as the Londoner finds in his *Punch* or in the caricatures of Gilray. It is then no wonder that the majority of people have but hazy, undefined notions of Newfoundland, and if they have occasions to speak of it at all, they will tell you, as I have sometimes been told, that it is a place remarkable for splendid dogs, excellent codfish, and abundance of fog—a very realm of mist and snow—and I have often thought they imagine that a Newfoundlander is but a slight improvement on an African chim-pancee. As to the splendid dogs, I have seen and heard more of them

in novelettes, saving the hero's or heroine's life at a critical point, than I have ever seen in Newfoundland; the excellent codfish is getting scarcer and dearer every year; and as to fog, why, we cannot claim a monopoly by the side of our maritime neighbours; and in a question of competition, supposing it were saleable—a marketable commodity—why, London fog, as to quality and quantity would, as far as we are concerned, command the market. Hence, I would say, that our friends across the water must look up some new attributes to be predicated of us in the future.

The ocean traveller has helped not a little to perpetuate the notion of Newfoundland being the home of fog. For as he speeds on his way across the Atlantic to the cities of the Western Republic, sure enough he meets that great submarine island, called the Great Bank of Newfoundland, where the arctic and equatorial currents meeting, and intermingling their hot and cold waters, produce "the fog on the Banks." Never reflecting how far off these Banks are from Newfoundland, our traveller pities the dwellers of this land, and thinks they are doomed, like the icebound spirits of Dante's "Inferno," to life-long misery, left to starve amid snow, and ice, and blinding fog. Little does he know that Newfoundland lies three hundred miles away in the latitudes of the vine-growing hills of France, and hardly more affected by the fog on the Banks than are the sunny valleys of Italy and Spain by the eternal snows of Alp or Apennine.

Within five days' sail of Queenstown, boldly standing out as the sentinel of the water-gate of the Saint Laurence, with harbours and bays to shelter the ships of ten British navies, from whence they could sweep the whole American coast, Newfoundland is destined in the near future to acquire a position higher and more consonant with her great natural and acquired resources, and becoming, as we hope, the connecting-link in the ocean and land-highway of travel between the old and new world, we may surely hope to see the fog that has encircled her history dispersed and dissipated; and the sterling virtues her sons have inherited from their fathers, and their genuine warmheartedness, another heirloom from the old land, being better known, will, we trust, be more prized and appreciated. But I must beg my reader's pardon for this digression, and hasten to write my chapter of history, telling how this great bastion of British power was saved by the loyalty of the first Catholic bishop.

Towards the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, whilst in Europe the thrones and traditions of a thousand years were disappearing beneath the advancing wave of democracy, the new world was not wholly free from like disturbing elements. America had just won her freedom, and was inviting the emigrant to her shores. Newfoundland, too, was becoming known as a great place for making money, where law, liberty, and licence were identical terms

or at least confounded. The rich fisheries of Newfoundland early diverted the westward stream of emigration, and a great many of the English servants, who came out for the summer fishery, made it their home. Thousands of our Irish forefathers, because they loved their Faith better than their country, and Truth better than riches or friends, had to go out across the ocean the weary way of exiles in the hope of practising their faith freely in this western land. Many, too, of the starving wretches who, after the rebellion of '98, had been hunted on the hills, sought a home in Newfoundland, and they brought with them a hearty hatred of British misrule, a willingness to join in any rebellion against British power, and a deep feeling (begotten of injury and outrage) that an Englishman was as truly an Irishman's foe as a Spanish paleface appeared to the enslaved and plundered Indian. Many others, too, had come from various lands, who took their creed and catechism from no divine source, who could give chapter and verse more readily from Voltaire and Paine's "Age of Reason" than from their bibles or their prayer-books, and who, though small in number, made up for this deficiency by their audacity. Add to this, that the state of the labour-market, the relations between master and servant were in a deplorable condition, might generally constituting right; that justice was dispensed in the most primitive form by surrogate captains and self-constituted judges: and my readers, remembering these facts, will have no difficulty in seeing that there were sufficient elements in Newfoundland for a widespread disaffection.

The year 1800 saw these various elements of discontent fusing together, and wild spirits, who were ambitious of power and loved revolution, were not wanting to lead. A conspiracy was formed in St. John's and the neighbouring towns and hamlets, and soon spread not only, as the old bishop said, through the "maddened scum of the populace," but found its way into the mess-rooms of the garrisons. At this date it is difficult to say what exactly were the ultimate aims of the conspirators, for the Government authorities hushed the matter up as far as they were able, the more especially as rebellion and disaffection were rife amongst the British troops in many parts of the world, and the mutiny of the *Nore* but a few years previously had endangered the safety of England's wooden walls. It is at least certain that the destruction of some of the principal inhabitants was planned, the seizure of the several ports, the destruction of the obnoxious churches, the erecting of Newfoundland into a republic, and calling on free America to protect them against British power.

In 1796, four years before the time I write of, Pope Pius VI., the illustrious confessor of the faith, had established the Catholic Church in Newfoundland on what has proved to be a solid foundation; and in appointing Dr. O'Donnell first bishop, he gave to the scattered flock a vigilant and faithful pastor who knew his flock and was known by

them. In his happy convent-home in the old land he had elected the hard lot (humanly-speaking) of the missionary, and going out from his brethren and his father's house he devoted himself to the poor forgotten ones of God who in this far-off land—which then seemed so much farther off—hungered for the Bread of Life. In 1784, he landed in Newfoundland, and, with the zeal for souls that characterised his great father St. Francis, he went about, reclaiming the scattered ones of the Lord's fold; and though beset by difficulties and dangers, thwarted by the governing authorities and the power of the dominant church, forbidden even to build a little chapel where the holy sacrifice of the Mass might be offered, with the threat of banishment or imprisonment hanging over him, he still persevered in his holy work, and where English Catholic noblemen had failed to sow the seeds of Catholicity, the humble Franciscan friar succeeded; where the lilies of France had faded, the shamrocks of Ireland bloomed. The poor missionary was more than compensated for his toils by the salvation of many souls, and by that unspeakable love that went out from the poor Catholic hearts to their Soggarth Aroon, cherished and prized in exile, even more than in the old land at home. And when the gospels were laid on the shoulders of this holy Franciscan friar, and the mitre was placed on his head, he returned to his old missionary life, performing single-handed the duties of curate, pastor, and bishop. For he was not of that race of whom the poet has sung who "build unto their souls a lordly pleasure-house wherein at ease for aye to dwell."

The intimate communion that existed between the bishop and his people made it impossible for many of them to be connected with a conspiracy without his having some knowledge of it. In April of the year 1800, the plans of the leaders were sufficiently matured, and a day (Sunday) was appointed for their accomplishment. To save his people from the guilt and miseries of revolution, the good old bishop put himself in communication with the authorities, having first exacted a promise that there would be no bloody reprisals if the danger could be quietly averted. Major-General Skerret and the military commanders were dismayed when they became aware of the extent of the conspiracy. They had no war-vessels to call on, for the governor had gone to England with the fleet for the winter. There were no steam-packets or submarine telegraphs in those days; and so the forts must be silent, and the gates unguarded. There was only one man able to cope with the crisis. If he, the poor Franciscan monk, the hard-working missionary, could, by his great personal influence, and by his authority as priest and bishop, exorcise the spirit of revolt in the townspeople, all might be well.

The Sunday morning came. Some plausible excuses were devised for the non-attendance of the soldiers at the several places of worship; and, broken up into small parties, they were kept on active duty

during the day. Dr. O'Donnell, addressing his people during Mass, told them once more the wondrous story of Redemption—

“Told them of the Virgin Mary
And her blessed Son the Saviour :
How He fasted, prayed, and laboured,
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked Him, scourged Him, crucified Him*—

and how He not only forgave them, but prayed on the cross for their salvation. Beseeching them as they hoped for salvation to imitate that Saviour in the forgiveness of their enemies, the holy pastor told them of his knowledge of the conspiracy, and exerted all his eloquence to dissuade those of his flock who had joined in it from following so wicked and foolish a course,

Many are the stories handed down about this eventful day. We are told how some of the maddened populace regarded the prelate as a traitor ; how some besought him not to abandon them as they intended making him one of the heads of their republic ; and how others told him of the wrongs they had suffered in their native land, where their faith was proscribed, their pastors murdered or banished, the cabins that had sheltered their childhood ruthlessly overturned, and the light of their firesides quenched for evermore. But the good bishop knew how to deal with all their moods and dispel their delusions. Going fearlessly into every quarter of the city, he exerted his well-won influence over all classes and denominations, and reasoned and persuaded them to return to the counsels of peace and obedience. Many of the conspirators who did not belong to his flock, were moved by his saintly sweetness, and disarmed by the remembrance that he had borne with themselves a full measure of the troubles and trials of that dark period.

When the day, on which the ringing of a bell or the firing of a gun might have been signal enough for the soldiery to rush out and fraternise with an excited mob, had passed off without disturbance, all classes of the inhabitants of St. John's vied with each other in testifying their gratitude to the old bishop. They presented him with a silver urn bearing an inscription commemorative of his wise and courageous conduct ; and both the governor and people memorialised the king to bestow some signal mark of favour in acknowledgment of his patriotic services. The signal mark of favour was the not very munificent pension of fifty pounds a year. “In this matter, however,” writes Dr. Mullock,† our late Bishop of St. John's, “they acted consistently. Catholic loyalty is an affair of conscience, and consequently, Dr. O'Donnell only gave to Cæsar what was due to Cæsar. As long,

* Longfellow's “Song of Hiawatha.”

† Two Lectures on Newfoundland, 1860.

however, as rewards are given by the nation to those who do their duty, especially when that duty becomes, through extraordinary circumstances, a great public benefit, so long will the stinginess of the Government of that day be condemned by right-thinking men."

For many years after this eventful period the old man laboured earnestly among his scattered flock, until, having passed the allotted span of human life, he retired, amidst the benedictions of the people of Newfoundland, to lay his bones in the land of his fathers. In the old land, far away from the *new* land which he had loved and laboured for, rests the first Bishop of St. John's. But, though no bust nor tablet commemorates his name, he is not forgotten in the country which he evangelised. The Church he founded has grown vigorous and fruitful, counting to-day well-nigh half the population of Newfoundland amongst its members, and especially blessed in being ruled by prelates who are worthy to wear the mantle of its saintly patriarch and founder.

Since Dr. O'Donnell's time the aspects of life in Newfoundland have changed very much for the better. Thanks to the energy of our Irish Catholic forefathers, we enjoy all the advantages of the British Constitution, together with the full benefit of self-government. We have, thank God, no crying grievances to vex us, no alien church to support directly or indirectly, no crushing land-laws that might give employment to crow-bar brigades. We have Catholic education, and freedom for all. The loyal and law-abiding dispositions of our people are so well assured that a handful of policemen suffices to protect us. Religious animosities rarely break out except in the declamations of stump orators and quack legislators, or in the bickerings of rival editors who now and then treat us to some fine specimens of home-made theology. Sometimes there may be a tumult growing out of election contests; and then the successor of Dr. O'Donnell has the traditional right of acting as Lord High Constable until peace is restored. Not without good reason has this quasi-governing power been associated with the office of the Catholic bishop, and not rightly has it been used. Many a time their presence has calmed an infuriated mob; and I have in my memory a very vivid picture of a summer's evening, not twenty years ago, when, had it not been for the bravery of another son of St. Francis and another child of the shamrock land, our last grand old bishop, Newfoundland might have had to mourn over many a son "untimely slain."

My paper has outgrown the narrow limits I set myself, but I must say a few words more. The preacher expounds his parable, and then shows its application. I have written my little chapter of colonial history: I may point its moral; and it is this. When heated pamphleteers indulge in their platitudes against Catholic loyalty, and ask for proofs of our fidelity as citizens, we may safely give the answer our Saviour

gave to the disciples of the Baptist: "Go and tell of the things which you have seen and heard." The secularists who so bigotedly declaim against bigotry and insist on banishing religion from the schoolroom—have they read history? have they read the human heart? and have they any substitute to offer for the restraining and civilising influences of that religion which they wish, at the best, to ignore? Pointing to such scenes as I have here described, pointing to the influence exercised in many trying times by the Catholic religion on those who really let themselves be guided by its principles, we are justified in saying: here is our practical answer to the fond theories of impudent sciolists and ignorant bigots.

WINTER INFLUENCES.

BY M. LA TOUCHE.

I LOOK around me o'er the saddened earth,
I gaze into the clouds and find no sky;
No sound of Nature's soft, harmonious mirth
Lessens the sorrow of the wind's long sigh—
The turbid river wails in flowing darkly by.

There's nothing left but hope to make me glad,
Joy vanished when the moon of harvest waned;
I scarce remember all the bliss I had
When primrose constellations had attained
Their zenith, and the thorn its reddest glory gained.

It was a dream, a thing that could not be—
Gold never clothed with light that furzy hill—
No throng of tender blossoms clustered free
Over the thorny tangle by the rill—
And yet the dead reeds shake their broken plumage still!

Ah, yes! the winter wind that stirs the reeds,
The ruined reeds, in summer-time so fair,
Sings a low song of hope to one who heeds
The mystic voices trembling in the air—
Not Death (it sings) but Life, is latent everywhere. .

Believe (it sings) and trust the happy past—
 Look back through light of truth, not mist of dreams;
 Life, blossom, sunshine, are the things that last;
 The deathly force which now eternal seems
 Will die beneath the smile of April's morning beams.

Thus through the broken reeds the wind sings low,
 The same wild wind that beat the last leaf down;
 And I remember how I used to know,
 By wind-swept fall of scaly leaflets brown,
 How kindly gales prepared the woodlands' emerald crown.

This is not death, but sleep of hoarded Life—
 Not silence, but a pausing melody:
 Not Fate, but Wisdom, rules the ordered strife
 Where angry waters rush and sad winds sigh;
 Confusion, evil, pain—these are the things that die.

INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

AN ADDRESS.*

BY LORD EMLY.

EVERY one who aspires to do good in his generation must constantly be educating himself. The longer we live, and the more we know, the more clearly we see how vast is the field of knowledge; just as when one of us strolls up Woodcock Hill on a fine Sunday evening, the higher he ascends the more he sees of the Shannon widening out before him. The main object you have in view in joining such an Association as that which I address is to educate yourselves. It is fitting, then, to inquire what is our position as to education? how do we stand as compared to the rest of the United Kingdom, and with other countries, and especially as compared with our Protestant fellow-countrymen? I will try to answer these questions.

A perfect educational system would provide both primary and intermediate schools, accessible to all, and by means of burses and other rewards, would enable the most industrious and clever boys in lower or primary schools to go to superior schools and colleges and subsist in them. In Scotland, for instance, most primary schools have classes where clever boys are prepared for the intermediate schools and

* To the Catholic Literary Institute of Limerick, January 11th, 1878

the universities. Twenty-five per cent. of the students in these universities are the sons of labourers and artisans, and it has been the great strength and honour of the Scotch universities to have drafted ability into them from the poorest portions of the population. I will read to you the result of this system as described in the report of a Royal Commission on endowed schools, presided over by the late Lord Taunton. "In every corner of Scotland, in the islands as well as the highlands, among the shepherds of the Grampians, and the fishermen of Argyleshire, as well as among the weavers of Paisley and the colliers of Ayr and Dumfries, the influence of one or the other of the four universities is keenly felt. The poorest rural school strives to prepare its pupils for intermediate schools or for universities. Schools in general are better attended on account of the stimulus given by the universities to the desire for knowledge. The prospect of concluding his education with a university course and of winning a competitive bursar is present to the mind of every clever boy of every class—even the poorest—throughout the whole kingdom. Before all things," the Royal Commissioners say, "the wishes of the people and the parents must be met. With the people what we do may be imperfect: without them we shall probably do little or nothing."

Such is the ideal of national education. I have shown you the extent to which that ideal is realised in Scotland. It concerns every young man and every parent of a family in this room to ask himself to what extent it is realised in Ireland. Irishmen have to compete with Scotchmen in the battle of life, in banks, in mercantile establishments, as stewards, as gardeners, in the civil service. Have we the opportunities the Scotchman has? Has the clever boy in our primary schools the prospect of concluding his education at a university? Is the winning of competitive bursars, to enable them to maintain themselves at intermediate schools, in universities, present to the mind of every clever boy of every class, even the poorest, throughout the whole of Ireland? Above all, are the wishes of the parents and of the people met in our educational system? The answer to this question is very simple. Our primary education, with some exceptions as to a proper supply of training schools for masters and mistresses, on which I will not detain you now, is satisfactory. In the examinations for the lower branches of the Civil Service, where the pupils of the primary schools of each portion of the United Kingdom compete with one another, the Irish, in proportion to their number, gain many more places than the English or Scotch do. But higher, so far as endowed education goes, we cannot arrive. Like those trees near Miltown or Kilkee, cut off by the blasts of the Atlantic, our education is stunted. In no civilised country in the world is so little done by endowment or public grant for higher education as for us. In England, out of every 100,000 of the population, 144 are attending endowed intermediate schools; in Scot-

land, 375 ; in Prussia, 358. Of the Protestant population of Ireland, 199 ; of the Catholic, 2.

If we want to realise the effects produced by this inferiority, we must look at Irishmen out of their own country, and I can assist you in your estimate of these effects by the very highest authority. I wish that every man in Limerick would get the letter of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, written to me three years ago, off by heart. He has, as you know, been twice Prime Minister of Victoria. Now he is the Speaker of their House. He tells me that for twenty years his position in Australia brought under his notice a constant stream of immigrants from Ireland. "They had natural intelligence, good conduct and integrity, but in the great majority of cases they had been educated neither systematically nor thoroughly. This deficiency was most notable in the middle classes. In a country where men will pay liberally for skilled labour or disciplined intelligence ; where, if you have learned any profession or pursuit thoroughly, you may confidently count upon living by it, a flood of young men, often singularly bright and genial creatures, came to offer themselves in a market that had no place or opening for them. At an age when young Scotchmen are earning a good income, and when young Americans have made a position in life, they were still in search of some short cut to that success which is only reached by the road of useful training and steady industry."

I have called your attention to the difference between our educational position and that of our Scotch fellow-subjects. Now let us look for a few moments upon the position of Irish Protestants as contrasted with ours. They had, until 1871, seven, they have still six, of the Royal Schools founded by James the First and Charles the First. The income of these schools is about £7,000 a year. At the time of the Royal Commission, which was appointed in 1868, they had 311 pupils, of whom only three were Catholics. Exhibitions in Trinity College of the value of £1,200 a year are provided for their pupils. The late Government appointed a Catholic master to the Banagher Royal School. The last year that the school was under a Protestant master, it had ten Protestant and no Catholic boarders. Now it has nine Catholic and no Protestant boarders—a pretty clear proof that Protestant parents are as decidedly in favour of denominational education as Catholic parents are.

I now come to the Erasmus Smith's intermediate schools, with an income of about £4,500. They, too, have provided in Trinity College valuable prizes for their pupils, who, in 1863, numbered 160, 23 only of whom were Catholics. The intermediate schools of private foundation are 16 in number, with an income of £3,200 per annum. Two of these intermediate schools have lately been placed under Catholic teachers ; the rest are exclusively Protestant. There are nine other endowed intermediate schools exclusively Pro-

testant, with an income of £3,000 per annum. In addition, there are the old charter-schools which have about 500 resident pupils.* The result is, as I have stated that, in 1870, there were two Catholics to every 100,000 of the Catholic, and 199 Protestants to every 100,000 of the Protestant population at endowed intermediate schools. These proportions have been slightly modified, by three Catholic having been substituted for Protestant masters.

This is a sad and painful picture. How are you to overcome such disadvantages? Are you to run on in a race in which you are so unjustly weighted? But do not give way to unmanly feelings of despondency. You are suffering a grievous injustice. It is as unjust to refuse you the same means of earning your livelihood or rising in the world, that your fellow-countrymen by their educational endowments possess, as it was formerly to exclude you absolutely from lucrative professions open to them. But this grievance is the last link of the chain of your disabilities; all the rest are gone. Recollect that at the time the endowments I have described were founded, Catholic endowments for education were illegal. No Catholic could found a school; no Catholic could teach in a school. What a claim, what an irresistible claim this gives you on the legislature. It is not the fault of Catholics that they have no ancient educational endowments. The inequality was created by the legislature; they are bound in honour and conscience to redress it. Before 1781 no Catholic schoolmaster was allowed to keep any school in Ireland, and the Act passed in that year, to allow persons professing the Popish religion to teach schools in this kingdom, provided that nothing, however confirmed, should be construed to allow the creation or endowment of any Popish university or college, or endowed schools, or to allow any person professing the Popish religion to teach or keep such schools without getting a license from the Protestant bishop, which he may revoke at his pleasure. I have in my hand a charge delivered by Sir Richard Cox, the Chairman of the county of Cork, about the middle of the last century, inculcating the necessity of putting the laws against Catholic schoolmasters vigorously into force. After some general remarks he proceeds as follows:—

“What these laws may not effect we have great reason to hope will be at length perfected by that noble, useful, and truly religious undertaking of the Incorporated Society for promoting Protestant schools, to which every lover of the English Protestant interest in this kingdom oweth his countenance, favour, and assistance. That this desirable end might be the easier and more certainly gained, and that Papists, who would give their children any education, might be put under a necessity of sending them to Protestant schools, it is enacted

* So late as the year 1819 these schools, founded for the avowed purpose of proselytism, received a grant from the public Exchequer of £40,000.

by 8 Anne, chap. 3, that any Papist who shall publicly teach school or instruct youth in learning in any private house, or shall be entertained to instruct youth as usher or assistant by any Protestant schoolmaster, shall be esteemed a Popish regular clergyman, and prosecuted as such, and shall incur such penalties or forfeitures as any Popish regular clergyman is liable unto; and that the discoverer of such offender shall have £10 for his service, to be raised on the Popish inhabitants. Now, gentlemen, that there are such offenders in the country is notorious, although every man who entertains one of them forfeits £10. Yet it is to be feared they are too often encouraged for their cheapness by Protestants (God knows it is an injudicious piece of frugality, and conformable to the old English proverb, 'A penny wise and a pound foolish.') But you are not to wait for regular information; if the offenders are within your knowledge you may, and ought to prosecute them; otherwise I see not how you fully discharge your trust, and observe your oath. To incite you to this, I desire that you will consider that they interrupt the good effects proposed by the laws. I have before given you in charge that these are the men who lay the foundation of that lamentable ignorance in which Irish Papists are bred. They, indeed, teach a little bad Latin, but much superstition, and more treason, they are the little instruments the devil and the Pope make use of to maintain an empire in this kingdom. From such schoolmasters young pedants, with very little learning and much vanity, transport themselves to seminaries of Jesuits, where they learn sophistry enough to damn themselves, and to delude unwary and ignorant people, and then are qualified to be Irish Priests, and so return to their native country, and become the most vicious men inhabiting thereon. They are a check to truth, a burthen to the poor, and a bane to society. To stop, therefore, such a growth of idle pernicious drones, and to forward the operation of the good provisions made for the education of youth, it is your duty to put the laws in execution against the Popish schoolmasters."

Was there ever a stronger or more constraining case for compensation? Stop for one week the water that irrigates your neighbour's field, or propels your neighbour's mill, and the excellent chairman of our county will salt you with very substantial damages. Surely those who, not for a week, or a month, or a year, but for the lives of many generations, have cursed with barrenness the intellect of a nation are bound in conscience to make such reparation as they can for a wrong which, in its full extent, is irreparable. Just a hundred years ago the first assault was made on the system of which the laws Sir R. Cox commented on were a part. It was made not by the suffering majority. They were so bound in chains that they could not move, but by a small band of Protestants, to whom Ireland owes an eternal debt of gratitude. The directing mind among these patriots was a statesman,

whose fame both you and I are interested. My relative, Lord Pery, represented your city until, after being Speaker of the House of Commons for thirteen years, he was created a Peer. Grattan speaks of him as the wisest man he ever knew, and in a letter addressed to Lord Pery by Edmond Burke, in June, 1778—just a hundred years ago—the principles on which Ireland ought to be governed are laid down. I have the original at Tervoe. It has never been published, and I will ask your undivided attention to some extracts from it which, with your permission, I will read to you :

“Many, very many thanks for your goodness in turning your mind for a moment towards me in the midst of the important business which engages your present attention. You have a gigantic prejudice to encounter, but your victory will be full of honour. It is no trifling matter to restore to civil society so many hundred thousand of human creatures, who, without any fault, are made slaves under a constitution of freedom, felons in their native country, and outlaws without charge or process.” Then, after discussing some objectionable amendments which it was sought to introduce into a bill for the repeal of a portion of the penal laws, introduced under Lord Pery’s auspices into the House of Commons, Mr. Burke proceeds : “There will always be a leaning towards devices and contrivances of this kind, until the very principle from whence they arise is entirely out of our hearts, core and all. That is until the governing power, whoever he may be, is thoroughly convinced that it is the sole business of his office to make his people happy and prosperous, and not to convert them to any system of theology ; that he is to be their ruler and not their apostle. We do not do all the good, I fear, that we may and ought in India, but, good God, what havoc should we make if we were to set about making laws to prevent the further growth of Bramanism, to destroy the castes, and to subtract wives and children from the rule of their husbands and fathers. Common sense dictates to us that in India we have a Pagan and a Mahommedan country to govern, and as a Pagan and a Mahommedan country, we ought to make the most of it for the benefit of the people and our own. This is what common sense says.”

Here, then, from the lips of one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest—philosophic politician who ever lived, we have the principles laid down which have swept away religious tests, reformed our corporations, amended our land laws, abolished packed juries, opened the legislature to all without distinction of creed, and substituted for oppression, liberty, and for ascendancy, religious equality. All we ask of Governments or Parliaments is to apply the same principles to our higher education. Make the most of us for our own benefit and for yours. Pay for nothing but secular education tested by your own standards and examiners ; but, if we like it, if we parents, responsible for our children, like it, aid us to get for them secular education

in schools which are purely Catholic. Rich Catholics, whether you like it or not, will send their children to Catholic schools. Do not add to the distinction which must always exist between the rich and the poor by making the poor man with a clever son either violate his conscience or deny his son that high education without which he cannot rise in the world.

Our claims are so just and so reasonable that, if we put them forward with energy, we must succeed. They are conclusions from premises which every political party in theory admits. Here is an object in which we can all unite, whatever are our political opinions. Whether our aspirations are local or imperial, vigorous, intellectual training is necessary to enable us to realise them. Only let us not deal in abstractions. Let our demand be definite and clear. I know no better form to embody it in than in developing the scheme contained in a remarkable memorial signed by the principal men, whether clerical or lay, of every creed and every shade of politics, in this neighbourhood, and addressed to the late Prime Minister. We should ask for two things. First, the appointment of an endowed school commission to make the existing educational endowments in Ireland generally useful. Second, the establishment of a system by which the results of secular education may be tested and paid for whenever they are obtained—in other words, an intermediate system of payment by results.

I feel convinced that a well-considered measure framed on those principles might, without difficulty, be passed. Statesmen of all political parties recognise that there is a mine of intellectual power going to waste here, which it is the interest, not of individuals only, but of the state to utilise. Common sense tells them to pay for the article they want wherever it is produced, whether under the shadow of the church or the conventicle. What do I care whether the bread I eat, as long as it nourishes me, is made of wheat grown beneath the Russian cross, or in a soil where the banner of the Prophet still floats? If the Catholic religion debases the intellect, then the disciples of private judgment and free thought will overcome us in the contest to which we invite them. We shall go down in the encounter, and, like Ralph de Vipont, be borne disgraced and unpitied from the lists. But, though common sense thus speaks, a new party, not very numerous, but very energetic, has lately arisen among us, which may hold a different language. They may, and probably will say—I have heard them so speak on kindred questions—"it is monstrous that Protestant schools should be endowed, and Catholic schools disendowed. Education in these days is not only power and influence; it has a direct money value. No one should be deprived of any civil advantages on account of his religion. Therefore, the State should support secular schools only, and should refuse to aid, directly or indirectly, any school in which religion is taught. If religion be excluded altogether from the school, no re-

ligion can be unduly favoured." But these very persons would be the last to deny what Mr. John Stuart Mill calls the boundless power of education. "Consider," he says, "how tremendous is the power of education, how unspeakable is the effect of bringing people up from infancy in a belief and in habits founded upon it." They would be the last to deny that religious education forms one sort of a character; purely secular another—that the tendency of purely secular schools is to diminish the influence of the spiritual power which they ignore and to make their pupils think dogma and forms of faith unimportant. In other words, secularist schools favour the opinions of the secularist party on religion. Surely, then, the State, if it were to refuse to aid any education not severed from religion, would be doing precisely what the secularists profess most to abhor. It would be sectarian in its donation. The anti-dogmatic party is a sect like any other body, having opinions on religion. They desire to diminish the influence of dogma on the mind. We believe it of the highest importance to maintain that influence. They are a small minority. We are the vast majority. Parents are with us and against them. To help secular schools with public money and refuse to help religious schools would be an injustice at least as flagrant as that endowment of the religion of a minority by Queen Elizabeth, which Mr. Gladstone overthrew when he disestablished the Protestant Church in this country.

I commend, then, this great question to your most serious attention. In its solution are involved not only your own interests, and those of your children, but the future of the Irish race across the Atlantic and at the antipodes. Are they to be the equals or the inferiors of Scotch and English emigrants? Are they to be what Sir Charles Gavan Duffy describes them to be now; or are they by the cultivation of their intellects, to fill the place their richly endowed nature entitles them to?

I should misrepresent your feelings if I were to conclude without offering the tribute of your gratitude and of mine to those zealous and able men whose voluntary efforts have given us all the intermediate education we have. The fear of giving the clergy a monopoly of education has prevented Parliament for a quarter of a century from dealing with the subject. What has been the result of this refusal on the part of the State to perform an obvious duty, and to make some reparation for past injustice? Fifty Catholic intermediate schools have been founded by voluntary efforts. Two-thirds of these schools receive boarders. At the last census there were about 5,000 pupils, nearly two-thirds of whom were boarders. The number has now probably increased. Every one of these schools has a priest at its head, and almost all the teachers are priests, or members of religious orders. So the result of the refusal of State aid has been to throw the whole control of education into clerical hands, and, of course, by depriving the schools of sufficient pecuniary resources, of burses to reward merit,

of prizes to enable clever students to get on to universities, of an adequate teaching-staff, of libraries and scientific instruments, to narrow the area and lower the quality of secular education. In this city those disadvantages have been overcome by the Jesuit and Diocesan Schools; but in poorer places such results have not been, and could not be, attained. There is room enough in the plan I have sketched out to call forth the energies of both the laity and clergy. But let those whose minds are open to the logic of facts, always remember that, if it had not been for the zeal and self-sacrifice of the clergy, both regular and secular, intermediate education would not now exist among us, and we should not be in the favourable position we now occupy, to take advantage of the scheme of payment by results.

NEW BOOKS.

I. *Erleston Glen: a Lancashire Story of the Sixteenth Century.* By ALICE O'HANLON. (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

THE author of a Lancashire tale, published in England, would hardly take as a *nom de plume* so Celtic a name as "Alice O'Hanlon." We may, therefore, presume that this new Catholic writer is a countrywoman of Miss Kathleen O'Meara and of the late Miss Julia Kavanagh. She has given already to the world another tale of considerable length, entitled, "Which is Right?" The present story, which might make a two-volume novel if printed like the first editions of circulating-library romances, deals with the noble struggle which so many in England maintained to preserve their faith in spite of the insidious persecution kept up in varying forms for so many years after the apostacy. It is a more successful attempt than many that have been made to embody in fiction the pathetic interests involved in such a theme—the disruption of families, the heroism of confessors, the cowardice of waverers, the cruelty of traitors. But the prejudices which most readers feel against the historical novel tell with greater force against such a tale as this, except for such as have faith and piety enough to enter thoroughly and with a personal interest into the details of the good fight fought by those who, with God's help, kept the faith alive for us. Would that we had a Catholic "Kenilworth!" "Erleston Glen" is well written, but the style may be said to be free from faults rather than full of beauties. We are not able to judge how far Miss O'Hanlon has striven to utilise the materials which a great many publications, from those issued by the Master of the Rolls to those edited by Father Morris, have laid at the disposal of all writers who wish to add the most truthful touches to their pictures of those troubled times.

II. *American Catholic Periodicals.*

THE periodical literature of the United States is beginning to rival, and in some departments surpass, the best magazines and reviews of European countries. *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's Monthly*, and many other Monthlies—for it is from the Yankees that we have borrowed our own convenient and expressive name, dispensing with “magazine,” and making “monthly” an independent substantive—these and many other magazines are excellent in their kind, while one American magazine, “*St. Nicholas*,” (so called evidently out of regard for Santa Claus) may justly claim to be the best and most attractive Children's Magazine in the world, as it is also the dearest.

But unfortunately none of these come under the heading of “*American Catholic periodicals*.” The Catholics of the United States support—not nearly so generally or so generously, we believe, as they ought—one quarterly, one large monthly, and several minor magazines, besides a considerable number of weekly newspapers, many of which aim at something more than being complimented as “the newsiest of our exchanges.” The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* (Hardy & Mahony, Philadelphia) has filled the gap left by the final cessation of *Brownson's Review*, which, being resumed after a short interruption, ceased to exist only a short time before the death of the distinguished convert who gave it its name and being, and who sustained it through its varying fortunes, almost single-handed, with such vigour, courage, and ability as ought to secure for the soul of Orestes Brownson the grateful prayers of Catholic America. This new Review is in its third year, and has produced two yearly volumes of almost inconvenient bulk. The *rédaaction* is a triumvirate of two priests and a layman, who have enlisted the co-operation of very able writers on both sides of the Atlantic, chiefly, of course, on their own side. They have, very properly, made an innovation which, we hope, will soon be the rule with Quarterlies, instead of the exception. Their reviewers do not affect to be anonymous infallibilities; the prophets have lifted their veils; each article is signed with the writer's name in full. There are indications of an abandonment of the strictly anonymous policy among the Reviews at home. Not only are there obligingly communicative paragraphs to the effect that, “we understand that the Marquis of Salisbury is the writer of the slashing onslaught on So-and-so in the last *Quarterly*,” or, “it is stated that Mr. Gladstone will contribute to the forthcoming *Edinburgh* a dissertation on et-cetera;” but Mr. Freeman allows himself to be recognised in the *British Quarterly* by appending his initials E. A. F. to each of his contributions.

The *Catholic World*, which claims the distinction of being the largest Catholic magazine in that world from which it takes its name, is published by the New York Catholic Publication Society, and is edited by Father Isaac Hecker, the Superior of the Congregation of Paulist

Fathers. It has already given to the world twenty-six very large volumes, and it seems to have reasonable hopes of surviving the nineteenth and, perhaps, the twentieth century. It has of late years taken less advantage of the state of the law of copyright. In the contents of the early numbers we see such items as "The Mystery of the Thatched House," "The Stolen Sketch, by R. M.," and many others, which we recognise as having first appeared on this side of the Atlantic; but at present the magazine owes little to Europe except translated articles. The Catholic community, indeed, which has such writers as the Author of "The House of Yorke" (whom some American newspapers allow us to know as Miss Tincker), hardly needs to look abroad for its fictions. Grace Ramsay—whom our readers have come to know so favourably by her true name—published first in the *Catholic World* her latest novel, which is also her brightest and cleverest, "Are you my Wife?" As the Irish element is largely represented in the constituency of this American Catholic magazine, the conductors think it right to give it occasionally an Irish flavour; but we venture to suggest that the so-called Irish stories are not "racy of the soil." In the latest issue, for instance, the graceful story of the "Wolf Tower" is too good for the company of "Mick Casey's Christmas Dinner Party." That Irish-cockney extravaganza is quite too much in the style of a recent novel of Irish life which we do not choose to advertise by naming it here, of which we have only a hearsay knowledge and do not intend to have any further knowledge, but of which we know enough to justify us in saying that no generous Protestant could have written it, nor any Irish Catholic who was not bent on completely disguising his or her nationality and religion—his or her possession of good taste, loyalty to the faith, and several other desirable qualities.

Besides the *Catholic Record*, a monthly magazine, published at Philadelphia, of which no specimen has chanced to fall into our hands, the Catholics of America are supplied with several small religious magazines like the *Ave Maria* (published very appropriately at the town of Notre Dame, Indiana) and the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. There are also two or three children's magazines, of which the one best known to us is the *Guardian Angel* with its pretty pictures and stories.

The last periodical publication in which American Catholics have left us behind is the *Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac*, published by the New York Catholic Publication Society. The issue for 1878, besides the usual matter of almanacs, has a very prettily illustrated calendar, and then a hundred pages of very useful and edifying reading about an immense variety of subjects from "white-legged horses" to the "earliest Irish Madonna." Among the illustrations are well-engraved pictures of some American bishops, of Father John M'Elroy, S. J. (who died last September, aged 96), and of that very quaint old Irish image from the "Book of Kells" which we have just mentioned. Many of

our readers may feel surprised when they are told that in the United States alone there are now eleven archbishops and fifty-eight bishops.

III. *The Sufferings of the Church in Brittany during the Great Revolution.*

By EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON. (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

THIS is the latest volume (the twenty-fourth) of the Quarterly Series "conducted by the managers of the '*Month*'." It is well worthy of a place in that valuable collection. The subject is full of interest and edification at all times; but Mr. Thompson has in his judicious preface pointed the moral of the story in a manner which gives it a special significance and a direct bearing on contemporary events. "No one," he says, "who is acquainted with the tactics which the men of the last century pursued towards the Church, and which issued, as they were intended to issue, in its open persecution, but must have observed how similar they are in all essential respects to the measures adopted by its enemies at the present day—with one notable exception, the shedding of blood—an exception which is certainly not due to diminished hatred of Catholicism, but to the change which has come over public opinion in the matter of judicial murder." And, even as regards this, he very wisely adds that we have not yet seen the end. It is well; therefore, in reading of the "*Sufferings of the Church in Brittany*," to allow ourselves to be reminded of the similar sufferings of the Church in Ireland in the long penal days, but also of the sufferings of the Church in many civilised countries at this moment. We, Irish Catholics, are too much shut out by the Protestant English press, which furnishes news and views to journals that are neither Protestant nor English, from the knowledge of the iniquitous persecution which has gone on for years in Prussia and Switzerland, and which has begun in Italy. But we are forgetting that this is only Mr. Thompson's preface. The work is full of facts, which are narrated with moderation and clearness, but with feeling and animation. It is not a dry compendium, but devotes nearly four hundred compact pages to the complex and various incidents of the history. It has strong claims to be added at once to Catholic libraries.

IV. *Annie's First Prayer, and other Tales for Children.* By M. F. S. (London: R. Washbourne. 1878.)

THE reader must not suppose that these "other tales for children" are tacked on to "*Annie's First Prayer*." We have before us four or five neat volumes, containing each a batch of stories—"The Old Prayer Book," "Charlie Pearson's Medal," "Good for Evil," "Tom's Crucifix," "Joe Ryan's Repentance," "Catherine's Promise," "Norah's Temptations," &c., &c.—and these form only a small portion of what "M. F. S." has done for small readers, and also for readers of a larger growth. We hope that the wielder of this industrious and skilful pen

will not be reluctant to be introduced as an Irish-American lady who bears—not from birth—the same name as the senior member for Louth. Her tales, slight as they are, are very well constructed, and written with considerable spirit, and, we are sure, answer their purpose admirably. Four longer and more “grown-up” tales by the same writer—“Fluffy,” “The Three Wishes,” “Catherine Hamilton,” and “Catherine Grown Older”—have been published in separate volumes by the same publisher. They are excellent in their kind.

V. *Other Recent Publications.* (Burns & Oates, and R. Washbourne.)

As our space is running short, we cannot at present do more than make “honourable mention” of some other recent publications which two of the Catholic publishing firms of London have brought under our notice. The author of the stories to which we have just given a word of praise has brought out a third series of her “Stories of the Saints,” which are so picturesque and interesting that we wonder how they escaped being included in the two preceding series. From the same publisher, Mr. Washbourne, comes “The Two Friends; or, Marie’s Self-denial,” which one would take at first sight for a translation from the French; but on examination the style proves too English for that, and we understand why the title-page informs us that the author is Madame D’Arras, *née* Lechmere.

We must take another opportunity of introducing to our readers “Wrecked and Saved” (Burns & Oates); a tale of considerable length by Mrs. Parsons, who has done good service in this department of literature. Her new story is interesting and well written, and it is almost too edifying, especially parts of the opening chapters. To the same indefatigable publishers we owe all the volumes which we are about to mention, of which the first is “The Life of Henri de Planchat,” translated from the French, with an introduction by the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J. This holy priest, who belonged to the new Congregation of Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, was one of the hostages massacred by the Paris Commune, at Belleville, on the 26th of May, 1871. Next come two translations of ascetic authors: “Meditations on the Mysteries of our Holy Faith,” by a Spanish Jesuit, F. Alonso de Andrade, and F. Pinamonti’s “Art of Knowing One’s Self,” turned into excellent English by the author of the “Life of St. Willibrord.” “The Spirit of St. Francis of Assisi” is a sermon, the eloquence of which will not surprise the Rev. James Connolly’s Maynooth contemporaries, who would be inclined to add to his name “of Armagh,” though he has long laboured in the heart of London.

ELEANOR'S STORY.

By KATHARINE ROCHER.

CHAPTER V.

AN UNKNOWN OLD FRIEND.

"Miss KENNEDY, Miss Kennedy, mamma says we are to have a holiday; she is going to take Florrie and me to spend the day at Aunt Louisa's. Florrie, don't you hear? Put away that old grammar, Miss Kennedy," and the pretty little fair-haired girl, snatching the book from her governess, sent it flying across the room, while she and her usually quieter elder sister executed a war-dance round the table in a manner which considerably endangered the somewhat dilapidated furniture of the dingy schoolroom.

The little governess, hopeless as to success in quelling the uproar, sat silent at the head of the table until it had a little subsided; then she asked :

"How soon are you to start, Lily?"

"The pony-carriage is ordered in half an hour."

"Then you had better go at once and get ready—your mamma will not like to be kept waiting. But, before you go, be kind enough to pick up my book."

Lily, who had been the delinquent in the case of the book, danced off without taking the least notice of this request; but Florrie, after a moment's hesitation, picked it up and brought it to Miss Kennedy, who thanked her quietly, repeating the advice to make haste.

When the children had gone, she rose and began to put away books and slates, striving, with small success, to restore some appearance of order to the untidy room; then walking over to the window, she stood looking down into the street, and wondering what use she could make of her unexpected holiday.

Nora had altered a good deal in the six months which had elapsed since her mother's death, a six months which seemed to her almost equal in length to the sum of her former years. Governessing had not been with her a very successful experiment; her situation was a good one, her employers just and fairly kind, and a person unweighted with the remembrance of happier things would have had no cause of complaint. But to Nora, whose life had hitherto been so different, the isolation and restraint were almost unendurable. She had found out too, as all teachers must, sooner or later, that knowing a thing oneself is very different from being able to teach it properly to others; and her pupils, spirited, lively children, were soon completely beyond her

control. Their mother, an officer's wife, with small income and many children, who had looked forward to a governess as a relief from some of her cares, was disappointed at finding that, in the new state of affairs, insubordination increased rather than diminished; she made no secret of her dissatisfaction, and Nora was in constant dread of dismissal. Unhappy though she was in her present home, she shrank from the thought of being obliged to seek another, her still shattered nerves making the idea of change, usually so pleasant at her age, distasteful to her. How she longed to be able to go back to Knockartela, changed though it was for her now. Mrs. Brennan was the only friend she possessed in the world, and her house, the nearest approach to a home. As she stood now at the window, the thought of Knockartela brought to her mind a project which she had long ago formed, of trying to reach those brown and purple Dublin mountains of which she had so often caught glimpses, as the distant background to a long perspective of streets. She was not likely to have a free day again for some time; and although the present holiday was rather hot for such a walk, she determined to try the experiment, feeling as if a breath of real mountain air would make up for any fatigue undergone to obtain it. Accordingly, having inspected her pupils as they came from the nursery-maid's hands, obliged Florrie to mend her gloves, and sent Lily back to have her hair re-arranged before meeting her mother's critical eyes, and, finally, seen the pony-carriage drive away, she put on her hat, and set out on her exploring expedition.

Had she known Dublin better, and so taken the most direct route, she might have succeeded in reaching fields and trees, which would have been some sort of substitute for the unattainable mountains; as it was, she became entangled in a labyrinth of dusty, suburban avenues and semi-detached villas, through which she wandered on and on, without other result than that of thoroughly tiring herself, while the promised land, enveloped in the golden haze of a July day, seemed farther off than ever. She turned homewards at length, plodding wearily on, the weight of her crape-trimmed dress adding considerably to her fatigue. She thought how that same sunshine, which streamed down with such pitiless force on the granite pavement of the dusty Dublin streets, must be aiding the hay-makers and ripening the harvest on the hills of Knockartela—and the remembrance of the happy days spent there last summer was almost more than she could bear. At last she reached a street of handsome private houses, not far from where her employers lived; and she began to congratulate herself on being near the end of her self-imposed journey. She attempted to cross the street, her weariness rendering her careless of all around, so that she did not notice the jingling bells of an approaching tramcar until she was directly in its path. Startled at length by the warning shout of the driver, she looked up, and, seeing her danger, tried first

to go back, then, in her confusion changing her mind, she hurried forwards, when her foot caught in one of the sunken rails, and she fell directly under the horses' feet, where she lay a motionless mass of black drapery.

For many days Nora lay helpless and delirious, haunted by feverish fancies, pain the only reality of which she was conscious. She sometimes imagined herself on the sunny slopes at Knockartela, where her thoughts had been wandering just before the accident; sometimes in her childish home in Dublin, oftener still amidst the scenes of the last few months, striving wearily to cope with her unruly pupils, whose ill-learned lessons and wrongly worked sums she would try in her ravings to correct, in a manner which soon betrayed her occupation to those around. Sometimes it seemed to her that her mother stood beside her, at others Mrs. Brennan; but among all the forms which seemed to haunt her, and to dissolve one into another before she could grasp the idea of their presence, the least shadowy, the most unchanging, was that of her childish idol, Dr. Devereux. He seemed to appear, not, perhaps, as often as did some of the others, but with greater distinctness, speaking in quick, low tones, and sometimes touching her hot hand with strong, steady fingers. After a time the fever lessened, and she began, at intervals, to be conscious of a long, light, airy room, blue-checked draperies partially concealing pale faces and recumbent forms, among which black-robed figures passed with swift, silent movements. Then, late on a sunny summer afternoon, she woke out of a long, sound sleep, too weak almost to speak or move, but quite in her senses, and able to observe and reason on her surroundings. She was lying on a small iron bedstead in what was evidently the ward of a hospital; similar little beds lined the walls on each side of the long room, which bore tokens, in the high, white marble chimney-piece, and in the traces of carving on walls and ceiling, of having been, in common with so many of the public and charitable institutions of Dublin, originally a nobleman's house. Through the open windows came sounds of life from the busy streets without; and at one of these windows, in a flood of warm western sunshine, sat two or three convalescent patients amusing themselves by watching the passing carriages. Near the foot of her bed stood a figure in black habit and veil, the former tucked up over her gray serge petticoat and guarded by checked apron and sleeves. She had a pleasant, elderly face, and was speaking in a brisk and business-like manner, although in subdued tones, to a tall man who stood with his back towards Nora. Presently perceiving that the latter had opened her eyes, the nun approached, re-arranged her pillows, and asked kindly if she felt better. The gentleman also turned, displaying, to Nora's astonished gaze, the well-known features of the miniature. Giddy and confused by the sudden apparition, her newly recovered consciousness again slipped

away, and when, after the lapse of what seemed to her a very long time, she again came to her senses, it was the sister alone who stood by her side, holding some stimulant to her lips. Haunted as she had been by the phantoms of a fevered brain, she had little difficulty in persuading herself that Dr. Devereux's figure, distinct and lifelike though it seemed, was but another creation of her own fancy, and without troubling herself farther on the subject she settled herself into the first peaceful night's rest she had had for a long time. Next morning, however, the same figure reappeared, this time surrounded by a class of medical students; and Nora, stronger and more clear-headed after her long night's sleep, perceived that the face before her and that of the miniature were not so nearly identical as she had at first supposed. A remarkable likeness there undoubtedly was, but the face she now saw was brighter, less dreamy, more alert, besides being that of a man some years younger than Dr. Devereux could have been even when the miniature was painted. She listened eagerly for the name, but he was addressed simply as "Doctor." Presently he came to her bedside, accompanied by the nun, and spoke kindly to her, telling her that a letter, bearing her name and address, had been found in her pocket at the time of the accident, and that her employer, Mrs. Hartnett, had been communicated with. He asked if there was anyone else to whom she would like a message sent, and on her answering, "No, she had no one belonging to her in the world," he glanced round at the sister, with a pitying "Poor child." When he had passed on to the next patient, Nora asked the sister, who remained a moment to settle her, who he was?

"The doctor, my dear," was the reply.

"I know, but what is his name?"

"Dr. Devereux. I daresay you have often heard of him; he is very clever and very much thought of for so young a man. He will some day be at the head of his profession. You were fortunate in falling into such skilful hands."

Dr. Devereux—although she had expected this answer, the familiar name was a shock to her. This then must be little Roger, her mother's darling, of five-and-twenty years ago, of whom Nora had in her childhood been more than half jealous. Where had he been ever since, she wondered, and why had he made no effort to see the stepmother who had been so fond of him? She remembered Mrs. Brennan's opinion, that "Master Roger could have no heart," and felt very much inclined to agree with her, as she thought that the skilful medical care which Roger Devereux could have given might, perhaps, have saved her mother's life. Still, he was so like his father, who had long been Nora's ideal of goodness, that she could scarcely believe him heartless, and she watched him curiously day after day, trying to judge from his manner, both to herself and the other patients, if he were worthy to

bear the name and wear the features of her hero. Her judgment was not, on the whole, a favourable one; Dr. Devereux's quiet, professional manner and apparent indifference to the pain he was often obliged to inflict, confirming her opinion of his want of feeling. This opinion wavered a little, it is true, when she saw him bring a toy to a crippled child, and take a flower out of his own coat, to give it to an old woman who admired it; but it returned in full force at hearing him speak sharp words to a girl whose querulousness and want of patience were hindering her recovery. With regard to herself, although an indefinable something in his manner showed that he recognised in her a different social rank from that of the other patients, he had never, since the day she recovered consciousness, addressed to her an unnecessary word. Altogether, the balance inclined very much to the side of Roger Devereux's utter heartlessness, and she resolved never, under any circumstances, to let slip, either to him or to the sister, a word which would reveal the strange tie between them.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW PLANS.

MEANTIME, Nora herself was, under the combined influences of kind care and skilful treatment, getting steadily better. She was soon able to sit up in an arm-chair by one of the sunny windows, and talk to Sister Adrian, with whom she was a great pet. Bit by bit she told her story to the kind nun who, while sympathising with her real troubles, tried to make her look at things in a brighter light, and encouraged her to believe that her failure as a governess arose from inexperience, and that she would do better hereafter. Sister Adrian had herself spent some years in a convent of her order, to which large schools were attached; she had therefore had much experience in teaching, and having a genuine love for it, she was able to arouse in Nora some spark of a similar feeling, so that the latter was beginning to look forward almost with interest to returning to her occupation, when her plans were upset by a visit from Mrs. Hartnett. This lady had not by any means neglected her governess during her illness, having several times called to inquire for her, and sent her fruit and wine, but she had never before asked to see her, and now her mission was not a pleasant one, as it was to inform Nora that Captain Hartnett's regiment having been ordered to Gibraltar, the family were leaving Dublin immediately, and as she had decided on placing the two elder children at school, Nora's services would no longer be required.

Mrs. Hartnett, who knew that Nora had not been happy in her house, was surprised at the look of disappointment which came over

the girl's face on hearing this, and she tried to make amends by friendly words, and the expression of more interest than she perhaps felt, in her future welfare. She had spoken to the nuns, she said, and they had promised to exert themselves to find another situation for Nora; one where her talents for music would have more scope, and where her pupils would be older and less unmanageable. She promised to send her two little girls to see their governess before they left Dublin, and so the two parted with friendlier feelings towards each other than either had probably before experienced; and Nora, going to the open window, saw Mrs. Hartnett's pony-carriage drive away, with some return of the loneliness she had felt, when, the day of her journey to Dublin, she had left Mrs. Brennan sobbing on the platform of the little roadside railway station.

The question of Nora's future soon became a serious one to the nuns. She was now well enough to be dismissed from the hospital; but homeless as she was, they could not turn her adrift, so she was allowed to stay on, while waiting for a situation, trying as best she could to be of use to her kind friends, and trusting that some occupation would soon be found for her. She was skilled in many kinds of needle-work, and the sisters were glad to employ her willing fingers in this manner. One sunny day, she sat on the lowest step of a long flight of stairs leading from a glass door in one of the corridors down into the garden, a large square of green grass, with borders of old-fashioned flowers, under its ivy-grown walls, and one or two tall trees throwing their cool shade over its centre. It was a quiet place, its distance from the streets being sufficiently great to reduce their noise to a distant murmur, just then completely lost in the sounds of the organ, on which one of the sisters was practising. Its deep tones came peeling through the open windows of the convent chapel, and Nora sat and listened, allowing her work—a piece of beautiful old lace, part of the furniture of the altar, which she was mending—to rest upon her lap, and her thoughts to wander whither the music led them, far from present care and trouble. Presently she saw Dr. Devereux crossing the grass from the lecture-room, which opened into the garden on the other side. Thinking that he wanted to pass up the steps, she made way for him, but instead of doing so he stopped, and shaking hands with her kindly, inquired if she had yet heard of a situation. Surprised at the knowledge of her affairs thus displayed, Nora answered in the negative, adding that she very much wished to find one, as it grieved her to be so long dependent on the charity of the nuns.

"Say kindness," answered Dr. Devereux. "I am sure that in this instance they are acting as much from personal liking for yourself, as from any other motive."

"The other motive would be the higher one," said Nora, half laughing.

"Well, yes," he said, "charity is a greater thing than kindness; still I fancy most of us would rather be the recipients of the latter. Now, I am the bearer of a proposition which will, I hope, meet your approbation, although it comes from a person actuated by a lower motive than either—self-interest—at present at least. I hope that when you and she come to know each other there will be no lack of kind feeling on either side. My aunt, who is suffering from spine complaint, and is therefore obliged to pass a great deal of time on a sofa, is anxious to obtain the services of a young lady as companion. I have spoken to her about you, and she and I agree in thinking that if you could make up your mind to a somewhat monotonous life, it would be a good arrangement for both parties. My aunt lives at Kingstown, and I think the sea air is just what you require to bring back your strength. I have not mentioned the plan to the nuns as yet, as I wished to make sure before doing so that it would be pleasing to yourself. Think it over, and let me know your decision to-morrow or next day."

Nora's first impulse had been to give a decided refusal, but before the words had passed her lips, she remembered that she would not be justified in rejecting a feasible plan for earning her livelihood, merely because it came to her burdened with obligation to Dr. Devereux. She therefore answered as gratefully as she could.

"There is no need to think it over, Dr. Devereux; circumstanced as I am, I could not hesitate in accepting a far less desirable situation than the one you so kindly offer. I am only afraid that your aunt may not consider me suitable when she sees me."

"Miss Moore thinks, that if you are satisfied with the plan, you had better go to Kingstown early next week and stay for a few days. Then, if you and she like each other, some more permanent arrangement can be made; if not, she promises to do her best to find some other opening for you. I believe she means to write to you on the subject herself."

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am for your kindness, Dr. Devereux," said Nora, trying to express what she knew ought to be her feelings.

"No need of gratitude. I am sure the plan will be quite as much for my aunt's benefit as for yours. I will speak to Sister Adrian about it."

"Well," said Roger Devereux to himself, as he ran up into the wards to see an interesting case of compound fracture, brought in that morning, "if she and Aunt Anne don't fall in love with each other very soon, I shall be very much surprised—and disappointed."

CHAPTER. VII.

AUNT ANNE.

THE promised invitation, a kind and cordial one, reached Nora a day or two later, and was, of course, gratefully accepted. As Nora had not been in Kingstown since she was a very little child, and was therefore a stranger to the place, it was arranged that Miss Moore's maid should call at the convent for her. Accordingly, one day at the end of the following week, she found herself in a railway carriage, speeding along the shores of Dublin Bay, accompanied by a respectable, elderly woman, who took command of her as if she had been a child, and guarded her from cold and draughts in a manner which, though a little annoying on a warm September day, gave Nora a pleasant sense of kindness and protection. On reaching Kingstown, her companion gave the luggage to a porter, saying that the distance from Miss Moore's house to the station being short, there was no need of taking a cab. She then led the way to a good-sized house on one of the terraces facing the sea, and while waiting on the door-step for admission, Nora observed with much pleasure that it commanded a view, not only of the gay harbour and crowded pier, but of the brown hill of Howth, rising direct out of the sea, at the opposite side of the bay.

On entering the house, Nora was taken straight upstairs, into a large bow-windowed drawingroom, which gave her the general impression of being filled with sunshine, books, and flowers. Having heard of Miss Moore only as Dr. Devereux's aunt, Nora had imagined her to be an elderly person, and did not at first understand that the lady lying on a sofa in the bow-window was indeed her hostess. There was in reality about ten years difference in age between Miss Moore and her nephew, but Roger Devereux's grave, dark face looked very nearly as old as did his aunt's with its clear, delicate complexion and bright, expressive eyes. She held out both hands as Nora approached, drew her down, and kissed her kindly.

"Poor child," she said, "she still looks very delicate; does she not, Margaret?"

"Indeed then, ma'am, she's no great credit to Master Roger's doctoring," answered Margaret.

"Well," said Miss Moore, laughing, "you must try if you cannot improve upon his treatment; if you take as much care of Miss Kennedy as you do of me, I think she will look different in a very little time. I should be sorry if any of Master Roger's patients did not do him credit. Go up now, my dear, with Margaret, and take off your hat, and when you come down, I will have a cup of tea ready for you; you look as if you wanted it."

When Nora returned to the drawingroom, after having inspected

with much satisfaction the pretty bedroom allotted to her, she found Miss Moore making tea in a little afternoon service which, with a small silver kettle, stood upon a gipsy table by her side.

"You are just in time," she said, as Nora entered. "Now bring over that low chair for yourself; put it close to the sofa, so that we may look at each other. You seem, if possible, younger without your hat. I don't wonder that your attempt at being a governess was not a brilliant success," she added, laughing.

"And yet I had none of the advantages of being young," said Nora. "I was so unhappy when I went to Mrs. Hartnett's that the children took a dislike to me and to my black dress. I have got more used to things now, and can keep my own troubles out of sight."

"You need not keep them out of sight here, my child; hidden troubles are always the hardest to bear. Now here is your tea; in future I hope you will feel sufficiently at home to take the trouble of tea-making off my hands."

As Nora drank her tea, she took a more detailed survey of her surroundings than she had yet had time for. The room was, in some respects, more library than drawingroom, its chief feature being the number of books it contained. A carved oak book-case stood at one end; books filled the recesses on each side of the fireplace, and made lines of bright colour, on little what-nots, between the windows, while a goodly pile of volumes rested on a little table standing behind Miss Moore's sofa. There was a profusion of flowers, ferns, and mosses, on brackets round the walls, and in hanging baskets in the windows, while a few photographs of good pictures, and some water-colour drawings, hung upon the walls. Folding doors, draped with heavy curtains, led into what appeared to be the diningroom. The furniture was simple, but every article appeared to have been chosen with a view both to fitness and beauty, while the whole room bore marked traces of the individuality of its occupant.

And that occupant herself seemed to Nora the pleasantest object there. Although no longer young, there was a charm in Miss Moore's face which had outlived the mere beauty of youth. The years which she had spent as a confirmed invalid had left no trace of sadness or discontent round the finely-curved mouth, or in the bright brown eyes which were now scrutinising her young guest with kindly curiosity. Her face was thin and rather worn, but the clear, transparent complexion made her look at times almost girlish, and the bronze red hair coiled up under her little lace cap showed, as yet, no silver threads. The couch on which she lay was so constructed as to be capable of adjustment to any angle, and was fitted with a movable desk, suitable for either reading or writing. That full advantage was taken of this was evident from the pile of solid-looking books on the little table behind the sofa. There was also within reach a large work-basket

containing some embroidery, and a quantity of brightly-coloured silks and wools, and in a corner of the room was a cottage piano, towards which Miss Moore saw Nora's eyes turn in pleased surprise.

"Ah! I see you are looking at the piano," she said. "I was so glad to hear that you were a good musician. I used to play myself, but since my illness I have never been able to do so, and I am now dependent on the kindness of my friends for music. If you are sufficiently rested, I will ask you to play for me after dinner."

"I will play for you whenever you please," said Nora, "but I am afraid that you who know what music ought to be, will not care to listen to mine. Poor mamma always said that I wanted some really good teaching."

"Dr. Devereux says you play very well."

"I did not know that he had ever heard me."

"One day when you were playing for some of the nuns, my nephew was passing along the corridor, and stopped to listen. I think it was on hearing you play it first occurred to him that you and I might be of some use to each other."

If Miss Moore and Nora did not exactly fulfil Dr. Devereux's prediction, and fall in love with each other, their mutual liking was at least strong enough to make the idea of a more permanent connection agreeable to both. It was, therefore, settled that Nora should remain with Miss Moore as companion, with fixed duties and a small salary; the duties which were chiefly those of reader and secretary being light enough to allow her to devote some time to her own music. Indeed, although Nora did not know it, the reading was carried on chiefly with a view to her benefit, Miss Moore making her go through a well chosen course both of French and English literature. This included some of the books Nora had read and re-read, in her childish days at Knockartela; and Miss Moore was often surprised at her intimate acquaintance with these books, as well as with her acute criticisms on them. Questions elicited the fact, that Nora had read, and actually possessed a number of books, which had belonged to "mamma's first husband," but she always evinced such decided reluctance to speak about him, that Miss Moore, attributing it to a feeling of jealousy on her own father's account, forbore to press her on the subject. On first coming to Miss Moore's house, Nora had debated much with herself, as to whether she ought to let her hostess know of her connection with Dr. Devereux, but had finally decided that it was unnecessary to do so. Now, however, that Miss Moore's kind interest had led her to speak of her former life, the need of caution in every word she uttered, lest she should betray her secret, and the continued dread of being asked in direct terms, what had been her mother's former name, made her feel as if she were guilty of absolute deceit. The statement which in the beginning might have been made easily

and naturally, would now take the form of a confession, from which poor Nora shrank with exaggerated horror.

Dr. Devereux was often at the house; he and Miss Moore were more like brother and sister than aunt and nephew; they had many tastes in common, and their eager discussions of new books and scientific discoveries were nearly as great a pleasure to Nora as to themselves, far beyond her comprehension as many of the subjects under consideration were. The prejudice against Dr. Devereux, which, it must be confessed, she rather cherished and cultivated, was usually forgotten in his presence, and she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of association with the first really well-educated and cultivated persons she had ever met, becoming by degrees more and more able to feel an interest in their pursuits, and to take part in their conversation.

SAINT JOSEPH.*

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

Dedicated to the Lord Bishop of Salford, by whose pastoral, respecting St. Joseph, many thoughts in the following stanzas were suggested.

I.—ST. JOSEPH'S DAILY WORK.

HO, ye that toil, and ye that spin,
For Joseph's sake your tasks revere!
He toiled the Saviour's bread to win,
To clothe that God who shaped the sphere.

True Prince of David's line! thy chair
Is set on every poor man's floor:
Labour through thee a crown doth wear
More rich than kingly crowns of yore.

True Confessor! thine every deed,
While error ruled the world, or night,
Confessed aright the Christian creed,
The Christian warfare waged aright.

* The Saint's feast-day is the nineteenth of this month, which is known to his devout clients as the Month of St. Joseph.

Saint Joseph.

Teach me, like thee, my heart to raise,
 In toil, not ease, contemplatist;
 Like thee, o'er lowly tasks to gaze
 On Her whose eyes were still on Christ.

Teach, teach me, thou whose ebbing breath
 Was watched by Mary and her Son,
 To welcome age, await in death
 True life's true garland, justly won.

II.—ST. JOSEPH'S DOUBT.

'Twas not her tear his doubt subdued;
 No word of hers announced her Christ:
 In dream alone that angel stood
 With warning hand. A dream sufficed.

Where faith is strong, though light be dim,
 How faint a beam reveals how much!
 The Hand that made the worlds on him
 Descended with a feather's touch.

"Blessèd for ever who believed:"
 Like Her, through faith his crown he won:
 His *heart* the Babe divine conceived;
 His heart was sire of Mary's Son.

Hail, Image of the Father's Might!
 The heavenly Father's human shade!
 Hail, silent King whose yoke was light!
 Hail, Foster-sire whom Christ obeyed!

Hail, Warder of God's Church beneath,
 Thy vigil keeping at her door
 For thirty years at Nazareth!
 So guard, so guide her evermore!

III.—ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE.

Gladsome and pure was Eden's bower:—
 Saint Joseph's house was holier far,
 More rich in Love's august dower,
 More amply lit by Wisdom's star.

The Paraclete his heart possessed;
 His awe was love, his love was awe;
 What prophet-kings in life-long quest
 Desired to see he daily saw.

The Queen of Virgins, where he sate,
Beside him stood and watched his hand,
His daughter-wife, his angel-mate,
Submissive to his least command.

Hail, Patriarch blest and sage! on earth
Thine was the bridal of the skies!
Thy house was heaven: for by its hearth
A God reposed in mortal guise.

Hail! life most sweet in life's decline!
Hail death, than life more bright, more blest!
The hands of Mary clasping thine,
Thy head upon the Saviour's breast!

IV.—ST. JOSEPH'S PATRONAGE.

The Apostle's life, the Martyr's death,
The all-conquering Word, all-wondrous Sign,
Have greatness sense-discerned. By faith
And faith alone we reach to thine.

Through lower heavens those others run,
Fair planets kenned by untaught eyes:
Thy saintlier light is later won,
Serener gleam from lonelier skies.

Thou stand'st within: they move without:
More near the God-Man is thy place:
On that one thought we rest, nor doubt
That as thy greatness was thy grace.

No priestly tiar, no prophet rod
Were thine: with them thou art who zone
The altar of Incarnate God,
Who throng the white steps of the Throne.

A hierarchy apart they sit,
A Royal House benign yet dread,
In Godhead veiled, by Godhead lit:—
There highest shines thy silver head.

GERALD BARRY.

AN HISTORICAL STUDY.

ON Thursday, April 25th, 1185, Prince John, Earl of Morton, youngest son of Henry II., landed at Waterford, attended by a gallant train of nobles, knights, and ecclesiastics. Amongst the latter was one who held the high and responsible position of tutor, secretary, and adviser to the young prince, then in his nineteenth year. This was Sylvester Giraldus de Barri, who in one of his books has described himself as a literary man of studious and observant habits. He was the first Englishman who wrote a formal treatise on Ireland and its inhabitants; and his writings have exercised a very baneful influence on this country. He struck the key-note, and almost every Englishman writing about Ireland, since his time down to Mr. Froude, has piped in concert. "Not one of them can be accepted as a truthful guide on Irish history; they either suppress the truth, or state falsehood, exaggerate what is bad, or extenuate what is good." We have lately made a *post-mortem* examination of Gerald Barry, the first of the tribe, and we will communicate the results thereof to the reader. His is a typical case of that organic disease, which he transmitted to his literary posterity.

De Barri came of an illustrious race. His maternal grandfather was Gerald of Windsor, Constable of Pembroke, who gave name and origin to the princely line of the Geraldines. His grandmother was the famous Nesta, daughter of Rhys, and sister of Griffeth, princes of South Wales, the most beautiful, but, by no means, the most virtuous woman of her time. By her husband, Gerald of Windsor, she had four children known to history, three sons, William, Maurice, and David Fitzgerald, and one daughter, Angharat, who became wife of William de Barri, and mother of Gerald.

In those days there were only two professions, chivalry and the church. Gerald's elder brothers, William and Robert, chose the former; they were amongst the first of the Anglo-Norman invaders of Ireland, and won for their descendants the fairest plains in Desmond from Buttevant* to Barrymore—the former tells their war-cry, the latter bears their name. He himself assumed the cassock, and became, not, indeed, one of the best, but certainly one of the most remarkable ecclesiastics of his time.

From his youth Gerald appears to have devoted himself with great assiduity to his studies. His voluminous writings show that he was

* Buttevant takes its name from "Boutez-en-avant," or "Go-a-head," the war-cry of the Barrys.

an accomplished scholar, well acquainted with the Scriptures, the Fathers, and the entire range of the Latin classics. He taught the *Trivium* at Paris with great applause, was a ready writer, an able speaker, and an indefatigable student. Even when he spent the day in travelling he devoted the night to study. The intrigues and distractions of a court could not divert his attention from his books. He was, withal, a great traveller, and journeyed through England, France, and Ireland—as much of the latter as an Englishman then dare attempt—and made three journeys to Rome to maintain his election to St. David's, not to speak of a fourth visit, which he afterwards paid as a pilgrim.

With talent, ambition, and family influence, it might have been expected that Gerald would have risen high in the Church; yet he never became a bishop, and, from what we know of his character, we may safely conclude that the Church was no loser thereby. He tells us himself, if he can be believed, that he was offered the sees of Ferns, Ossory, and Leighlin, as well as the archbishopric of Cashel, not to speak of two sees in Wales, the see of Lincoln, and even a cardinal's hat—all of which, however, he declined from motives more or less creditable to himself. His great ambition was to be elevated to the see of St. David's, his native diocese; but that ambition was doomed to disappointment. The canons, indeed, elected him on two different occasions, in 1176, and again in 1189, after his return from Ireland; but the English court and clergy, from motives of policy, persistently opposed his elevation. Gerald was half a Welshman—his usual name is Giraldus Cambrensis, Gerald the Welshman—hence, neither the jealous tyrant, who martyred St. Thomas of Canterbury a few years before, for vindicating the liberties of the Church, nor his graceless sons, would sanction his election. They feared his ambition and patriotism might prompt him to reassert the ancient metropolitan rights of St. David's, if not the independence of Wales. Although there is every reason to fear his motives were not the purest, still we think his long and gallant struggle against court influence to secure freedom of election was by far the most creditable portion of his career. But his efforts were all in vain. Although he stoutly maintained his election with tongue, pen, and purse, in England, in Normandy, and in Rome, he was defeated, and was forced to content himself with his archdeaconry of St. David's, where, however, he does not seem to have spent much of his time. The court-fool often amused the courtiers at his expense. "Master Gerald, will you accept the see of Ferns?"—"Nolo." "Of Ossory?"—"Nolo." "Of Leighlin?"—"Nolo." "The archbishopric of Cashel?"—"Nolo." But in the end he added: "the see of St. David's?" and roared out amidst general laughter, "Volo."

Disappointed in his ambition, Gerald devoted the remainder of his life down to his death, about 1220, at the age of 72, to the production

and correction of his numerous works. They have lately been accurately edited and printed, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, in seven large volumes. In the catalogue of his writings, we find a treatise entitled, "*De Instructione Principis*," which he wrote for the benefit of his royal pupil. What share Gerald himself, or this book of his, may have had in the formation of John's character, it is not easy to determine; but certainly his pupil does the master no credit, for a more cruel, cowardly, and mean-spirited tyrant is not to be found in the long list of English sovereigns.

The fifth volume of this new edition of the works of Gerald Barry contains his two Irish treatises, the "*Topography*," and the "*Expugnatio*," carefully edited by an English clergyman, the Rev. J. F. Dimock, Rector of Barnsbrough in Yorkshire. These are, by far, the best known, and, in a certain sense, the most valuable of the works of Giraldus, and to them we must give our exclusive attention; but, before we criticise the historian, let us strive to ascertain the character of the man. Fortunately, he has left us abundant materials for forming an estimate of his character, in a treatise, "*De Rebus a se Gestis*;" and that estimate would most certainly be an inadequate one, if inordinate vanity and self-conceit were not set down as his ruling passion. We have high authority for the statement, that "*knowledge puffeth up*," and, if Gerald had the knowledge, it cannot be denied that he was proportionately inflated. He coolly declares that he was the only man in England, then living, worthy to succeed St. Thomas of Canterbury. He is constantly complaining of the ill-treatment of princes and the envy of his contemporaries. He frequently extols his own eloquence and erudition, the polish of his style, and the elegance of his language, especially in the "*Topography*," "*which envy itself is ashamed to carp at*."* He tells us elsewhere how pleasant it was to be pointed at, and to hear men say in the street: "*That is he*;" and, amongst other good things which he says of himself, he declares he was one of the handsomest men of his time!

Gerald, too, had a bad tongue, and a virulent pen. He wrote a work in three books, to which he gave the very appropriate name "*De Invectionibus*," for they are exclusively devoted to the abuse of his contemporaries. The Rev. J. F. Dimock, a most painstaking editor and impartial critic, after a careful perusal of his writings, and with a full knowledge of his history, declares it as his deliberate conviction, "*that there was no invective against an opponent too virulently unjust, no imputation of the basest motives too manifestly unreasonable, and no assumption of the vilest and most horrible calumnies as certain truths too atrocious for him*." This is strong but not unmerited language. And, exactly in proportion as he unscrupulously abused his

* See the "*Introitus ad Expugnationem*."

enemies, he extravagantly lauded his friends. His language, either in praise or blame, is never moderate; he is much too fond of superlatives and universals, forgetful of the scholastic maxim, that they generally hide falsehood. He views everything through the spectacles of his prejudices; every man with him is either a hero or a villain, and the line of demarcation was to be drawn between those whom he loved and those whom he hated. As Dryden said of Villiers,

"Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes,
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or devil."

His credulity and superstition are hardly less remarkable than his vanity. In the later editions of the "*Expugnatio*," which he also calls a "*Vaticinalis Historia*," because it records the fulfilment of prophecy, he inserts many predictions taken from Merlin of Celidon, whose works, Dr. Lynch tells us, were honoured with a place on the "*Index*." Giraldus fell in with this Book of Prophecy in the year 1188, when accompanying Archbishop Baldwin on his journey through Wales. It was written in Welsh, and, as Giraldus himself admits, was greatly corrupted by recent interpolations of the Welsh bards. To these prophecies he evidently attached implicit faith, and he records their fulfilment in the language of Sacred Scripture. Such of them as are genuine are quite as vague as any to be found in Moore's *Almanac*; those that seem to have been marvellously fulfilled bear intrinsic evidence of having been written after the events took place which they pretend to foretell.

At the end of his autobiography, Giraldus gravely narrates some thirty visions with which he was favoured by heaven. Anyone else would set them down as ordinary dreams, but in his opinion they were all of divine origin. If it were the will of heaven to make revelations in the visions of the night, Gerald Barry is probably the last person that Providence would be likely to select as the recipient of its favours. We suspect his dreams often came from his stomach, or through the ivory gate, whence

"Falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes."

Writing with a hurried pen, and under the influence of excited feelings, he is very often inaccurate in his dates, even when recording the events of his own life, and frequently inconsistent in his statements. Hatred and partizanship hurry him into the most opposite extremes. Under their influence, true to the motto of his family, he dashes onward with the pen, as recklessly as his brothers did with the sword, and then he stops at nothing, whether it be wild assertion, absurd argument, or unfounded calumny.

Proud, passionate, and self-willed, like the haughty race from which he sprung, yet he was kind-hearted, generous, and lavishly profuse of his ample resources. Such a man might be a brave soldier, or an eloquent speaker, but an honest and impartial historian never.

Neither was he without prejudice. Gerald's great object was to justify that invasion, which he so pompously calls a "conquest." He was intimately connected, by ties of blood, or friendship, with almost all the leaders of the early invaders. Henry II., in his representations to the Pope, represented the Irish as a barbarous, unclean, and only nominally Christian people. The Normans came over to reform the Church, and civilise the country, and his great object was to show how much the Church needed the one, and the people the other. His history, therefore, is not as the well-balanced narrative of an impartial judge, but the one-sided statement of a prejudiced and passionate advocate.

The "Topography" he himself always regarded as his masterpiece. He spent, he says, three years in its composition—an assertion which it is not easy to reconcile with his own dates. It was begun probably in 1185, and finished early in 1188. He presented a copy in that year to Archbishop Baldwin, who admired it very much, and had a portion of it read for his entertainment every day during his journey through Wales. It was dedicated to Henry II., who, however, does not appear to have sufficiently appreciated the honour, for, after his death, Giraldus complained that he gained nothing by his work but empty praise.

This treatise is divided into three "Distinctions," in scholastic fashion, which we should call Books; and each Distinction is subdivided into Chapters. The first "Distinction" treats of the physical geography and natural history of Ireland—its extent, climate, soil, productions, &c. The second "Distinction" treats of the marvels, natural and supernatural, of Ireland; and the third treats of the inhabitants—their history, character, and morals. To write a fair work on this subject would require an accurate and extensive knowledge both of the country and the people. Giraldus had neither the one nor the other. His first visit to Ireland was paid in February, 1183, when he remained probably not more than six months; on the occasion of his second visit with Prince John, he remained a year. But his knowledge of the country was confined to the district afterwards known as the Pale, and a few of the southern seaport towns. He had no knowledge whatsoever of the Irish language, then exclusively spoken by the people. The Irish chieftains, insulted and outraged by John and his insolent courtiers, who pulled their beards and ridiculed their dress and language, had all turned against the English. His means of information, therefore, were imperfect, and the time at his disposal very limited, even if it were not otherwise employed. Hence, in this "admirable" work of his, intended for the information of his countrymen and

posterity, he frequently falls into the most ludicrous mistakes. His account of the river Shannon is worth quoting as a specimen.

"The Shannon rises in a very large and most beautiful lake (Lough Derg), which divides Munster from Connaught, and stretches forth its two arms to the opposite ends of the world. One flows towards the south, rolling beside the city of Killaloe, and encircling Limerick; and from that point, during a course of more than one hundred miles, it divides the two Munsters until it falls into the sea at St. Brendan. The other arm, equally large, divides Connaught from Meath, and farther Ulster, and after many and various windings falls into the sea at Ballyshannon!"

He tells us that the shores of Ireland are low and sandy, and all the mountains are in the interior of the country—a statement which every child at school knows to be the reverse of the truth; the mountains are almost all within view of the sea, and the interior from Dublin to Galway is an immense plain. He is very fond of the marvellous. He gravely informs us that shortly before the coming of the English a large fish was found near Carlingford, having three golden teeth, fifty ounces in weight—a presage, he adds, of the golden days of the English invasion.

"There is a lake in Northern Munster having two islands. In the larger island no creature of the female sex can live; in the smaller no person ever died, or can die, a natural death! Aren," he says, "is an island on the western coast of Connaught, dedicated to St. Brendan, where the dead are left unburied, yet never corrupt. A man may there see and recognise his grandfather, great grandfather, and all his ancestors. There is a well in Munster wherein if anyone bathes, his hair never becomes gray, and another in Ulster, a bath in whose wonderful waters will prevent a person ever becoming gray."

In his own time, a priest had a long interview with a man and woman in Meath, who had been changed into wolves, and who addressed him in their vulpine form. Irish cocks don't crow, like others, at three distinct intervals of the night, but only once before the dawn; and the reason is because the nights in Ireland are short on account of its proximity to the setting sun!

And so on with, perhaps, the greater portion of this accurate "Topography." But it is in the "Third Distinction," when he comes to speak of the people, that Giraldus pours out all the venom of his nature. He allows that they are physically a tall and handsome race of men, but rude, barbarous, inhospitable, and treacherous. His reasons, however, are by no means convincing. Like the ancient Hellenes, or the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, Giraldus assumes that his own people was the standard of perfection; hence the Irish are rude, because, unlike the Norman, they wore long hair and beards; they are barbarous, because, not living in cities, they led a rather free

and roving life; and they are treacherous, because they always carried their battle-axes in their hands, and gave the plundering Normans some ugly knocks when they least expected them.

He admits, however, that the Irish were pre-eminently skilled in music beyond any nation he ever knew; and he tells how deftly the harper swept the brazen strings, apparently without care, yet in flowing melody and with perfect art. Then he enters into a long dissertation on music, which he considered the finest chapter in the work, and modestly calls a "*voluptuosa digressio*."

The clergy, he admits, were remarkable for chastity, abstinence, and zeal in the discharge of their duties; but, seeing that Henry had undertaken to reform them, of course he had to find fault; so he adds: "*Post jugem tam jejuniorum quam orationum instantiam vino variisque potionibus diurnos labores enormius quam deceret nocte redimunt*"—a statement utterly inconsistent with the truth of the praises which he had bestowed on them.

By far the most interesting portion of the "*Topography*" is contained in those chapters which describe the soil, climate, and natural productions of Ireland. Many of his observations are both original and accurate. He very faithfully describes the genial mildness of climate and the salubrity of the air. He justly praises the natural fertility of the soil, but remarks, that the most promising harvests often disappoint the farmer's hopes—an observation that the experience of many a year since has amply verified. He was probably the first to notice the difference in size, and in the quality of the fur, between the English and the Irish hare, a distinction made only quite recently by scientific naturalists.

In the "*Expugnatio*," Gerald gives a history, in three books, of the Anglo-Norman invasion down to the year 1186. If he could be impartial, he had ample means of obtaining authentic information concerning the invasion, from the invaders themselves. Many of the leaders in that strange and stirring drama were his own near relatives. But of impartiality there was not a trace in the mental constitution of Gerald Barry. He gives elaborate, and, if they could be regarded as likenesses, valuable historical portraits of the leaders; but, in almost every instance, they are either too flattering pictures, or gross caricatures. The entire work is rather a poetic romance than sober history, and, such as it is, a great part of it is merely a glorification of his own relatives, the Geraldines. Gerald was proud of his descent; and he had some ground for boasting. Nesta was, indeed, the mother, lawful or unlawful, of a mighty race. Among the leaders of the invasion, there were at least three of her sons, eight of her grandsons, and one grandson-in-law. Her son by Stephen, Constable of Cardigan, hence named Fitz-stephen, was the leader of the very first band that landed at Bannow about the 1st of May, 1169. Her son, Maurice Fitzgerald,

followed shortly after, and Reimund Le Gros, her grandson; and they had, perhaps, the largest share in the foul work of slaughter and pillage which even Gerald himself severely condemned. But they were withal a brave, generous, and high-spirited race. They built some of our proudest castles and founded many of the richest and noblest of our monasteries. In dark and evil days most of them were loyal to the ancient faith. They fought and suffered for it—exile, imprisonment, and death. The Fitzgeralds, Barrys, and Graces were commingled in blood, and intertwined in affection, with the old Celtic race. Ireland felt pride in their glory and sorrow in their fall.

But for Giraldus there were no heroes but the Geraldines. "Who are they who penetrate the enemy's strongholds? The Geraldines. Who are the saviours of their country? The Geraldines. Whom does black envy calumniate? The Geraldines. O men of might renowned," he says, "heedless of life in the pursuit of glory, cease not to walk in your accustomed path of valour. *Felices facti si quid mea carmina possunt.*"

We cannot expect that a man who talks in this way of his own brothers, uncles, nephews, and cousins, would be just to others. He is manifestly unfair in his character of Richard, Earl of Striguil, paints Fitz-Audeline de Burgo in the darkest colours, and by no means does justice either to Hugh de Laci, or John de Curci, the bravest and best of the Normans.

Dr. Lynch says, "the style of Cambrensis is dry, barren, stilted, and sometimes bombastic." In this estimate we cannot coincide. The most glaring fault of the style of Giraldus, which Dr. Lynch does not notice, is his passion for alliteration and antithesis. And there can be no doubt that, to obtain this meretricious adornment, he sacrifices both the purity of his language, and the accuracy of his statements. But, leaving out of the question this most frequent and glaring fault, then esteemed a high excellence, the style of Giraldus is a very favourable specimen of mediæval Latinity. Of course, we cannot expect in such a writer either the elegance or purity of the classical authors; but his language is clear, vigorous, and concise, his sentences compact and well constructed. No doubt, he frequently turns off into the most irrelevant digressions, interlards his history with curious moral reflections, and puts absurdly pompous harangues into the mouths of men who did not know how to write their names, or read them when written. But this is a fault of the matter rather than of the form.

The deliberate conclusion of his English editor is, that "the Irish treatises of Giraldus are in many ways interesting and valuable, but it is of their historical value I have to speak, and that they give a fair, impartial account, either of the Irish people, or the English invaders, or of the doings of either, I confidently and emphatically deny." But Gerald himself was so proud of his work that he caused the "Topography" to be publicly recited at Oxford for three days, a "Distinction"

each day; and, no doubt, he had a large and appreciative audience, to whom he related all the wonderful things about the wild Irish, for during the three days of the recitation he feasted all Oxford in the most sumptuous style. On the first day he entertained the poor of the town, the second was for the dons and graduates, and on the third he feasted the soldiers and citizens. It was a novel and rather expensive way of publishing his works.

Yet, highly spiced as these Irish treatises were for the palates of his countrymen, they do not appear to have been well received by his contemporaries. He bitterly complains, more than once, that they were carped at, and lacerated by the envious, but he expresses his perfect confidence that posterity would receive them with applause. And his anticipations have, in a certain sense, been realised. His books were not, indeed, either generally known, or frequently quoted, by the earlier English historians. But the minions of Elizabeth resolved to employ, not only the sword in the reduction, but the pen in the defamation, of Ireland. So Geraldus was drawn from the dust of the libraries, and an English translation of the "Expugnatio" was published in the 1587 edition of the "Chronicles of Holinshed" by "John Hooker, of the city of Exeter, gentleman." It was, however, in Camden's "*Anglica, Hibernica, Cambrica, a Veteribus Scripta*," published at Frankford, in 1602. that the "Topography" and the "Conquest" were first made known to the literary world. His object was, by publishing the calumnies of Giraldus, to justify before Europe the hideous atrocities committed in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth. And in this purpose Camden succeeded only too well. Dr. John Lynch informs us "that the wild dreams of Cambrensis were taken up by a herd of scribblers, and embellished by many new stories of a similar stamp. Thus the name of Irishman became a byword of reproach in the mouths of mountebanks, in taverns, in club-meetings, in private society. His calumnies were reprinted in the language of every nation; no new geography, no history of the world, no work on the manners or customs of different nations, appeared in which these calumnies were not reproduced until my heart sickened at the sight."

But Ireland had sons who, if they could not wield the sword, were well able to wield the pen in her defence. And it is not a little remarkable that the literary champions, who girt on their armour to do battle for the fair fame of Ireland, were both of Anglo-Norman descent. Father Stephen White, a learned Jesuit, and literary correspondent of Usher, was the first to enter the lists. His "Apology" appeared on the Continent shortly after the publication of Camden's volume. It was, for a long time, regarded as lost, but has recently been reprinted from a copy accidentally discovered in the Burgundian Library at Brussels.

But the great champion, by whom Cambrensis was utterly overthrown,

was Dr. John Lynch, who published, in 1662, his great work entitled "*Cambrensis Eversus*," under the *nom de plume* of Gratianus Lucius. Dr. Lynch was a native of the ancient and loyal "City of the Tribes," where he was born about the year 1600. He traced his origin to Hugh de Laci, and was not a little proud of his ancestral loyalty and Anglo-Norman blood. In an introductory chapter, full of rather fulsome flattery of the ungrateful Stuart, he dedicates his great work to Charles II. Dr. Lynch was eminently fitted for the task which he undertook. After graduating with great distinction in philosophy and theology in France, he returned to his native city, where he combined for many years the double function of priest and schoolmaster. He thus acquired that familiarity with the classics which is manifest in his eloquent and flowing style. He has also a wonderful power of illustration, indicating at once the wealth of his intellect and the fertility of his imagination. But he was more than a learned theologian and elegant scholar; he was profoundly versed, perhaps more so than any man of his time, except Roger Flaherty, in the language, history, and antiquities of Ireland. Hence he has produced a work, too learned to be popular, but a mine of knowledge on almost every subject connected with Irish history.

That this noble work has not gone entirely out of print, we owe to the unselfish labour of the late Rev. Matthew Kelly of Maynooth, who edited it with a translation, and enriched it with many valuable notes; and it will go down to posterity an enduring memorial of the learning, the devotion, and the lofty patriotism of those two noble-hearted Irish priests.

We have done with Gerald Barry. Of late years a kind of reaction has set in in his favour. He is quoted, with something like approval, even by such men as Mr. Prendergast, whose solid learning, and whole-souled devotion to Ireland, nobody can call in question. Under these circumstances, lest any incautious reader might place too much reliance on the statements of Gerald Barry, it cannot be out of place to endeavour to show what manner of man he was.

J. H.

THE DEAD.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

HOW many gaily sing and lightly smile,
 Who tears, unceasing bitter tears, should shed
 O'er the low grave where lies the best-loved dead!—
 The dead who cheered life's journey many a mile,
 Whose love seemed life itself one little while!
 Relentless might of time's swift, noiseless tread!
 What soft, forgetful moss on each green bed
 A very few quick passing years will pile,
 And, as completely as do ocean's waves,
 A little grass blot out unnumber'd graves!
 The dead pass quickly—peaceful let them lie
 In lonely quiet 'mid the circling gloom—
 In human hearts their memory will die
 Before their ashes melt within the tomb!
S. M. S.

A PROTEST.

TO THE TRANSLATOR OF THE FOREGOING SONNET.

AH! wherefore, gentle Sister, make thine own
 Of words interpreting so ill thy heart?
 Not hopeless thus the yearning tears which start
 Into thine eyes, and not thus sad thy tone
 When thou recallest all the lov'd ones flown.
 Not thus from mem'ry do *our* dead depart,
 For Faith and Love on soaring pinion dart
 Up from the grassy grave to God's own throne.
 Of each dear friend that's gone, the deathless soul,
 Whose mortal hovel crumbles 'neath the sod,
 Lives on (for all were good) in heavenly rest.
 May Love Divine my lot with their's enrol,
 And in my flesh may I behold my God!
 This, this my hope is laid up in my breast.*

M. R.

* Job, xix. 27.

THOMAS MOORE OR JEAN REBOUL?

THE "startling question" which has been asked with, perhaps, too much precipitancy in the January Number of the *IRISH MONTHLY*, referring to a supposed French original of one of Moore's most beautiful "*Sacred Songs*" requires, and can receive, a most satisfactory reply. Quite apart from the direct evidence which exists upon the subject, all probability would have been in favour of attributing the originality of the song in question to Moore. No lyric of his is more characteristic of his style, none more worthy of his genius. For sweetness of flow and felicity of expression it stands almost unrivalled amid the vast collection of his songs. It is also free from those fanciful illustrations of his subject into which his vivid imagination too often led him, and which, though appearing to be laboured, were in reality the most spontaneous outpouring of his mind. On this subject he makes the following amusing remarks in a letter to Leigh Hunt, which has recently been published for the first time. Writing from Sloperton Cottage, in 1818, he says:

"You are quite right about the conceits that disfigure my poetry; but you (and others) are quite as wrong in supposing that I *hunt* after them—my greatest difficulty is to *hunt them* away. If you had ever been in the habit of hearing Curran converse—though I by no means intend to compare myself with him in the ready coin of wit—yet, from the tricks which his imagination played him while he talked, you might have some idea of the phantasmagoria that mine passes before me while I write. In short, St. Anthony's temptations were nothing to what an Irish fancy has to undergo from all its own brood of will-o'-th'-wispes and hobgoblins."*

No wonder, then, that a poem which was altogether free from what he admitted were defects, and which, as we shall find, was an especial favourite of his own, was selected by Earl Russell, in his preface to "*Moore's Memoir, Journal, and Correspondence*," as a defence both of the genius and character of the poet:

"The reader of the following memoir, correspondence, and journal may find, with ample traces of a 'loving, noble nature,' the blots of human frailty, and the troubles and anxieties of a combatant in this world's strife. If so, let him recollect the author's own beautiful words:—

" 'This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but Heaven!

* Moore's "*Uncollected Writings*," &c. London, 1878, p. 401.

“ And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even;
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb;
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

“ Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
 Serve but to light our troubled way,
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!”*

These lines, so justly praised by Earl Russell, were, as we have said, especial favourites of Moore himself. In general, his criticism on his own poems was unfavourable, so difficult did he find it to realise the perfect finish and completeness at which he aimed. We have, fortunately, in a letter not contained in Earl Russell's work, and of which a fragment only has been published, the exact date at which this song was written, and the favourable light in which it was regarded by Moore at the time of its composition. This interesting extract is given in the very ample and curious “Catalogue of a Collection of Upwards of One Thousand Autograph Letters of Thomas Moore to Mr. James Power, his Musical Publisher,” which were sold by auction in London, June, 1853. This catalogue, it may be mentioned, was subsequently republished as a volume in New York, with a preface by the late Mr. Crofton Croker. At p. 9 of the “Catalogue,” Moore, writing to Mr. Power, from Kegworth, Leicestershire, on the 10th November, 1813, thus alludes to his domestic circumstances, and gives the genesis of the song. “I have [qu. am?] now shut up for the winter, and have had the courage not to return any one of the dinners that were made for me on our coming into the neighbourhood. We now go nowhere, but to a very pleasant family within a mile of us, and I fear the winter will block us up even from this communication. I like your idea of keeping ‘Oh, fair, oh purest!’ for a set of sacred songs *exceedingly*, and the possibility of making such a work very interesting, between Stevenson and me, struck me so much that I set to and wrote the following words for it, which I am sure you will like.” Here follow three verses, with momentary corrections of “This world is all a fleeting show.” “*I like these as well as anything I have written*,” continues Moore, “but do not give them to Stevenson yet, as I mean first to try them myself.”†

From a letter also to Mr. Power, which Earl Russell has given in

* “Memoir, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore,” edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M. P. Vol. i., preface, p. xxxi.

† Puttick and Simpson's “Catalogue of Moore's Unpublished Letters.” London, 1853; pp. 9 and 10.

his work, vol. ii., p. 47, it appears that the song was finally entrusted to Stevenson, who completed the music for it to Moore's satisfaction before October 31, 1814. Writing on that day, he says: "Upon looking over Stevenson's manuscripts, I find he has left only two sacred melodies done, viz., 'Mary Magdalen' (a new setting) and 'This world is all,' which he has done very successfully." Finally the song appeared for the first time in print, in 1816, in the volume which Moore dedicated to his friend Dalton in the following words: "To Edward Tuite Dalton, Esq., the first volume of sacred songs is inscribed by his sincere and affectionate friend, THOMAS MOORE, *Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, May, 1816.*"

Thus have we traced the history of this song from its first conception, November, 1813, to its publication in May, 1816. A brief consideration will show how irreconcilable with dates and facts is the supposition, if, indeed, it has ever been seriously entertained, that the "*Soupir vers le Ciel*" of Jean Reboul, the baker-poet of Nîmes, was the original and not a mere translation of the matchless melody of Moore.

Jean Reboul was born at Nîmes, January 23, 1796, and was therefore only seventeen years of age in 1813, when Moore wrote his sacred song, "This world is all a fleeting show." About that year he was apprenticed to a baker in his native town, to the mysteries of whose trade he seems to have devoted the whole of his attention during the entire period of his apprenticeship. It was not until 1820 that his poetical instincts seem to have been awakened. About this time, says the anonymous author of a sketch of his life prefixed to his poems in the *Bibliothèque Choisie* (Paris, 1840), "Reboul était membre d'un cercle de joyeux vivants. Ils se réunissaient dans un café. Ce fut là que se revela d'abord la verve poetique de Reboul. Entre un verre de bierre et un cigarre il y compose des chansons et des satires qui ne sortaient pas de ce cercle ami."

It is quite plain from this naïve description that even if M. Reboul's poetical yeast fermented seven years earlier, and had been coincident with his practical experience as a baker, no strain so pure, so simple, or so sacred as that of the stolen melody of Moore would have received much favour or could have lived long even in the most retentive memory of this select circle to whose admiring ears, amid the raptures of a cigar and a glass of beer, the earliest "inspiration of his song" had been confided.

Nor is this all. The writer of the interesting article that has led to this somewhat lengthy bibliographical rejoinder, adduces the "most famous poem" of Reboul, "*L'Ange et l'Enfant*," as a proof that the writer of such a poem was not unworthy of attracting the attention of Moore. While thanking the writer for giving this beautiful and touching parable, and the excellent translation which accompanies it, I may be permitted to say that, as a proof of Reboul's originality and

power as a poet, no more unfortunate selection than this poem could have been made. "L'Ange et l'Enfant," which gained for Reboul the friendship of Lamartine and the visits of Chateaubriand and others almost equally illustrious, turns out to be another unacknowledged appropriation from a foreign language. According to the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, "L'Ange et l'Enfant," published in *La Quotidienne* in 1828, is taken from the German of Franz Grillparzer, the well-known dramatist.

Thus without the intervention of that omniscient personage, the editor of "Notes and Queries," before whose tribunal this question was to be laid, has the character of our own illustrious poet been rescued even from a suspicion of dishonour, and the theft brought home to the real offender. Had the poetical oven of this abstracting baker of Nismes being more diligently examined, it would probably be found that what his countrymen have been long enjoying as delicious *gateaux* or *petits pains* of poetry made exclusively from the purest wheat-flour of Provence were, in many instances, fraudulent impostures cheaply manufactured from foreign grain, smuggled, as we have seen, from the green fields of Ireland and the borders of the Rhine.

M.

REASONS FOR MY FAITH.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.*

FOR the satisfaction of a friend whom long intimacy has made dear to me, and for whose welfare I have not the less regard that I consider him to be deeply in error, I have resolved to make the following statements of my reasons for wishing to die a Roman Catholic.

Entertaining the convictions which I do concerning that Church, the question is, am I in the right? To answer this, let me see how I came by them.

* This relic of the author of "The Collegians" has lain for thirty-seven years with one of his religious brethren of the Christian Schools in Cork. It is now printed the first time from the carefully written original manuscript. The charges which Griffin here brings against himself and which have been already published in his own letters in Dr. Daniel Griffin's "Life," must be taken with some of the reserve with which we receive the self-accusation of a saint. Gerald Griffin almost deserves that name, as we hope soon to prove in the pages of this Magazine. This paper was written in his twenty-sixth year, and the phase of negligence and wavering which he here describes must be confined to the early part of his miserable struggles in London.—ED. I. M.

My parents were of that Church, and its precepts and doctrine were the first which entered my infant mind. I received them without question or opposition. My mind was open and simple, and did not even think of contesting them. So it was that when I came to the age of reason, I found myself, without any exertion of my own, a believing Roman Catholic.

When my life was purest, I doubted least. When doubts assailed me most, it invariably happened that my conduct had not been regular. I ask not how this may be with others. In the concerns of eternity I can only trust to the experience of my own heart and soul. At this time (that is to say when I was a sincere Catholic) my religion taught me that *wilful doubt* was a crime—that the truth which I held was so sacred that it was guilt to entertain a voluntary suspicion of its falsehood. This, too, I admitted without raising a question upon it. And accordingly, when doubt assailed me, I repressed it as a temptation of the enemy of God's Church, and I flew to my God for assistance; and the more strictly I acted on this principle of humble unreasoning obedience, the purer were my thoughts and actions, the kinder were my feelings, the less selfish and sensual was my life, the nearer did I approach to the path of solid virtue. On the contrary, the more I indulged in sensual pleasures, in indolence and irregularity of life, the more did I doubt of the truth of my religion, the more did its promises appear visionary, and its discipline a slavish thralldom. Thus, the experience of my own heart tells me that with me, at least, infidelity has always gone hand in hand with sin, belief with purity and goodness.

I find, too, that when I have been most submissive, I have been most virtuous; when most at liberty, I have been most a sinner. Such is the experience of my soul.

My religion taught me, that the faith which I held was not the fruit of reason, but came direct from heaven. Heaven had given it to me at my baptism, and it was my duty to preserve it as a precious treasure. This I believed without hesitation. My reason grew and became of the average strength; and yet while I continued even moderately virtuous, I had an awe of doubts about religion, as if such doubts would have been a direct insult to the Spirit of God which I felt within my soul, and which I venerated as the direct inspiration of a being infinite in power, and wholly immaculate. This feeling, likewise, helped me to keep the more near the paths of goodness.

My religion appointed for me a severe and rigorous code of bodily and mental discipline. It discouraged all merely sensual pleasures, and strongly recommended the abstaining from all such pleasure as was not needful for my health, in the way of relaxation. This world, it said, was a state of probation, and our fate in the next was to be decided by the manner in which we had spent our time in this. It enjoined, therefore, a constant vigilance in the employment of time,

which, indeed, was so severe that to one wanting the exciting motive of divine love it would appear to render life a heavy burthen. The life of a Christian, said the Catholic Church, must be as a day of toil and penance, and self-sacrifice, and he must only look to death as his relief. This was a hard saying, and human nature certainly would have found an immediate interest in infidelity. Yet I did not disbelieve; I entirely submitted to what the Church told me, that I was not to measure its dispensations by my own reason, and my experience tells me that a firm conviction of this truth contributed to the formation of virtue within my soul.

My religion, too, taught me that the temptations of doubt, like the temptations of passion, were to be avoided not only in themselves, but in their occasions. It therefore prohibited me from reading the works of infidels, and from other indulgences calculated to endanger faith within a soul not perfectly stable. Yet, as it might so happen, that by fervent practice, widely-extended information, and a lucid zeal for the glory of God, I might be capable of examining such works without injury, the Church gave to its pastors the power of dispensing, with this restriction, in case I could convince them of the purity of my intentions and dispositions. This was a great restraint upon my nature, but then I did not feel it so, and I submitted, as I should have done, to the judgment of a parent who, I was sure, had my interest at heart. And thus were my childhood and boyhood spent in the belief of Catholicism. It was not, indeed, a pure and good boyhood, but when my faith in Catholicism was clearest, it approached most near to purity and goodness.

Such is the experience of my own soul in childhood and in youth.

Now, at six-and-twenty years of age, I find myself as sincere a believer as I was then, but not, indeed, with the same untouched and virgin faith, for I have since been very nearly, if not altogether, an infidel. Let me consider the condition of my mind when my faith was nearest to extinction, and what has been the effect of its re-illumination.

A few years since, I had so little remnant of my religious belief, as not only to speak and think against it, but to speak and think, as I believed, sincerely and justly. Yet while I did so, I found not that peace at my heart which I enjoyed when I believed and professed the doctrines of Catholicism. I imagined myself sincere; I even prayed, and I endeavoured to act morally. My own reason suggested to me certain rules of conduct which I took for my guide, and I conceived that I was acting at least innocently in doing many things which I have since learned to regard with horror as grievous sins. I believe, although in this I exercised my reason, that the reason of no other man on earth could have admitted the correctness of the moral code it gave me. At this time, I practised nothing of Catholicism, and my conduct was such that I wonder how even my unassisted reason could

have so blindly mistaken evil for good, and good for evil. There was, likewise (notwithstanding my false conscience, and the distraction of an intense worldly ambition), something at the bottom of the whole, an unsatisfied and restless spirit which left me no peace after all my reasoning. Sickness visited me, and the danger of death; and my self-formed conscience, far from giving me peace and comfort, deserted me like a dream, and left me a victim to selfish and degrading terrors. My fears, my selfish fears, made me commence a more exact investigation of the justice of my opinions; and this investigation, after a long time spent in great distress of mind, ended in my again embracing my religious and Catholic doctrines, and practising them from (I hope) a better motive than fear.

It is fitting now that I give my reasons for thus returning to Catholicism, or rather my reasons for adhering to it at present; for remorse of conscience had so large a share in driving me back to the altars of my Church, that it afforded a proof that my belief, though latent, never was wholly dead within my soul.

The prophecy of my religion—which (after I had been informed that faith was an immediate divine gift, independent of reason) foretold that according as I neglected the worship of God, it would grow cold and dim within me—was assuredly verified in my case. I have not learned if any Catholic ever forsook his faith and retained his moral purity of soul. I believe none ever did. I did not, certainly, and again I say my first earthly witness in these great concerns must be the experience of my own soul. The false conscience which my reason substituted for my Catholic one, was infinitely inferior to the latter in a rational judgment of good and evil. It mistook guilt for innocence, and virtue for vice. Were I to have continued to act on it, my practice might have had something moral in it, but nothing to compare to the stainless purity of Catholic perfection. However, being sincere in the erroneous opinions I then held, how was I responsible for acting in conformity to them, even though the Catholic doctrine is the true one, since I looked upon it as false, and could not reconcile it to my self-formed conscience to believe? This is the answer which the Catholic Church gives me.

“Not for the faults alone which you commit in obedience to that reason-built rule of right are you responsible, but God holds you deeply answerable for the manner in which you lost the true rule, the heaven-sent law He gave you at your birth; and if you are guilty, or to blame for the manner in which you lost it—if indolence, or negligence, or pride, or any natural passion first stole it from your heart—you are answerable first for the great guilt of forsaking your God, and necessarily for all its direct consequences. God could, if we may say so, do no more for you than He did. He placed you at your birth in the true Church; He provided instructors, who taught you all its

doctrines; He assisted you while you practised it devoutly, with numberless graces and sensible consolations of spirit. When you prayed to Him in times of temptation (whether of doubt or of passion) He always heard and assisted you. He warned you that He was jealous of your love and devotion, and that if you neglected and deserted Him He would neglect you, and desert you. You say you find yourself now in a strange country as to religion, and that you cannot now believe what you firmly believed in youth. And you say, too, that you speak conscientiously in so asserting; that your reason, no less than your faith, is the gift of your God, and that you owe a duty to the one, as well as to the other. A feeling within you, you say, rejects, and rejects with contempt the idea of slavishly submitting so high a gift of God to human guidance. To this we answer, that you are not now in the right disposition for examining or rather for receiving the truth; and in order to satisfy yourself of this, we pray you to compare your state of mind, your habits of thought and action at present, with what they were when you practised and believed the Roman Catholic faith."

"But why this examination of myself?" I ask. "Is not my reason awake? It requires no self-examination to enable me to distinguish truth from falsehood."

"Certainly not, in matters which are capable of mathematical demonstration. A sinner can see that two and two make four, and that the four sides of a square are equal, quite as well as a saint. But this mathematical certainty is not to be looked for in religion. Catholicism can neither be mathematically proved nor disproved. It is hopeless to think that faith, a supernatural virtue and a gift of God, can be obtained by the balancing of human argument. Reason may prepare the way for it, and yield a perfect consent to it when God has once bestowed it. But it is a supernatural virtue, a gift direct from God, and its price is prayer. If it were capable of mathematical demonstration, it would no longer be a virtue in us, no more than it is a virtue to admit the self-evident principles above-mentioned. It would no longer be subject to those trials and temptations of doubt in which it is perfected, and made deserving of a reward. Belief implies trust or confidence, and there can be no yielding of trust where there is a mathematical certainty, for such certainty is not belief but knowledge. And surely in this sense (which is the true one) those who say that belief is independent of the will must acknowledge themselves in error. Knowledge *is* independent of the will, but we can assuredly yield belief wherever we please. The word *Credo* means *I give credit*, and surely we can give credit to anyone we choose, however wonderful his assertions and contradictory to all appearances of probability, provided we have full confidence that he can neither deceive us in the matter nor be himself deceived."

"What dispositions, then, do you consider necessary for discerning the truth?"

Catholic.—In what disposition were you when you first received it?

Sceptic.—I was then a child.

Catholic.—And a child you must be again in heart and soul, a child in simplicity, in diffidence of self, in openness of heart and mind, before you can recover the faith which you have lost.

Sceptic.—Why so?

Catholic.—For us it is sufficient that the Founder of our religion has asserted it. To you we say that faith is a high gift, accorded to virtue, and prayer, and purity of intention. Therefore we will argue with you no more until you have made some preparation for arguing with advantage, until you have begun to relinquish and hate vice, to acknowledge the limited nature of your own capacity, to pray to the God that made you for assistance, to relinquish the idea that you are superior to your fellow-creatures, *to know your own place in the scale of creation*. Reason at least tells you this—and you must admit it: that, believing in God, it is right you should pray to Him for aid—that, knowing virtue to be allied to truth, you should seek truth by beginning to practise virtue—that acknowledging vice to be the offspring of error, you should begin your abandonment of error by relinquishing the habits of vice.

“Do you mean to tell me then,” says the Sceptic, “that I must, through a dastardly fear, admit what I do not believe, what I cannot reconcile to my understanding?”

“Your understanding at present is darkened by vice, pride, and worldly passions,” replies the Catholic. “You do not know yourself; you are absurd enough, and blind enough to think that it is cowardly to fear God, to fear the Being who made and can destroy you! That fear, which is the beginning of wisdom, appears to you too base for you to submit to. This shows how entirely you have confounded the distinctions of right and wrong. You scorn fear more than you hate vice; yet though pride endeavours to keep you above that fear, which may lead you to forgiveness, you cannot so escape it. It will pursue you whithersoever you fly, for as long as man is sensible of evil he must be subject to fear. It is, indeed, the lowest motive which leads to heaven, but yet it is a motive. And what are you, pray, that you should think this (at least) innocent terror a degradation? You, who wallow in sensuality, whose heart is filled with egotism and contempt of your fellow-creatures! Do you bring clean hands to this inquiry? If not, away and wash them. Do you feel at peace in your scepticism? If not, your doubts are not the children of wisdom. You must prepare yourself for this great inquiry before you can enter upon it with fruit. We have already told you what the preparation is to be, and it remains for you to make it.”

Admitting the reasonableness of the position, that purity of intention, suppression of all self-interested and worldly motives, and fervent

appeals to God are useful steps for the discovery of truth, let us suppose the sceptic employs them, and proceeds to the self-examination above recommended, and let us see what is the result of the investigation. I have before spoken of the experience of my own soul in boyhood and in youth. I will now speak of the experience of the same soul in manhood; and the following is the sum of my discoveries:

1. The experience of my manhood tells me that my scepticism was not the fruit of reasoning, but of negligence first, neglect afterwards, and vice last.

2. It shows me that my scepticism not only blotted out from my heart all generous motive for my actions, and rendered me incapable of all the *supernatural* virtues of Catholicism (so thrillingly delicious in their exercise to devout persons), but it rendered me surprisingly blind to the distinction of right and wrong in merely temporal morals, between man and man in society.

3. My scepticism tolerated ambition and all worldliness. It regarded as innocent all that did not appear evidently productive of temporal injury to my fellow-creatures—a shocking principle, and the very warrant of all licentiousness, for there are no two men in the world who agree exactly in what is for the temporal advantage or disadvantage of society.

4. In my scepticism I never found the peace which a solid conviction brings with it. The characteristic of wisdom is calmness of heart and mind and freedom from passion. This calmness I never felt in my sceptical opinions.

5. My scepticism made me proud and ridiculously conceited. It considered it innocent to spend whole hours indulging thoughts of vain-glory and designs of worldly ambition, having no better motive than the selfish love of praise and eminence.

6. It sanctioned indevotion, for seldom was my knee bent to my God, when once I forsook my Catholic belief.

7. So laughable were the feelings of self-conceit that grew on me from the neglect of Catholicism, and the consequent forgetfulness of the difficult but peace-breathing virtue of humility, that I, a poor scribbler in a weekly paper, thought, and walked, and conversed, and moved among men, as if I were something superior to them all, and merely confined amongst them for a season until I should take my own high station in society.

8. In my days of scepticism and neglect, all my natural dispositions flowed into one selfish channel. Pride made me sensitive, and accordingly I quarrelled with my best friends. Ambition made me selfish, and I neglected my duty to my natural relatives and superiors. Passion made me luxurious, and my days were sensual and irregular. Selfishness made me suspicious, and I suspected evil where I saw virtue. In my sceptical days I loaded my soul with a mass of faults, which will leave me cause of sorrow for ever and ever.

9. Lastly, the stricter the self-examination which I make, the more certain becomes my conviction that, as indolence and vice were the generators of my scepticism, so scepticism has been with me the fosterer of vice. Such has been the experience of my manhood. And all this has convinced me that *doubt is a feeling, and not an induction of the reason*—that the state of scepticism is fatal, because it is necessarily sinful—that Catholicism is safe, because it is essentially and beyond all other systems virtuous.

Long reflection on these points, much serious reading—such as the works of Paley, Milner's *End of Controversy*, and Massillon's *Sermons*, in addition to the New Testament—much prayer, fear, distress of mind, and agitation, all ended in my embracing with perfect and entire satisfaction the doctrines of Catholicism. Long was it, even after I fully believed, before I could obtain anything like a solid consolation, or internal assurance of the forgiveness of my God; and sincerity obliges me to confess again that fear, perhaps entirely selfish, was the first motive of my conversion to religion, and the means of driving me back to the bosom of my Church. I hope that I now act on a somewhat higher and better motive, and that it may not be long before God will give me the great grace of acting purely from the love of Him and in conformity to his will. But while I strive and pray to obtain that pure and elevated motive, I bless that useful fear ("the beginning of wisdom") which has, I hope and trust, led me back to better motives, and which shows me that God, with all his cause for displeasure, did not forget his poor child. That fear is a degrading feeling when excessive and unreasonable, is a truth—and even that fear which recalls the outcast of God's Church, although it tend eventually to good, has something in it of the degradation which implies a consciousness of guilt and blame. But a sinner, truly conscious of his guilt, and desirous of reconciliation with his God, will endure that degradation as the least punishment which he deserves, and a wholesome mortification for that pride to which he owes so much of his misery and sin. He will endeavour, by the readiness with which he submits to it, to conciliate the favour of his offended God, and obtain for himself the blessing of a holier motive. And even the just man must not hope to be exempt from fear while he remains in a state of suspense as to the continuance of God's favour; for we are all to "work out our salvation with fear and trembling." While we, on the one hand, avoid that base fear which has only earth for its object, let us on the other hand shun that irrational pride which would make us forget our rightful place in the creation—that we are, and must always be, created and dependent beings, in the hands and at the disposal of a Being of illimitable power.

The chief part of my reasons, therefore, may be comprised in the following brief summary :

I am a Roman Catholic, because,

1. Believing in the existence of a God (which my own heart, the voice of all nature, the corroborative testimony of all nations, and reason itself demonstrate), I think the Catholic religion the only one in which He is truly worshipped, and which is in accordance with our natural ideas of a God.

2. Seeing in the creation more than enough of good to satisfy me that God has good motives for what appears to me evil, I must believe that God to be a pure and entirely benevolent, as well as entirely virtuous Being. Now, the Catholic religion is the only one in which I find entire benevolence to man united with a strict inculcation of perfect virtue. While, more than any other religion, it imposes a rigid restraint on the pleasures of sense, and enjoins a self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of God before our own, it affords at the same time (as Doctor Johnson acknowledged)* greater spiritual assistance to the work of salvation than any other. It is therefore, at the same time, more consistent with the purity and with the benevolence of God than any other creed.

3. Because the history of mankind tells us that reason and private interpretation both are fallible and various; and, therefore, admitting revelation to be necessary (of which there is the same proof in the history of man), it is no less necessary that there should be some infallible guide of our fallible reason and fallible judgment.

4. Because there is a unity in the faith of Catholics which I do not find in any other Church, nor in the opinions and moral principles of unbelievers.

5. Because that Church, by the number of holy men and women whom it has produced, has fulfilled, and alone fulfilled, the promises of the sacred writers.

6. Because it professes exclusive truth and exclusive salvation which no other Church does, and no rational man can admit that two different creeds can be equally right, or equally inspired by heaven.

7. Because my own experience tells me that it is more favourable than unbelief to the formation even of natural, not to speak of supernatural virtue.

8. Because I know that within it are peace and security; outside it all uncertainty and distraction.

* Evidently Charles Dickens had a similar notion, even in his waking moments, else he would not have asked "poor Mary's spirit" in a dream: "What is the true religion? Perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best; perhaps it makes one think of God oftener and believe in Him more steadily." And the spirit said: "For you it is the best." (*Forster's Life of Dickens*, vol. ii., p. 124.)

This passage throws a sinister light on his policy, avowed to Harriet Martineau (*"Autobiography,"* vol. ii., p. 419), of "never publishing in *All the Year Round* anything, fact or fiction, which gave a favourable view of any one under the influence of the Catholic faith." Catholics ought to learn a lesson from this revelation with regard to periodical literature of even a neutral character.—ED. I. M.

9. Because I have experienced the consolations of its Sacraments, to which I owe the purest and happiest moments of my life.

10. Because, at moments when death seemed standing at my pillow, my only support was the recollection of the little I had done to deserve the name of Catholic.

11. Because while I neglected my Catholic duties, and was a sceptic, death threatened me, and his threats came on me with a sudden horror, such as I never can forget, and never have felt while I was a Catholic.

12. Because when most a Catholic I feel that God is best pleased with me. I cannot find the same feeling either among the negligent or the unbelieving.

Such are a few of the reasons which help to keep me in the Catholic Faith. My soul knows it to be true, my understanding assents to it, my reason sanctions it, my heart loves it, my will obeys it. I was born in that faith, to it I am indebted for the only real happiness I have enjoyed in life, and, with God's assistance, wherever death may find me, whether in joy or in sorrow, in favour or persecution, in pain or in pleasure, in tortures or in peace—as I was born, so will I die, a Roman Catholic.

ANACREONTIC.

BY WALTER DE MAPES.

(12th century.)

MIHl est propositum in taberna mori;
 Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
 Ut dicant, cum venerint, angelorum chori,
 Deus sit propitius huic potatori.

Poculis accenditur animæ lucerna;
 Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna;
 Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna
 Quam quod aqua miscuit præsulis pincerna.

Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus;
 Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos;
 Me jejunum vincere possit puer unus;
 Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.

Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo ;
 Non possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo ;
 Nihil valet penitus quod jejunos scribo ;
 Nasonem post calices facile præibo .

Mihi nunquam spiritus Prophetiæ datur
 Nisi cum fuerit venter bene satur,
 Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur
 In me Phœbus irruit et divina fatur.

[TRANSLATION.]

BY STEPHEN DE VERE.

In an honest tavern may I die,
 Before my lips a brimmer lie,
 And angel choirs come down and cry,
 "Peace to thy soul, my jolly boy."

Wine feeds with fire the lamp of soul ;
 The heart soars upward from the bowl ;
 Strong tavern draughts my brain console,
 Not the sly butler's watered dole.

Some gift to each kind nature gave ;—
 Not mine to write when food I crave ;
 Sober, I'm but a beaten slave,
 I hate all fasting as the grave.

My poems smack of my potation,—
 Strong verse with strong intoxication ;
 Starving I lose my inspiration,
 But in my cups I bang the nation.

In me no prophet fire is found
 Save when my belly's full and round.
 When Bacchus in my brain sits crowned
 Phœbus inspires with lore profound,
 Song, wit, and eloquence abound.

GREAT IRISH SURGEONS.

BY E. D. MAPOTHER, M.D.

III.—IN RECENT TIMES.

As curious coincidences it may be noted that our four great surgeons of the century had surnames with the initial C—Colles, Crampton, Carmichael, and Cusack—and that great physiologists also rank under a common letter—Harvey, Haller, the Hunters, and Hall for examples.

Abraham Colles first appears in the Dublin Almanack for 1796, as of Chatham-street, and a Licentiate of our College of Surgeons, and six years afterwards he was elected President—the most rapid promotion on record. His apprenticeship to Woodroffe only began in 1790. Having lectured—or ground, as we say now-a-days—like the German private teachers, he quickly qualified for the Anatomy and Surgery Chair, which he held from 1804 to 1836. Then the College unanimously voted that his ability was “the principal cause of the success and high reputation of the School of Surgery in Ireland.” When he began lecturing, the number of medical students in Dublin was 60; when he ceased, thirty-three years afterwards, it was about 1,000. He was a successful lecturer, always in earnest, lively, but not too fast, and for illustrations he availed himself fully of his practical opportunities, and of the splendid specimens in the museum. He often filled the theatre with 300 anxious listeners, and the thousands he had taught, when they became practitioners, regarded him as their consultant. Their confidence was maintained, for they found Colles displayed, besides skill and learning, “the chastity of honour,” to use the term of our Edmund Burke.

He was Examiner also for thirty of the thirty-three years during which he was Professor, and without a suspicion of favouritism; yet the new charter made the two offices incompatible. He resigned when he felt that age was telling on him. In 1834, two of the examiners of the London College were respectively 95 and 83, and having to sit from 5 p. m. to 1 a. m., they were not often, but usually caught napping.

Colles's works on Surgical Anatomy, in which he first described certain glandular tumours, on fractures, and on other subjects in the Dublin Hospital Reports, gave him world-wide fame; yet he was not forward in publishing, for some of his best writings were printed after his death by his son, and by the late Professor M'Coy. For years throughout a controversy on exciting surgical topics, Colles and Carmichael were most jealous of each other's reputation. They were, indeed, “living epistles known and read of all men.”

His long illness was somewhat obscure in its nature, and he wished, therefore, that a *post-mortem* examination should be made. Professor R. W. Smith accordingly did so, and found a dilatation of the vein which gathers all the blood of the body below the heart, like that discovered by Houston in diving animals, and with a like office, that of being a lie-by for the blood during obstructed breathing. The desire that science should benefit by dissection of their remains has actuated many medical men, and the great Warren, of Boston, U. S., willed that his skeleton should be prepared for his anatomical museum. Jeremy Bentham made a similar bequest, but probably with the desire of perpetuating his renown. His skeleton is to be seen in University College, London, and as it is in a sitting posture the transposition of one *e* in the label makes the appropriate anagram "Jeer my bent ham." Colles's funeral is reported to have been more largely and respectably attended than any in Dublin for forty years before. His humility is shown by his having, like Abernethy, and for like reasons, declined a baronetcy—a resolve which is to be regretted, for our profession would have felt honoured in the decoration of its greatest member, the more so as there was a worthy surgical heir, who now has attained the high place of the Regius Professorship. Sir W. Temple's saying seemed, about 1839, truer than ever: "The soldiers seemed to have had the most honour, the lawyers the most money, and the physicians the most learning;" for the Whig Government, whom Colles had disinterestedly supported all his lifetime, conferred titles on men palpably his inferiors.

Cheselden, the greatest of English operative surgeons we are told, lectured on surgery when twenty-two, and had gained for his scientific attainments the Fellowship of the Royal Society the year before. Sir P. Crampton had a similarly early start, for a year after his apprenticeship to Richards had ended, and when his only qualification was that of "Army Assistant" during the French invasion of 1798, he was made Surgeon to the Meath Hospital, an office he held for sixty years. He was elected Assistant-Censor in his College in 1802. Good fortune did not, however, spoil him, for, leaving his relative's house in Merrion-square, he entered into a most laborious career. In a building behind his house, 49 Dawson-street, from 1804 to 1813, he lectured on "Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, and Surgery. Practical Anatomy, as usual, under the direction of Mr. Crampton and Mr. Harkan." So runs the advertisement in the "Dublin Medical and Physical Essays." During this period he published his famous essay on Entropion, or turning in of the eyelid, and discovered in the eyes of birds the muscle which bears his name. By this perfect development of the ciliary muscle the lens is so adjusted—that is focussed as one does an opera glass—that pigeons and migratory birds find their way in the trackless air, and rapacious birds sight their prey whether close by, or a mile below them on the ground. Throughout life Crampton continued an

ardent worker at zoology, like other great ornaments of our profession. Sir A. Cooper, while making £20,000 a year by practice, held the Chair of Comparative Anatomy in the College of Surgeons, and habitually rose at 4 a. m. to make his dissections. He was for many years in conjunction with such illustrious medical men as Sir B. Brodie, Sir C. Bell, Babington, and Bright, examiner in the Veterinary College; and its President, Coleman, he often said, was "for forty years his best male friend." It is astonishing that in this country we have no institution for the study of veterinary science, and just now the carrying out of the Cattle Diseases Acts in stamping out contagion and condemning unsound meat gives abundant work for those qualified by examination elsewhere in bovine and indeed in human medicine. Perhaps the most eloquent commendation of the study of Natural History ever pronounced was the lecture entitled "Zoology and Civilisation," which Isaac Butt delivered, in 1843, in the interests of the Zoological Gardens. It is published in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1844.

In 1810, Crampton acquired much celebrity by having opened very promptly the windpipe of a waiter who was choking in a tavern opposite his house and thus saving his life.

Having succeeded Stewart as Surgeon-General, he moved to the well-known pear-tree house, in Merrion-square, and there, after an unexampled share of practice, and of social rank, he died in 1858. The inscription on his monument, in College-street, is from the pen of Lord Lieutenant Carlisle:—"This fountain has been placed here, a type of health and usefulness, by the friends and admirers of Sir Philip Crampton, Bart., Surgeon-General to Her Majesty's Forces. It but feebly represents the sparkle of his genial fancy, the depth of his calm sagacity, the clearness of his spotless honour, the flow of his boundless benevolence." Would that the erection itself were in as good taste as this charming sentence.

M. H. Collis described his surgical excellence as follows:—"Crampton's great *forte* lay in acute observation: a look, a touch, one or two pregnant questions, and the diagnosis was made, and the treatment determined upon. And with this rapidity of judgment—so captivating to the looker-on, and so fatal to those who, with less accurate eye, and feebler powers of deduction, attempt to copy it—he seldom erred. To the last his hand was light and steady, his movements as an operator quietly graceful, devoid of ostentatious show, rapid, but not hurried, cool in every emergency, and prompt in every danger." His successful and improved operations on cleft palates, which require the nicest manipulation, so lately as 1843, corroborate these statements. Moreover, he was the reverse of *immisericors*, regardless of the cries of the suffering—a character which Celsus wrongly says is needful for the operator. At the Meath Hospital he aided in establishing the system of bedside teaching, which Graves had seen perfected by Professor

Bufalini at Florence. Instead of holding relations to pupils nearly as distant as those of master to servant, these illustrious men sympathised with and consulted upon every difficulty which arose in the learners' minds. Crampton's placidity of temper was well attested by one of his servants, who said: "I have lived with him three-and-thirty years, and never did I hear a cross word from his lips." A splendid *personnel* is indicated by the following anecdote: "At King George's levee here, in 1821, Crampton appeared in the uniform of Surgeon-General, which was completely military. The King, struck by his noble appearance, said to Lord Norbury, 'Fine man! General Officer? in what branch of the service?' Norbury, being too much of a courtier to allow that royalty could be mistaken, and too inveterate a punster to miss an opportunity, replied: 'May it please your Majesty, that is Crampton, a General in the *Lancers*.'"

Crampton's scientific works, some of which have been alluded to, indicate striking ability, and his scholarship is apparent from his addresses on Natural History, and his "History of Medicine, intended to illustrate the connexion between the progress of Anatomy and the perfection of the Healing Art," delivered in the College of Surgeons, in 1838, before the Viceroy Lord Normanby, and other eminent laymen. At this time Lord Normanby gave him the skeleton of the vast fossil reptile (*Plesiosaurus Cramptonii*) just sold to the National Museum. His conversational powers were the delight of Dublin society for half a century, and his own profession afforded many an interesting topic or anecdote. He did not deserve the censure of Sydney Smith (who himself had studied medicine), that physicians, if called on to converse about medical subjects, get quite offended. In accordance with his request, Crampton's body was encased in cement by his favourite pupil, Rynd.

No character could be more worthy of commendation than that of Richard Carmichael, whose industry gained him the Presidency of his College at thirty-three, and whose benevolence will be remembered for centuries. Having been wholly educated in the College of Surgeons' School as Peile's apprentice, he served a few years in the army, and settling in Dublin, rapidly gained consulting practice. His noble appearance, scholarship, and ancestry may have contributed to his success, but on these he by no means relied. Although he could have claimed the Earldom of Hyndford, he abstained from doing so for reasons which attest his unselfishness and respect for the feelings of others.

Let me detail a few other instances which portray the generosity of his character. Adams, until 1874 the revered father of Irish Surgery, and John M'Donnell, sought the Surgeoncy of the Richmond, vacant by Ephraim M'Dowel's death in 1835. Other candidates, acknowledging their claims, stood aside. To gain two such men for the hospital, Carmichael himself resigned, and both were elected. Although

receiving many and large apprentice fees, he carried, in 1828, the abolition of the system by which no one could become a Licentiate of the College without apprenticeship. If indentured, a candidate could present himself without ever having entered a dissecting-room or hospital, but simply on the knowledge acquired by reading or "grinding." The latter term means catechetical examination, and as an aid to other modes of professional teaching is invaluable. Those who could not afford the large fee resorted to England or Scotland, and the change trebled the number of Irish Licentiates. Such monopoly was not confined to our College, for the Edinburgh College charged for its Fellowship the sum of £250 to non-apprentices. This title is now given on quite too easy terms, as the holder of any surgical licence, if recommended, may obtain it without even appearing in Scotland.

Replying to an address from our Fellows and Licentiates, Carmichael made the following generous announcement:—

"Since the termination of my year of Presidentship (the third time I have had that honour), I have relinquished all practice, except in my own house, or out-of-doors, in consultation. This determination has, in a great measure, arisen from a wish to show a good example to my contemporaries, which, I trust, will in due time be followed for the benefit of their juniors."

Very many of the reforms which Carmichael disinterestedly advocated have been achieved; for instance, pharmacy is now conducted almost exclusively in a few large establishments, many of the proprietors having qualified under the recent Pharmacy Act, there being, besides, skilful general practitioners. Again, in Dublin, no rigid division between medicine and surgery is attempted, and a medical degree is no longer needed for the fellowship of the College of Physicians, or for hospital physiciancies, and indeed in one large hospital not any of the three physicians possess it. Colles and Crampton took medical degrees in order to lead to this unification of the profession, the College of Physicians having, in 1806, publicly reported that "in Ireland surgeons are very generally employed in medical cases, although from the peculiar and necessary mode of their education they are not qualified for that practice." The College of Surgeons has always insisted that every one of its alumni shall be fully qualified for every kind of practice. Another concession was claimed by Carmichael for students, namely, admission to the Surgical Society, but their recent exclusion from the Pathological meetings tends to show that this hope must be much longer deferred.

Carmichael's gifts for professional purposes exceed £18,000, including £5,000 to the Medical Benevolent Fund (that excellent charity to which students and the general public now contribute), and the sum which yields every third year, for essays on "The state of the medical profession," £200 and £100, or twice those amounts if not awarded on

the previous occasion. His large bequest to the school which bears his name was to revert upon the decease of his widow, but with self-denial like, if not equal to, that of Griselda Steevens, she advanced it while she lived. Lord Carlisle, in founding the new building, spoke of Mrs. Carmichael as follows: "This brief address would be most incomplete if it made no mention of her who had the most interest in the fame of her husband, and who has done more than all others to extend and perpetuate it; who, showing a wiser as well as a nobler love than the Carian Queen of old, has not sought to raise over his cold remains her mausoleum in the dumb marble or lifeless statuary, but has caused him, though dead, still to speak in precious services to suffering humanity—still to live in the thanks and blessings of rescued multitudes."

The circumstances of his death were very sad. In his 71st year, being full of manly vigour, he strove one summer's evening, in 1849, to ride across the strand between Dollymount and Sutton, but was drowned within sight of the inmates of his country residence.

As the very personification of a practical surgeon, and as one who, as President and Secretary, served his college well, James William Cusack claims attention. He was a highly educated man (having been a scholar and gold medallist of Dublin University), yet he wrote little. Conjointly with Stokes he proved that the mortality of Irish practitioners about the second quarter of this century was proportionally twice that of combatant officers during the war years, 1811, '12, '13 and '14. He urged the Government to be just, if not grateful, in pensioning the survivors of those who had risked their lives before contagion. His descriptions of a few cases were most vivid and faithful. Sir W. Fergusson lately wrote that he had a lively recollection of having read in 1827, "the exciting descriptions of certain operations on the lower jaw by Mr. Cusack." When a student he had a strong repugnance to operations, and it is remarkable that he never wholly conquered the feeling. He is reported to have said when past seventy: "It is not that my hand is not steady, but I am so anxious before operating that I feel the strain too much for my system. You will be surprised when I tell you that from my first to my last operation, I have never been able to sleep the night before, but lay thinking how I should operate, what difficulties would arise, and how I should meet them." He would never operate by time, feeling that haste was unjustifiable, even in the days before chloroform, and that it often risked caution and thoroughness. He was most careful of the dressings of his cases after operations, and in this particular he might be styled "*maximus in minimis*." His great popularity as a teacher is shown by the fact that he entered seventy-eight apprentices on the books of the College—a number nearly thrice that indentured by any other. Having begun life without that small "certainty" which has so often idled

and ruined young men, he amassed a greater fortune than was ever made by any of the profession in Dublin. He was generous when there was sound reason for requesting his gratuitous services. On one occasion, being asked to attend without fee a person of reduced means, he said: "I'll go, but don't let them show me the money." Medical practitioners who give their unpaid services to Dublin institutions are often further expected to bestow their time upon the cases of many who could afford at least slight recompense. Similar requests are not often made of either branch of the legal faculty!

We will now very briefly review the careers of famous anatomists who worked in Dublin during the first half of this century.

James Macartney, Professor of Anatomy in Trinity College from 1813 to 1838, is generally supposed to have been an Englishman, but Armagh had the honour of his birth. As the discoverer of the modelling process and the immediate union of wounds, the advocate of the cold-water dressing, and the author of the "Treatise on Inflammation," his fame will be enduring. Cambridge has his valuable museum, but whether it was lost to our city through the owner's fault, or the parsimony of the authorities, I do not know. Macartney was proposed as an Honorary Fellow of the College of Surgeons, but he died before the day of election, in March, 1843.

A few days after, Sir H. Marsh, speaking as President of the College of Physicians, said: "His publications on Physiology remain an imperishable monument of his talent, originality, and splendid success in the cultivation of this most fascinating branch of experimental philosophy." He willed his body for dissection, thus accepting the fate he had forced upon many others. Macartney, in 1828, procured, in a fortnight, ninety-nine signatures, including those of titled persons, clergymen, doctors, and lawyers, to a declaration that each would devote his remains to dissection. *Per contra*, it may be noted that Abernethy forbade examination of his remains.

His evidence before the Anatomy Bill Parliamentary Committee contained some curious statements: "A report was propagated in Dublin that children were kidnapped for dissection, and this became so currently believed by the populace that it was necessary to protect one of the anatomical schools for nearly a week by means of the police." He tells us that he had paid for the prosecution of persons who had killed a Resurrectionist, and that many armed students used to go to the graveyards. Pistols sometimes, but oftener bottles of whiskey were the weapons. Students, shabbily dressed, would carry a coffin filled with stones to the Cabbage Garden graveyard, near Kevin-street, at night, light a fire, pretend to guard the remains from the bodysnatchers, and meanwhile share drink with other disconsolate relatives. When the latter were *hors de combat*, the students would decamp with coffins having *bona fide* contents. About 1820, the supply

was so great from Bully's Acre that the schools only paid from 2s. 6d. to 10s. for each body. In London, a few years afterwards, the price current was 15 guineas. In Dublin great excitement was caused by the stealing of the body of a daughter of Colonel — from Whitefriar-street Chapel, and four of those implicated were transported for robbing sheets, for so the charge was worded. At the same time, Sir A. Cooper asserted that the body of the highest in the land could be stolen, attempts at prohibition only raising price. Such evidence, and the disclosure of horrid murders and "Burking," procured, in 1832, the Act which has so greatly aided anatomical science, and the saving of life, resulting from the flood of knowledge it has let in. If practitioners have not fully dissected the bodies of the dead, they can only mangle the living, or guess at the sites of disease, when treating surgical or medical cases of vital moment.

The diary of a Resurrectionist, given in Sir A. Cooper's Life, reveals as follows:—

"1812, Nov. 10th, Friday.—Met at St. Thomas's; settled. Each man's share, £12 12s. 3 things (the cant word for corpses) on hand. Saturday, 11th.—At 4 a.m., got up and went to the Hospital Crib; got 2 adults; met at Barth^m.; packed up 2 for the country; sold 1 at St. Thomas's; at home all night.

"12th, Sunday.—At home all day. At 11 p.m. met, and the whole party went to Wygate. Got 2 adults and 2 small. Afterwards went to the Green. Got 2 large and 1 large-small (that is, a well-grown child). Took them to Barth^m."

In Dublin the friends of hospital patients show much more willingness to allow *post-mortem* examinations, provided religious rites are not prevented, than similar persons in other cities.

To none of its Fellows should the College of Surgeons be more grateful than to Shekleton and Houston, almost the founders of its museum. During apprenticeship to Colles, Shekleton showed such industry and skill in dissection, that he was urged to seek the curatorship. The exhibition of specimens being required, he produced, among others, an injection with mercury, of the lymphatics of the leg, which has excited the wonder of all anatomists who see it. To the museum and dissecting-room he wholly devoted himself, meanwhile recording original observations on diseased structures. In 1824, a year before his cherished hope of a new building was realised, a dissecting wound terminated his valuable life when he was but twenty-nine years old. The same fatality deprived the College of two other eminent officers—Richard Dease, Professor of Anatomy, in 1819, and M. H. Collis, Councillor, in 1869. Shekleton's example—and still more that of Bichât, the illustrious Paris anatomist, who also died when twenty-nine—show how much zeal and industry will in a short time accomplish.

The mourners at Shekleton's funeral included his apprentice and

fellow-labourer, John Houston, and it happened that it was the very day fixed for his examination. His answering, despite this depressing influence, was so brilliant, and his character as a student so high, that for the curatorship he had no opponent, although, as usual, this important office was open to competition. In addition, he soon after served the College as Demonstrator of Anatomy, and the curatorship he retained till his death. He, indeed, may be said to have died in harness, for in 1846, while lecturing, he was first seized with fatal brain disease. His "Introductory," given a few months previously, is the ablest I have ever read. It and his original Essays have been frequently quoted in America and on the Continent. His great work is, however, the Catalogue of the Museum, now out of print; its re-issue, therefore, with additions, would be a fitting monument, the more called for as no statue perpetuates his fame within the College walls, nor was there even a picture of him until his sister, having read some remarks of mine on this subject in 1873, presented a most excellent portrait in oil.

The career of Valentine Flood illustrates the loss which medical science in Dublin suffers from her votaries so often deserting her to seek for practice. Here was a profound anatomist, a writer already famous by his work on the arteries, a lecturer so able that he fired his pupils with enthusiasm, who deserted all for practice among the poor and the hopes of gaining the favour of the rich. Being disappointed in this, and having lost his class of students, he was forced, in 1846, to accept an appointment to a village fever hospital in Tipperary, where typhus soon ended his misdirected energies.

Numerous other examples and arguments could be adduced to show that the pursuit of medical science, as distinguished from the practice of the art, should be encouraged by the endowment of Chairs, or the amalgamation of those already so multiplied that they are, therefore, unremunerative. Dublin has been, owing to such causes, a practical, not an original, school, but there are symptoms of a happy fusion.

Arthur Jacob acquired great fame by the discovery, in 1819, of the membrane in the eye, which is now believed to be the sensitive structure, and which, all over the world, bears his name. He was a man of the utmost energy and self-denial, only two instances of which we have room for. Having graduated in 1814 at Edinburgh, he, within six weeks, walked 650 miles through Scotland, England, and Wales, visiting on the way every important medical institution. After having, for half a century, fought the battles of the College of Surgeons, not only disinterestedly, but with most positive personal sacrifice, he refused a testimonial which, out of simple gratitude, the Fellows had organized. From 1826 to 1866, he held the Physiology Chair, being then succeeded by the present writer. Meanwhile he devoted much

labour to the surgery of the eye and to the politics of his profession.

Robert Harrison, the Professor of Anatomy in Trinity College from 1838 to 1858, was a less original man, but a far more able lecturer and more graceful writer. His "Dublin Dissector" enjoyed a greater popularity than any other medical work written in this, or, perhaps, any other city.

(To be continued.)

THE STILLING OF THE TEMPEST.

BRIGHT shines the sun upon Galilee,
Clear is the face of the silver sea,
Soft are the clouds in the bending sky,
Fragrant the air as it murmurs by.

Sweet the breath of the orient flower,
Holy the calm of the passing hour,
When on the breast of the crystal tide
The fisherman's barque doth gently glide.

Standing apart is the holy One,
Who flushed the skies with the burning sun,
Who drew this pendulous earth from nought,
Who even for sinners has tender thought.

Oh! haste, ye cripples, oh! hear, ye dumb,
Heaven is near, for its Lord is come.
Oh! hear, ye lepers, ye blind, the call—
Jesus is coming to heal you all.

"I am weary," He says, and sinks to rest,
Rocked by the throb of the sea's full breast.
His eyes are closed, and the way-worn air
Fades from that face so divinely fair.

He sleeps, and the ship with its shadow glides,
Like twin birds floating in airy tides ;
Peter leans mute at the vessel's prow,
And John sits mending the nets below.

Nature is hushed in the noontide hour,
Tranced by the spell of an unseen power.
That bright land's passionate life doth seem
To pause for a moment, to rest and dream.

* * * *

The hour is changed and a murmur creeps
Sullen and hoarse, till a tempest sweeps
O'er waves that shudder and leap on high
To fling their foam 'gainst the threat'ning sky.

The hurrying clouds fly low and dark,
The sun has withdrawn his light, and hark !
To the thunder's roar as the fierce wind's blast
Bends to the water the creaking mast.

By the lurid lightning each can trace
The ghastly fear on the whitening face,
And they cry : Lord, Lord, we perish ! save
The sinking ship from the gathering wave.

The wakened Saviour lifts his eyes,
The winds stand still in the angry skies,
The waves shrink back and hide their crest
Deep in the depths of the sea's wide breast.

The gentle voice of the Lord is heard,
The listening depths of each heart are stirred :
" Oh ! ye of a faith so weak, why fear
The winds or waters ? Am I not here ? "

A. O'B.

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany, Feb. 3, 1878.

SMITH: A PSYCHOLOGICAL TALE.

BY ISAAC TUXTON.

ONE morning, a good while ago, a baby named Smith opened his eyes, a thing which he had never done before. In the course of the day he saw his mother and father, his little brother Bobby, and small sister Sally, his nurse, and some friends of the family. His attention was likewise drawn to the furniture of the room or rooms, the ceiling and floor, and the pictured walls of his ancestral home. The green fields and rustling trees, amid which he was fortunate enough to be born, lit up by a bright sun in a cloudless sky, smiled and murmured their welcome in the eyes and ears of the young observer of nature. His own little hands, with their ten little red fat fingers, were several times brought under observation. I am not in a position to state as much with respect to his toes. From what I know of the matter, I believe the custom is for young gentlemen of Master Smith's time of life to keep their toes carefully concealed in long robes; but this is a subject on which I do not claim to speak with any great authority.

The waves of ether, reflected from the above-mentioned objects and members of our young friend's family and person, after impinging upon the cornea of his dark blue eyes, were refracted by the crystalline lens and brought to a focus on the retina. For the first time or times the layer of rods and cones, forming the posterior stratum of this delicate membrane, were set in motion by visual waves of ether from the inverted image on the anterior surface. Filaments of the optic nerve took up the molecular quivering, and the nerve conveyed it to the brain. With a delicacy of feeling and a precision of action, which would have been highly creditable, had it been practising nothing else for ages, the cerebrum responds, vital visual action returns on the very path and lines by which the ether waves effected an entrance, and so Master Smith sees external objects. He does not see the inverted image, nor is he merely and vaguely conscious of an affection of his infantile retina. Consciousness, whether of Smith or his fellow-creatures, takes no cognisance of the curious processes by which science has discovered sensation is brought about; though its office is to recognise, more or less perfectly, the subject and its acts. Hence, consciousness has not to do immediately with objects. Perception does that part of the work. We may perceive, without being conscious that we perceive, though we cannot be conscious without perceiving something. Consciousness and perception, then, are correlatives, but not invariably so. The image on and general affection of the retina is that *by which*

the external object presents itself to our cognitional faculties, but is not that *which* is seen. The image on the retina is upside down, but little Smith tending *vitally* out on the same rays by which the ether waves came in, focuses every point of the object just where each point is, and so *posits* the object where it is; the said object, of course, being supposed to be within such distance as the human eye is adapted for. If the eyes literally emitted the rays along which, or in the direction of which, the visual faculty *vitally* tends, these rays would come to a focus on every point of the visible object.

Baby Smith was a healthy and emphatically cherubic child, in the popular sense. We can have no doubt, therefore, that as surely as he saw with his eyes, so surely was the living brain conscious of the sensation. Babies and brutes, besides their external senses, possess an internal sense, of which the brain is the organ. Of course grown people, too, have this, for babies are very like human beings, only not so large, as the American humourist says. If this sense did not act with the external senses, then seeing we should not see, and hearing we should not hear, and so of the rest. This internal sense, of which the imagination is a function, is that which unites, correlates, and distinguishes in some way the acts of the external senses. By means of it brutes know their friends and their foes, and perform those acts, which look so like reasoning, but which, in reality, need nothing more than an organic faculty to be elicited. This is the sense which makes them and babies in a certain way conscious of themselves and what they are doing, so that it makes a great difference to a cat whether you do or do not pinch the tip of her tail. To be perfectly and properly speaking conscious, a living substance must say mentally, "I," and none but a spirit can do so. The cat cannot say "I" to herself and never will, because she has none but organic faculties, that is, faculties essentially dependent on a material organ in order to act. The baby cannot say "I" because the brain is not sufficiently matured to enable the imagination to present coherent and consolidated pictures or impressions for the intellect to feed upon. The workings of the intellect and its nature we shall see more of in the progress of this romantic story which is founded on facts.

Such, then, was the immature state of the convolutions and gray matter in our baby's brain that he could not make head or tail of the panorama that passed before his eyes on the day on which my tale begins. It might have been all part and parcel of himself, just as much as his ten little red fat fingers were, or his ten tiny toes, which he had not seen yet. Neither that day, nor for many a day after, did he make up his mind one way or the other. He blinked and he winked at it, he cried and he crowed over it, he wept and he slept in the midst of it, and the panorama kept repeating itself and evolving itself for this very small boy. Sights and sounds and smells and tastes and touches worked

away at him, while the spirit of man which was in him, vitalising his organs—worked hard, too, and day by day built them up to be fitting mates for it to labour with, so that by the acquisition of ideas, and of habits of will, and mind, and body, the infant, of which it was the principal part, should grow up to the full stature of a perfect man.

At length small Smith recognised the fact that he and the world were not one. Mentally, and not long after orally also, he said, "me," "mam-am-am-ama," "ting;" and then it became known to his metaphysical friends, and through them to the public, that not only were the external and internal senses working harder and more analytically and synthetically than ever, but that the intellect was getting its raw material in the proper state of consistency from the imagination, for it to abstract its simple, spiritual, and universal ideas therefrom.

Once the small man distinguished formally between the *ego* and the *non-ego*, his knowledge grew apace. Judgments on self and his fellow-man, and on nature were pronounced by him. "Me dood," "Mamma dood," "Bobby bold," "Soogar nice ting," were among these pronouncements, imperfect, indeed, in grammar and pronunciation, but of so exalted a nature that not all the cognitional powers of bees, and ants, and elephants, and dogs, and monkeys, massed and concentrated, and bestowed on the most respectable ape that Mr. Darwin's philosophy has dreamt of, could in a cycle of years produce the least articulate of them. For insects and brutes, wonderful beyond imagining as they are in their structure, instincts, and cognitions, have no intellect. Man has all the sentient nature of the brute, but over and above he has a spiritual mind and will, which uses itself and that sentient nature for good and evil. The spiritual mind and will are the two leading faculties of that which made our baby unapproachably superior to any or all of the brute creation, namely, the soul. The soul it is, by its union with the body, which forms the human substance or the person, Smith. Being a spirit, and infinitely superior to all material things, living and lifeless, it cannot be the effect of them, and must, therefore, emanate from God by direct creation. It is the principle of every faculty of the living body. It has no parts, and so, as the Infinite Creator of the child is everywhere, whole and entire, throughout immensity, in some such way the child's spirit is simultaneously whole and entire in his fingers and toes, in his eyes and his nose, and all over him, *totus in toto et totus in singulis partibus*, working unceasingly in all the organs. The intellect and will are essentially independent of all matter, and all the other faculties of man subserve the wants and culture of these, by one of which he knows the good and true, and by the other seeks them. For the culture of these faculties was baby Smith sent into this "vale of woe."

Fast and furious was the rate now at which he piled up new ideas. Consciously and unconsciously worked his brain. While his soul

elaborated, all unheeded by him, blood, muscle, cartilage and bone, for the repair and increase of his limbs and organs, it laboured in like manner at the pictures and impressions, and other materials of knowledge, imprinted on the brain from without, or handed on in the shape of instincts and inclinations in the organization, inherited from all preceding Smiths. Intuitions, comparisons, similarities, differences, ratiocinations, approbations, disapprovals, classifications, generalizations, rules of conduct, all this and infinitely more the mind was employed at, quite unknown to the little fellow, who meanwhile was growing up sturdy and stout of limb, with curly brown hair, red cheeks, and large blue eyes, full of life and fun, bold and boisterous, but also warm-hearted and amenable to discipline. The day came, too, which the devil was waiting for, when the poor boy could discern between moral right and wrong; and from that day forth each of the above-named acts got companions, that dealt in quite a different style of subject-matter. How he came through that ordeal from first to last is not what I am concerned with here. I am principally writing the story of a human intellect from its cradle to its prime. It will be no harm to disclose, though, that he was a fairly good boy, of a naturally religious disposition, and on the long run that side of his character got the upper-hand.

Smith ate, and played, and slept, and, to tell the truth, did as much as he was allowed at all three, and perhaps a little more than was good for him, though not as much as he would have wished. He never dreamt, while enjoying himself without a thought beyond the present, that day by day he was forming physical and moral habits which in after years would go far to make or mar him.

But Smith developed into more than a hearty eater, and sound sleeper, and merry, somewhat self-willed young roisterer. These delights of his heart found a powerful rival in stories and story books. Fairies, giants, dwarfs, ogres, genii, magic rings, and lamps, beanstalks, beauties, beasts, knights, robbers, castles, battles, wrecks, Crusoes and Crusaders, worked up into thrilling tales of love, adventure, peril, slaughter, right against might, and virtue on the whole triumphant, fed the insatiable imagination of the incipient thinker. Food and sleep could not be more than partially ousted from their claims, but from between nine and ten years old up, story-books cheated him of many and many an hour of play, and of study, too. Over the fire in the winter, stretched on the grass in the summer, behind piles of school-books massed on the table on other occasions, hour after hour rushed by unheeded by the young reader, as Cinderella toiled and wept, and loved again (for even when a grown boy he loved fairy tales and such nonsense), as Robinson Crusoe, and the Swiss Family owning half of that name, and Robin Hood, and Poor Jack, and the Scalp Hunters, and Philip Rollo, and Charley O'Malley, and Sam

Weller, and Mark Tapley, and Dick Swiveller did much the same, besides fighting and joking, and making the best of a bad job, as, after all, life for the most of us mostly is.

It must be remembered, however, when we feed the imagination, we feed a feeder only, not a final receiver and producer. The imagination is that function of the internal sense, by which the objects of the external senses are presented to the intellect for it to operate on and extract its proper food, which is universal ideas; for every individual thing has something in it which can be conceived as common to an indefinite number, though in itself, as it exists, it is singular. From these objects, cooked for it by the imagination, the intellect gets its ideas of thing, good, true, beautiful, just, merciful, wicked, useful, human nature, cause and effect, substance, responsibility or merit and culpability, infinity, eternity, God.

The intellect does not of itself come into contact with the material world, nor will it take its food from the internal sense directly, the eye for example, but it must be prepared for it by the internal sense as stated. At the same time we must remember that the intellect, or that faculty which understands what a thing is, and reasons about it, does not primarily perceive sensations, but the objects of them. The sensation is that *by which* the intellect perceives the object, but not primarily that *which* the intellect perceives. For our senses, like those of brutes, put the object outside, or where it is, as before explained, and hence the intellect, perceiving the object by means of the sensation, also puts it where it is. The whole process is this. First the object affects the external sense, which causes the internal to co-operate, and this in its turn rouses the ever-watchful intellect to act upon it, and along with it and the external faculty to bring the object into direct communication with the "ego." Since the intellect perceives the object, subjected to the senses, of course it does in a certain way perceive the sensation, but primarily it is the object it perceives in this act. To make this more clear, imagine Smith rummaging at home for a book to read. As he examines the book-shelves, and turns over the leaves of books, more or less uninviting, is it not the book in his hands he primarily perceives, and not the sensation in his brain and eye? Contemporaneously, no doubt, he performs other wonderful and wholly internal acts, such as intelligent hope and joy at the sight of interesting looking print, disgust if it turns out to be "stuff," reasonings as to whether such and such a book would be better than any of the others, finally making up his mind at the sight of a few sentences which strike a chord in his heart and light up his imagination—so differently from what "stuff" would do—and immediately he is by the fire, buried in the book, and floating, oh! so happily, in the fairy world of thought and dreams, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; but, all through, his intellect also directly perceives the book, the words,

the pictures, &c. It is different when he shuts his eyes, and thinks of where his hero is, and what he will do to get his neck out of the halter, or what he would do himself under such distressing circumstances. In this case he perceives a sensation, a picture in the brain, the act of the internal sense; and if he perceives this as his own clearly, if he says to himself, "I perceive myself now to be thinking and dreaming," he performs an act of a difficult nature, which the study of philosophy will hereafter enable him to analyse. But indeed boys seldom think or muse over the book. They are too voracious. But they often do so after they have shut it, and are engaged at something else, taking their tea, for example, when they immediately and intellectually perceive bread, butter, and tea, but also the pictures of the brain are being acted upon by the spirit or mind.

Side by side with great intellectual activity of this delightfully imaginative sort, which flung its colours round the external world, there existed in Smith, I regret to say, a deep-rooted aversion to anything like dry study. He could read history well enough, when a screw was put on, for kings, warriors, demagogues, eminent rascals of all sorts did in it much the same human things his heroes did, and the reading of it, too, nourished the ambition, which all boys with healthy brains, and bones, and muscles feel, of making a name for himself as something or other, he did not quite make up his mind what. But grammar and arithmetic, and in fact all matters requiring a painful effort of application displeased him mightily. He did not grow up quite innocent of them, for he was forced to learn something about them, which he did, however, in a thoroughly schoolboy way. Of course the time came when he turned over a new leaf, without giving up the old books altogether, and it is a question whether the food his young soul delighted in did not make a better intellectual foundation for the development that afterwards took place than if he had always been a model boy, who loved sums and syntax at least as well as the "Tower of London" and the "Fair Maid of Perth," which would mean that he cultivated all four from a sense of duty or prudence, more than from pure and liberal love.

(To be continued.)

NEW BOOKS.

I. *Golden Grains: a Collection of Little Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Life.* (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THIS very attractive little quarto contains a good translation of the first and second series of the *Paillettes d'or* which a zealous priest of Avignon has since the year 1868 scattered broadcast in single leaflets, gathering afterwards the leaves of each three years to form a book. They are not *pensées* culled from spiritual writers and others, but practical and genial admonitions and counsels for the use chiefly of those who are trying to be very pious in the world. The translation reads very naturally; and, though it does not try to restrain unduly the occasional gushingness of the original, it shows considerable skill in finding a fair English equivalent for even the most untranslatable French expressions.

The first of the two series comprised in Messrs. Gill's publication is also given in a cheaper, but of course much less *winsome* form, in an English translation printed by the French publishers themselves, the Brothers Aubanel of Avignon. In whatever shape they come to us, these pious and genial pages cannot fail to put many good thoughts into our heads and many good feelings into our hearts.

II. *The Novena of St. Francis Xavier.* By the REV. ROBERT J. CARRERY, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

THIS little work will be welcomed by the clients of St. Francis Xavier. It contains not only an account of the famous Novena of Grace, but also much matter connected with the power and patronage of the Apostle of the Indies. The history of the special devotion to him, so universally diffused through the Church, is very interesting; and some of the chapters develop in an unpretentious, yet lucid and theological manner, the motives which should stimulate our fervour in having recourse to the intercession of the saints in general, and to certain saints in particular, as special patrons in certain special necessities. Xavier has been given to the Church in modern times as the patron of zeal for souls—that virtue of which he was such a bright example, and which is so urgently needed amongst all true Christians in the present trials and struggles of the Church.

III. *St. Patrick's College Gazette.* (Melbourne: Thomas Verga, 78 Russell-street.)

FROM the Antipodes, or somewhere thereabouts, our very youngest contemporary has come to us. It seems that the students of the Jesuit College in Melbourne started, in June, 1876, a manuscript magazine

which has appeared since then every month with unfailing regularity. This first printed Number contains a selection of the papers which have thus appeared. A very entertaining little miscellany it is, even to an "outer barbarian" across all the oceans; but for those at home, whom it immediately concerns, it must far exceed in interest all the reviews and magazines of London, Paris, New York, and even of Dublin.

V. *My Golden Days.* By M. F. S. (London: R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster-row. 1878.)

THIS is the latest of the long catalogue of bright and edifying books of short stories for which our young people have to thank "M. F. S." It consists of about a score of tales and sketches, well written and pleasant, divided into three series, all of which together do not form too thick a book. The writer understands her audience well, which is evidently made up chiefly of very young ladies. Indeed, the first series bears this inscription: "Dedicated to my little daughter." By the way, we may correct here a mistake into which we seem to have fallen last month in noticing another work by "M. F. S." The writer of sundry clever articles, signed with these same initials, in the "American Catholic Quarterly" was stated by the American newspapers to be Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, of Chicago. In many American book-catalogues "M. F. S." figured also as the writer of several books for the young. We rashly supposed "M. F. S." and "M. F. S." to be the same; but we have reason to believe that the book at present under notice, and its numerous comrades, are not by the Irish-American lady named above, but by an English convert-lady who has not yet published her name in full, though her initials have appeared on much more than a dozen title-pages.

V. *The Imprisonment and Martyrdom of Father John Ogilvie, S.J.* Translated by Charles J. Karlake, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates. Glasgow: Hugh Margey.)

A young poet bringing out his first book could hardly desire a prettier reliquary for his beloved verses than the binding in which the publishers have encased this authentic account of the sufferings of a Scottish Jesuit who was martyred for the Faith in the High Street of Glasgow on the 10th of March, 1615. Father Karlake has prefixed a biographical introduction to his excellent translation of the original Latin account which was published at Douay in the year of the martyrdom. Father Ogilvie's own part of the work, especially, is very affecting in its candour and simplicity. Some quaint pictures of the martyr, and of the scenes of his suffering, enable us to bring up the whole before our minds more vividly.

IN MEMORY OF PIUS IX.

THE Pope is dead. The grand old man, who was spared so long to be the Father of Christendom, has at last been taken from us. At a quarter to six o'clock, in the evening of Thursday, the seventh day of February, in this year of our Lord, 1878, Pius the Ninth closed by a holy and peaceful death a long life and a long pontificate—a longer life than is given to most men, and a longer pontificate than has been given to any pope. He wanted but three months of being eighty-six years old; and in four months more he would have completed his thirty-second year as sovereign pontiff.

The chief facts in the Holy Father's life are well known to nearly all his children. Like all who for many years back have sat on that throne of which he was the 257th occupant, he belonged to a noble Italian family. The ancestral home of the Counts Mastai Ferretti is Sinigaglia, on the coast of the Adriatic; and there John, son of Jerome and Catherine, was born on the thirteenth of May, 1792. The boy felt very early that he was called to the priesthood, and he persevered in his desire although subject from his fifteenth year to violent fits of epilepsy which seemed to place a bar to his ordination. He had received tonsure in 1808, but his malady kept him waiting nine years longer for minor orders. Though his health had, meanwhile, greatly improved, it was only by dispensation that he was ordained deacon on the 18th of December, 1818; and the further dispensation for receiving the order of priesthood was granted with the clause that he could only celebrate Mass in private and with the assistance of another priest. Pius VII., however, granted to him soon after the full exercise of the sacerdotal functions, and expressed his belief that the young priest's malady would no longer affect him. The Abate Mastai, now twenty-seven years old, said his first Mass on the 11th of April, 1819.

Those who have seen and heard the Pope with their own eyes and ears, or even with those of other people, find no difficulty in believing the accounts which describe him as having been, when a young man, "handsome and of winning manners, with a voice singularly harmonious, clear, and penetrating." He had, says the compiler of the excellent supplement to the *Tablet* of the 9th ult., a special sympathy for the sick, for the aged, and for little children. His first clerical work was the charge of a Hospice where young orphans were housed and instructed in various useful trades. His mission to South America between 1823 and 1825 prepared him for the world-wide interests which were to be entrusted to him in after years as Head of the Universal Church. Upon his return, after working anew among his orphans and among the sick in the great hospital of Santo Spirito, he was made Archbishop of Spoleto by Leo XII. in 1827, and after five years translated to the See of Imola by Gregory XVI., who proclaimed him Cardinal on the 14th of December, 1840. Gregory died on the

first of June, 1846, aged 81. Fourteen days after, the Cardinals entered into conclave—sixty-three in number, only seven short of the limit fixed by the statutes of the Sacred College. The conclave lasted only two days. On the first day the names of twenty-two candidates were found on the voting papers, some of course having only one or two votes, while Cardinals Lambruschini and Mastai had each about fourteen. The fourth scrutiny, that is, the evening scrutiny of the second day, gave Cardinal Mastai Ferretti thirty-six votes, which formed more than a sufficient majority.

The more striking events in the protracted reign which thus began shortly before midnight of the 16th of June, 1846, cannot be given even in the most meagre summary. As at the last he caught eagerly at the first message of contrition sent by a dying king, and said, "*Usiamo tutta misericordia*," so almost the first of his pontifical acts was to release all political prisoners. But this clemency, the wise changes made in the civil administrations, and the excellent material improvements introduced into Rome by the new Pope, could not exorcise the revolutionary spirit which was kept up by Mazzini, Garibaldi, and their emissaries and dupes. The very gratitude of the amnestied prisoners was used as a cloak for revolutionary meetings and combinations. We remember how quickly the hosannas of the populace changed of old into the cry of *Crucifige!* However, as we have just said, the pathetic vicissitudes of the Pontificate which now belongs to history cannot here be traced. Its consolations and its tribulations brought out strikingly the magnanimity of the Father we have lost. He had a heart large enough for the whole world. As his voice, so sweet and mellow, was strong enough to fill even St. Peter's, so in another sense his voice was strong enough to reach to the ends of earth, and his eyes rested with loving solicitude on the most remote portions of that Church over which he ruled as Christ's Vicar. His individuality, his character and bearing, his very features, are well known and very dear even to those who have never had the happiness of making a pilgrimage *ad limina Apostolorum*. It was Cardinal Wiseman's personal affection for Pio Nono, almost as much, perhaps, as his loyalty towards St. Peter's successor, that inspired these lines which, we fear, will still be new to many of our readers:—

"Full in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostles' crowning dome,
From pilgrims' lips that kiss the ground,
Breathes in all tongues one only sound—
God bless our Pope, the great, the good!

"The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redouble, till it fills
With echoes sweet the Seven Hills—
God bless our Pope, the great, the good!

" From terrid south to frozen north
 The wave harmonious stretches forth,
 Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's
 Than rings within our hearts and homes—
 God bless our Pope, the great, the good !

" For, like the sparks of unseen fire
 That speak along the magic wire,
 From home to home, from heart to heart,
 These words of countless children dart—
 God bless our Pope, the great, the good !

" To homes and hearts of Saints above,
 Which, link'd with ours in thought and love,
 Repeating, bless the pilgrims' strain,
 As showers enrich with borrowed rain—
 God bless our Pope, the great, the good !"

Cardinal Manning's predecessor, though we claim him as an Irishman, refers, perhaps, in the third of these stanzas to the Catholics of England rather than to Catholic Ireland ; but we can apply his words with more intense energy to the filial affection that is cherished towards the See of Rome in Irish " hearts and homes." With the Irish people at home and everywhere the Pope is the priest of priests, the Soggarth Aroon of the Catholic universe; and no Pope was ever more really such than he for whom our hearts are in mourning.

And now who is it that has been chosen by God to be our new Pope—to form the next link in the interminable chain of " that august dynasty " which inspired an unbeliever with the most famous passage of modern English prose? In these days of suspense which shall probably have terminated before these words are printed, the priest inserts each day in the liturgy of the holy Mass three short prayers which express beautifully the desires of the orphan Church. " With suppliant lowliness we implore Thee, O Lord, that thy infinite mercy may grant to the holy Roman Church that pontiff who, by his pious solicitude for us, shall always be pleasing to Thee, and by his wise and useful rule shall always be revered by thy people, to the glory of thy name." And again: " May the abundance of thy clemency, grant to us, O Lord, that, by the sacred oblation which we reverently offer to Thee, we may rejoice to behold presiding over the government of our holy Mother the Church a Pontiff pleasing to thy divine Majesty." And finally: " Nourished, O Lord, by the sacrament of thy precious Body and Blood, may the marvellous condescension of thy Majesty make us joyful by granting to us that sovereign pontiff who may both instruct thy people in all virtues, and pour the odour of spiritual sweetness over the hearts of the faithful." Let us join fervently in these prayers, even if they have been already granted. And what do they ask for, but that the invisible Head of the Church may appoint as his visible representative a pope who under some different title shall be for us another Pius the Ninth ?

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF BURKE, GRATTAN,
AND OTHERS, WITH EDMUND SEXTON PERY,
VISCOUNT PERY.*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY LORD EMLY.

IN the February number of this Magazine, I described Lord Pery as having been, a hundred years ago, the directing mind of the liberal party in Ireland. Rarely have there been collected together a body of men more distinguished by genius, by courage, and by patriotism, than that party contained. Their achievements were equal to their merits. Resurrection is a greater miracle than creation; and the dead bones of Ireland they clothed and made into a country.

It is strange, then, that so little mention is made in history of one who had so large a part as Lord Pery in this great work. Edmund Burke looked up to him with affectionate and confiding reverence; Grattan described him as the wisest man he ever knew; statesmen, as different from one another as Lord North, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Townshend, eagerly sought his co-operation and his advice. It is not fitting that such a man should be forgotten. I propose, therefore, in this and subsequent numbers of the IRISH MONTHLY, to do something towards rescuing his memory from oblivion by publishing, for the first time, a series of letters addressed to him by many of the most eminent English and Irish statesmen of his day. In these letters will be found the most authentic proofs of the influence he exercised. From 1761 till long after he became Speaker, no continuous record of debates in the Irish Parliament exists; and, however great the influence he wielded in public affairs after he filled the Chair, he obviously was then precluded by his position from taking part in parliamentary discussions.

Some few incidents of his early career are mentioned in the lives of his contemporaries. In 1762, and in subsequent years, he took a

[* Edmund Sexton Pery, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and afterwards Viscount Pery, was born at Limerick, April 9th, 1719, and died in London, Feb. 24th, 1806. He left no male issue. His eldest daughter was married to Viscount Northland, afterwards created Earl of Banfurly; his second daughter to Nicholas Calvert, Esq., M. P. of Hunsdon, in Herefordshire. The Earl of Limerick is descended from Lord Glentworth, Lord Pery's brother; and from his sister, Dymrna Pery, is descended Lord Emly, whom we have to thank for making this Magazine the medium of publishing, for the first time, documents of such importance—letters written by great men to a great man too little known, and treating of subjects of the deepest interest to our country.—*Ed. J. M.*]

leading part in the attack on the Irish pension list, in which were often to be found "the names of the most infamous of men, the very outcasts of Britain, loaded with exorbitant pensions." Long before Grattan's entrance into Parliament, when the right of England to make laws for Ireland was under discussion, and when no one else dared, in plain and unmistakable language, to question this right, he said: "he saw no reason for making use of any indistinct and figurative language; he would speak out—the Parliament of Great Britain had no right to make laws for Ireland." He opposed, in 1768, the augmentation of the Irish army proposed by Lord Shelburne, mainly upon the ground that the augmentation was meant to enable Great Britain to keep more troops in America in order to crush the spirit of her colonies. ("Shelburne's Life," vol. ii.)

His fairness in debate and his love of truth were remarkable at a period when bitter party spirit so much prevailed. A speech of his was answered by Mr. Hamilton, then Chief Secretary, with great power and eloquence. After Hamilton sat down, he rose, not to reply but to declare that he was convinced. When acting with the Government of the day, he refused office, preferring to preserve his independence.

After he became Speaker, he was (see Hardy's "Life of Lord Charlemont," and Grattan's Life by his son), "the original fountain of all the good that befell Ireland: her corn-laws, her tenantry bill, her modus for tithes, the independence of the Irish Parliament, free trade. Men resorted to him as an oracle to consult and advise, and men of both parties came to him because they knew he had more sense than themselves."

A note among Lord Charlemont's papers has these words addressed to Lord Harcourt: "True liberty of trade was begun by a speech of the Speaker's." The speech to which Lord Charlemont referred was made by the Speaker at the bar of the House of Lords in December, 1773. "The Commons," he said, "have exerted their utmost efforts to answer your Excellency's expectation, not only in providing for the discharge of an arrear of £265,000, but also in making an addition to the revenue of near £100,000 a year. Difficult as this task appeared in a kingdom so destitute of resources as this is, yet it was undertaken with cheerfulness and promoted with vigour; but if the means which they have employed shall prove inadequate to the liberality of their intentions, it must be imputed to the inability of the kingdom, not to any disinclination or unwillingness in them to make ample provision for His Majesty's service, to which they have sacrificed their most favourite objects." Then, after some further observations, he proceeded to express "the most sanguine hopes of the Commons, that those restrictions, which the narrow and short-sighted policy of foreign times, equally injurious to Great Britain and to us, imposed on the manufactures and commerce of the kingdom will be

remitted. It is the expectation of being restored to some, if not to all those rights, and that alone, which can justify to the people the conduct of their representatives, in laying so many additional burdens upon them in the course of this session."

He framed the clause that regulated the increase of the army, and placed it under the control of the Irish Parliament. It was after confidential communications, in 1779, with Mr. Pery, who recommended a strong and comprehensive amendment to the address of the ensuing session, that Grattan and Denis Daly drew up the celebrated resolution on free trade proposed by Mr. Grattan in 1780.

In 1782, he was Mr. Grattan's principal adviser in the preparation of his declaration of Irish rights. The firm and unflinching course he took on this subject gave great offence to Mr. Fox and to Colonel Fitzpatrick, who, in 1782, became Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. In a letter addressed by Colonel Fitzpatrick to Mr. Fox, he describes Mr. Pery as "much in the confidence of the popular leaders," and accuses him of "urging them to every degree of violence." "This," he adds, "is of no small inconvenience, as in all the House of Commons business we cannot avoid being much in his hands."

But, unyielding as he was when the occasion required it, he never took a step without being sure of his ground. He was as cautious as he was fearless and determined. In 1777, Sir Richard Heron described him as "disposed to be active in all things which may be for the benefit of this country; but he seemed to think great caution necessary, and that, unless opportunities were very favourable, it were better to wait till circumstances brought forward the measures Ireland lacked than to attempt forcing them, it being clear that every unsuccessful attempt would throw the object to a greater distance."

Caution and courage—energy that knows how to bide its time—these are the qualities which make a great statesman, and these Lord Pery possessed in an eminent degree.

"He who can do not what he wills should try
To will what he can do; for, since 'tis vain
To will what can't be compassed, to abstain
From idle wishing is philosophy."

After the carrying of the first measures of commercial relaxation, and of the mitigation of the penal laws, he described thus to Edmund Burke his reception in Limerick:—

"Limerick, August 26, 1778.

"Your very kind letter of the 12th instant followed me to this place. Before my arrival here, I had taken every precaution in my power to prevent the least appearance of triumph and exultation. My advice was followed; but the warmest affection and gratitude appeared in

every countenance." And then he added: "Though they are so grateful for what we have done, it is yet far short of justice; but I hope we shall soon complete what we have so happily begun, and we cannot turn our thoughts too soon to the subject."

But although the people of his own neighbourhood appreciated and loved him, his were not the qualities that earn general popularity. He dealt in sterling coin, not in promises to pay.

Two historians have endeavoured to asperse his character. Mr. Plowden accuses him of having betrayed his party by accepting the Speakership; and Lord Stanhope, without a word of comment, quotes a letter of Colonel Fitzpatrick, in which he calls him the most arrant rogue he ever knew. To the latter charge, picked up, on Colonel Fitzpatrick's arrival fresh and green at Dublin Castle to assume the Irish Chief Secretaryship, from the bitter enemies of the cause to which Lord Pery dedicated his life, I oppose the following letters, never before published, from some of the most distinguished men then living. To Mr. Plowden's calumny the letter addressed by Mr. Grattan to Lord Pery when he resigned the Speakership is a sufficient reply:

"Tinahinch, Sept. 15, 1785.

"MY DEAR SIR,—There was nothing which gave me more concern than the want of an opportunity of bearing the testimony of one man in common with every one else to the merit of the person who lately filled the Chair of the House of Commons.

"The question for thanking him was so rapidly put and so greedily assented to, that I had not a moment's time to gratify my private feelings, and to fulfil a public duty. Had I been fortunate to have done so, I should have said that the first man who, in the Parliament of this age, denied the supremacy of Great Britain, the first man who conceived a demand of trade and the person who, in his closet, formed or drew the most productive acts for the strength and prosperity of this country was the late Speaker, who did good without looking to fame, and who tempered public zeal with a discretion that gave it decorum and efficacy. Could I form a wish to perpetuate the character and pride of our House of Commons, it would be that the members should retain, and in full, the deliberative powers of the Legislature, and that the person who fills its Chair should resemble his predecessor.—I am, dear sir, with the greatest respect and regard,

"Yours most sincerely,

"HENRY GRATTAN."

He was said to have been one of the best Speakers that ever sat in the Chair of any House of Commons; and Mr. Fox, who, during his visit to Dublin in 1777, sometimes attended the debates, considered him to be "almost a model Speaker." The feeble health which had

obliged him to resign the Chair of the House of Commons prevented him from taking any leading part in the House of Lords. In 1799, Lord Castlereagh, in writing to Lord Glentworth, the brother of Lord Pery, lamented that he was the leading statesman most opposed to the Union. In the following year his name appears by proxy (for his health prevented him from attending the House) affixed to the protest of the Irish peers against the Union.

The series of letters which follow begins in 1778. That year is the turning-point in Irish history. Up to that time no substantial change had been made in the laws which proscribed the religion and annihilated the trade of the Irish people. All export of woollen cloths was prohibited, except to England and Wales, and heavy duties were laid on all that was exported to England and Wales. All direct trade between Ireland and the colonies was prohibited. No cattle or sheep could be exported to England. No colonial produce could be imported into Ireland which had not first entered an English port and been unloaded there. Since 1776 Irish beef and butter were laid under an embargo, and were rotting in warehouses lest they should reach the enemy. No improvement in the commercial condition of Ireland had taken place since Swift truly wrote: "The convenience of ports and harbours, which nature had bestowed so liberally on this kingdom, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon."

The object of the penal laws was to exterminate the Catholic religion. No papist was allowed to keep a school. Popish schoolmasters were liable to transportation. Any one sending, or suffering to be sent, children beyond the seas, without special licence, was liable to *præsumptio*. No papist could be a member of parliament, an elector, a barrister, attorney, or solicitor. No land could be held by papists for a longer period than thirty-one years. Papists might not be guardians to children. If any child conformed to the Protestant religion, his father was reduced to be tenant for life. No papist could succeed to the property of his Protestant relatives.

The greater number of the following letters relate to the part Lord Pery took in the first attempt to remove these commercial restrictions and repeal these penal laws. A bill introduced under his auspices by Mr. Gardiner into the Irish House of Commons in 1778 contained a clause enabling Catholics to hold estates in fee. It was rejected by a majority of three, and a clause was substituted for it allowing them to take leases of 999 years.

This short statement will, I think, sufficiently explain the objects with which Lord Pery's correspondents wrote to him.

Viscount Townshend (Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1767 to 1772) to the Right Hon. Edmund Sexton Pery.

"April 7th, 1778.

"DEAR SIR,—I am this moment returned here from the House of Peers, and found your letter on my table—and in return inclose you what I have picked up from a member of the other House on my return from my own—where Lord Chatham has been at the point of death, just as he was preparing to rise, as it seemed to me who was opposite, to reply a second time to the Duke of Richmond.

"Lord Chatham came into the House very feeble seemingly to me who met him as he came in and spoke to him. His first speech was very short and spoke in great pain, and he appeared to me to sink under ye oppression of his disorder; however, there was much animation and decision. He lamented the critical and wretched situation of the British Empire, but he reprobated and disdained the indecision of the ministers and the degrading and degenerate language of the Houses of Parliament and of the motion, hoping that every man who retained a spark of British spirit would oppose the disinheritance of the House of Brunswick (and then went to the descendants of Princess Sophia—to the kings sons, brothers, etc.) of their territories. This, after some pause he particularised by a dismemberment of one third of their dominions—viz. America—and reprobated the idea of offering Independence. His voice sank afterwards. The Duke of Richmond replied and as some think he made some allusions to ye good state he found the Treasury in Mr. Pelham's time which enabled him to obtain the great advantages this country experienced under his administration. In the course of the Duke of Richmond's reply, I observed him particularly animated upon other points and he appeared to me preparing to rise when a deadly convulsion struck him, many crowded round him, I ran for water, which I procured immediately. The House adjourned which was very full to give him air—and indeed very properly out of respect to him and themselves and adjourned to to-morrow. In about a quarter of an hour he was carried out with little expectation of life, his Physician was soon found and in about an hour he began to know people and was at 8 o'clock much better. It was a melancholy scene with all his sons and friends around him at the instant. It would have been a great and interesting day for the country if it had not been prevented, and I yet hope to hear him again upon it, for he seemed to be on right ground and we want animation. It would have been a fine day if it had been pursued. You Irish note his act nobly enough to shame us. I hope the inclosed will please you. Adieu! you may read this to Scott.—Yours faithfully,

"TOWNSHEND."

The Bishop of Derry (afterwards Earl of Bristol) to the Same.

"Rome, May 15th, 1778.

"DEAR SIR,—I was made very happy this morning by reading in the publick papers that you were arrived in London upon busyness of a publick nature: the interests of Ireland and of humanity could never be placed in abler hands, nor under the auspices of a warmer heart, or of a cooler head, and I will venture to say upon my own knowledge they never were attended with a more important crisis. Ireland, if the war with France takes place, must almost inevitably be thrown into the greatest confusion; the first blow will certainly be directed there, and the Roman Catholics exasperated by repeated disappointments, are ripe for an almost general revolt. Whether this disposition originated here, or was only stimulated or encouraged here I cannot say but of this I am very well informed, that no encouragement is wanting, and that, some few prudent persons excepted, the hopes of the remainder are as sanguine as their exhortations are animated. The real intention is to render Ireland independent and to establish, as in the Swiss Cantons, a reciprocal toleration of religions, to abolish all tithes except such as are to be paid by the R. Catholics to their own clergy and to throw themselves under the protection of France and if possible of Spain. If this attempt should not succeed, their project is then to make as general an emigration as possible and to settle in that part of Spain which was offered to them some years ago, or else in a part of the Pope's territory which is within 40 miles of Rome, and now actually preparing for some very extensive colony; and, if *my Friend* is not egregiously misinformed, this colony will be from Ireland. The disgust which prevails here upon the baffling every attempt to relieve their countrymen is better conceived than expressed. Their case seems now to be desperate, and I much fear their conduct will be equally so. No one knows better than yourself the disadvantages arising to Ireland from the opprobrious solecism of our Penal Laws against Papists, and I flatter myself no one is more willing, as I am certain no one is more able, to rescue us from this impolitick tyranny;—a reasonable concession in time might secure that allegiance and that fidelity which the fate of war might hereafter totally deny us. I have wrote very copiously to Lord Hillsborough on this subject, as I flatter myself his Lordship's sentiments are as liberal as I know yours to be, and the noble use which he makes of his great property in Ireland shows that he has no interests distinct from those of his country. Could you at this perilous crisis obtain a legal exercise of that silly but harmless religion which they now exercise illegally, and a revocation of that impolitick statute called the Civil* Act which has so reduced the

* ? Gavel Act, viz. II. Anne, chap. VI., sect. 10, which enacted that the inheritance of Papists should descend in gavelkind, that is, divided equally among all the sons. This Act was repealed in the year in which the Bishop writes.

list of the Papist nobility that all the influence of the Popish people and gentry is thrown into the hands of the clergy—I am very well persuaded the French upon their landing could not procure an insurrection of fifty Papists. Nothing can be more reasonable than their demands, and in my opinion nothing more politick than our acquiescence. This toleration should at least be granted to such as have taken the new oath of allegiance, were it only to create a schism among them, and hereafter confined to such as are educated in the French seminaries, in preference to those of Portugal, Spain, and Italy, where the four propositions of the Gallican Church are not taught. Such a measure would necessarily divide the Papists at present and render them perfectly harmless hereafter; whereas by not attending to that manifest distinction among the disciples of the Church of Rome and abettors of the Court of Rome, we have united against us two very contrary parties, and confounded under the same penalties the most harmless sect with the most dangerous faction. Policy as well as justice call upon us at this perilous crisis to make the distinction and by the stroke of a pen to baffle the most alarming efforts of our common enemy. I hope we shall be too wise to act the second part of the American tragedy, and wait till our enemy compels us to terms of moderation; their disappointments have certainly rendered them desperate, and their despair will I hope render us prudent. In the meantime ‘Cave nequid detrimenti res publica capiat’—for, if ever Ireland was on the brink of a precipice, it is now tottering; but a steady head like yours can rescue it.

“Since I have been writing, intelligence has been brought that overtures had been made to the Chevalier to persuade him to go on board the Toulon fleet which is to join that at Brest, but although the information comes from his brother’s family I have reason to believe it is not founded. But that which is truly and unalterably so is the perfect esteem and attachment with which I have long been and still am your most sincere friend and servant,

“F. A. DERRY.”

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke to the Right Hon. Edmund Sexton Pery.

“MY DEAR SIR,—We tried our strength a second time on the business of the Irish commercial regulation. The majority was 79 in your favour to 33. The question was moved in the committee on the part of Manchester to condition the trade in checks, by limiting it, on your taking off the duty upon the export of your linen yarn. This appeared unreasonable; and the clause was rejected. Something has been gained, if a great deal has been given up. Though our numbers would, I think, have held out, yet time put us so much in the power of litigation and perseverance, that I am clearly of opinion it was wise, all things considered, to postpone many things in themselves proper to

be done: I say to postpone, because we have laid in a claim for bringing them in upon another occasion. It is a great deal to have broken up the ground, though things are not at this instant quite ready for the last and most perfect efforts of culture. Much rests on yourselves; and according as you show a disposition to regard one another, people here will show a disposition to regard you all.

"Our friend, Sir Lucius O'Brien, has great merit in this whole transaction, so much zeal, joined with so much knowledge and so much temper, I have not seen. He knows how to press and how to yield. I must do him the justice to say, that I am satisfied nothing could be done at this side without him. I am at dinner at Lord Nugent's, where we have drank your health, with that of the Commons of Ireland.—I have the honour to be, with the greatest truth and esteem, dear sir,

"Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

"EDMUND BURKE.

"*Westminster, May 19, 1778.*

"P. S.—Sir George Savile's Bill, seconded by Mr. Dunning, for the repeal of the Penal Statute of King William, has gone through all the stages hitherto (to-day it was reported) with the most perfect unanimity, and the greatest applause. Lord Richard Cavendish's motion for repealing the Act of Queen Anne, which ties up the hands of the Irish Parliament from doing the same thing as extensively with regard to the whole of that kingdom, passed with the same unanimity and satisfaction."

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke to the Same.

"DEAR SIR,—Nothing could flatter me more agreeably than the kind reception your goodness has given to my poor endeavours to do some subordinate services to that country to which you have done the most eminent. If our country is pleased to feel with any degree of favour, my sincere and zealous desire for her prosperity, I shall be overpaid and in the coin which I like best, if she will do for herself that good which I can only wish for her. I solemnly declare, and I trust your candour will credit me, that I should not receive the tenth part of the pleasure, in seeing myself absolute master of all the money or all the rank which Ireland has to give, that I should have in seeing the heads of a Bill which you have now before you pass into a law, entire and unadulterated with any unseemly modifications. We have a precious moment for reflection; I hope we shall not let it slip out of our hands. I highly honour those gentlemen who have distinguished the greatness of their parts and the liberality of their sentiments in this most honourable cause.

"I send you a copy of the Bill, with the foolish amendment made by the bishops. It has no great malice in it; and it was made, that

they might not appear to let a Bill about religion pass without something to do with it. It came to us this day, and this day we agreed to the amendment. Sir G. Savile took it immediately to the Lords, where it waits for the royal assent.

"Fitzpatrick, Lord Ossory's brother, who is just come from America, spoke with great spirit of the affairs of that country, and of the dispositions of the army. Lord North's conciliatory propositions had arrived at Philadelphia a few days before his departure, but were not received very reverently either by the Americans or the English army. He is perfectly satisfied, that when the French treaty is divulged there, it will recruit Mr. Washington's army with twenty thousand men. I believe it is certain that the Brest Fleet is sailed. Admiral Keppel has sailing orders. The town believes that d'Estaigues squadron has passed the Gut of Gibraltar on the eleventh, the ministers say on the tenth. They have had a long day in the House of Lords on a motion to prevent the prorogation. There was a peevish opposition of some of the Court Lords to the limitation of Lord Chatham's pension; but they divided only eleven to forty odd. I have the honour to be, with the highest and most respectful regard, my dear sir,

"Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

"EDMUND BURKE.

"June 2, 1778."

The next letter has reference to the very first relaxation enacted by Parliament of the extreme rigour of the Penal Laws. It is 17 and 18 Geo. III., c. 49, passed in 1778. It enabled Catholics to take leases for 999 years; it made the estates of Catholics no longer descendible by Gavelkind but according to the course of common law; and it partially repealed the shocking enactments by which the child of a Catholic, becoming a Protestant, might coerce his parent to allow him a maintenance out of his property, and by which the eldest son of a Catholic, who became a Protestant, at once reduced his father to the condition of a tenant for life. It is especially to these inhuman and anti-social features of the Penal Code that Burke refers in his letter. Curious to say, while the enactment respecting the maintenance of conforming children was repealed so far as regarded the other personal estate of the parent, it was retained or rather re-enacted as regards the very leases which the Act authorized Catholics to take. It is to this that Burke refers in the beginning of his letter:—

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke to the Same.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Many, very many thanks for your goodness in turning your mind for a moment towards me in the midst of the important business which engages your present attention. You have a gigantic prejudice to encounter; but your victory will be full of honour.

It is no trifling matter to restore to civil society so many hundred thousands of human creatures who, without any guilt, are made slaves under a constitution of freedom, aliens in their native country, and outlaws without charge or process. I ought to be ashamed to interrupt you for a moment in such endeavours.

"I had much rather see the Act without the clause about the children; but if I remember right, it is somewhat less exceptionable than the law as it stood before. It, however, shows a hankering after our old, unfortunate system of promoting the purity of religion by the corruption of morality. To corrupt family relations is to poison fountains; for the sources of the Commonwealth are within the households; and errors there are irretrievable. The interest which a community has in its morals is much greater than is commonly imagined; and when the laws endeavour to subvert that which, with all their force, they are scarcely able to sustain, degeneracy will proceed with an accelerated motion, and the State will be precipitated along with its manners. The family ties are already too much relaxed among all denominations of men in our countries and times. In some of our neighbouring countries the law comes in aid of the family jurisdiction. But anything which tends to reverse the order of Providence, to give to youth a coercive power over age, to give passion and dissipation a censorial authority over prudence and foresight, and to set children above parents, is to give new life to the disorder and profligacy which is destroying us. We do not give credit enough to our original and genuine affections. Nature is no bad chancellour. There will be always a leaning towards devices and contrivances of this kind, until the very principle from whence they arise is entirely out of our hearts, core and all: that is, until the governing power, whoever he may be, is thoroughly convinced, that it is the sole business of his office to make his people happy and prosperous, and not to convert them to any system of theology; that he is to be their ruler and not their apostle. We do not do all the good, I fear, that we may and ought in India; but, good God! what havoc should we make, if we were to set about laws to prevent the further growth of Braminism, to destroy the castes, and to subtract wives and children from the rule of their husbands and fathers! Common sense dictates to us that in India we have got a Pagan and a Mahomedan country to govern; and as a Mahomedan and a Pagan country, we ought to make the most of it, for the benefit of the people and our own. This is what common sense says; but prejudice has another language; and we must every now and then submit to chatter its gibberish along with it. We know that a hatred of Popery, or rather of Papists (for the spirit of Popery is not so odious to them) serves many good people by way of a religion. But I think the spirit of liberality (thanks to you and to some others like you) begins to gain ground in Ireland. They will see better by-and-by. I should be

sorry that a Bill, which has otherwise so much substantial good in it, should be lost on account of some evil which, I hope, will have no long duration.

"The power given to the chancellour is, indeed, exorbitant, and I doubt much whether, under the existence of such a power, creditors stand upon any very assured bottom. I take it that people give way to such a policy, because they do not consider who it is it may probably affect. When we talk of estates, we are apt only to look at those which are large and conspicuous. Over such estates the chancellour's power of garbling them at his discretion may not be so mischievous; because the residue may always be sufficient for the owner and his unconverted family. But as the happy operation, which we expect from the benign and wise act you have in hand, is to create many small estates—from the most minute, to perhaps three or four hundred a year—and that these will be the first, best, and most frequent results of encouraged and protected industry, I am afraid the holding out of a chancery maintenance, as a prize plate for litigation, would induce many to enter, and that great confusion, mischief, and impoverishment might arise from it. However, even this, in comparison of gavelling, &c., is peace and security.

"As to the other clause, it is certainly of a very vexatious spirit, full of a mean, suspicious fear that much evil may arise from doing a little good; but it is less mischievous than the other. However, I am sure, sir, that you are quite right, and that it will appear better that a Papist should have some power over his Protestant freehold tenant, than that the Protestant freeholder should have no vote.

"I find I have turned over my paper. I know not how I have come to take the liberty of troubling you with all this idle matter; but my pen has ran on imperceptibly to myself, I am afraid but too perceptibly to your patience. My most respectful compliments to Mrs. Pery and to all our friends in your neighbourhood. I have the honour to be, with the greatest regard and esteem, dear sir,

"Yours most faithful and obliged humble servant,

"EDMUND BURKE.

"*Westminster, June 16, 1778.*

"P. S.—There are few Irish peers in town. Government can do most in that way if they chose. I will do all I can, but that will not be much."

The test referred to in the following letter was the Sacramental Test imposed on public officials. To this subject Mr. Pery alludes in this extract from a letter to Burke:—

"If the Bill is returned to us with the Test clause, it will not meet with any opposition in our House; but it will be in much danger in the Lords. If it be without the clause, the fate of it will be uncertain in our House;

and it is feared that the rejection of it, though a matter of no real benefit, will raise a dangerous flame in the North."

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke to the Same.

"DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you most sincerely on the success of your endeavours in the cause of your country and the larger interests of human nature. I hope there will be a long memory of your services—a lease, at least, of 999 years. I was very apprehensive of the amendment of *in possession and not reversion*, as I suspected, that, if that amendment took place, no Roman Catholick could purchase these long terms of a *tenanted estate*; as two leases of years concurrent could hardly be considered as in possession. Neither could a mortgage be taken on suit or estate under that limitation. But these fears are removed by the rejection of the project. The great difficulty is to free the Bill from a very right but, I fear, impracticable thing, and ill-intended too—the repeal of the Test. I wish Government would see how much it was their interest to fall in with it.

"I believe some additional displeasing news is come with that of the taking of the French frigates. I can't assert this in reality, as not very pleasing, though vulgarly considered as success. I suspect the French will be found stronger than was expected.

"Lord Charles Fitzgerald was slightly wounded in the leg by the splinter of a bone of a man whose leg was shattered by his side. His servant was cut in two by a chain shot.

"You will judge what alterations will be wanted in the Bills, and how much will be admissible from this side without hurting your parliamentary dignity. Something in the spirit of what you meant to do, to complete, or explain, except in money matters, is not complained of.

"I am going to the country; and if you write to Mr. Macnamara, or if Chief Justice Patterson will convey to him your ideas, they will be in the best and most effectual channel.

"Mrs. Burke joins me in my most sincere compliments to Mrs. Pery and our excellent friends at Lucan.—I am, with the most perfect regard and esteem, my dear sir,

"Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

"EDM. BURKE.

"June 20th, 1778."

The next two letters follow one another on two successive days: a circumstance that by itself shows the intense interest which Edmund Burke, amidst all his engrossing occupations, took in the progress of this Irish Catholic question. Some expressions in the following letter, such as "a gavel in the lease," are explained by the remarks which introduce the letter of the 16th of June:—

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke to the Same.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry for the event of the 17th; but I should think that with good management so small a majority might be toned down in bringing up the report. As to the lease for years given by this new clause, I do not think it can answer any considerable purpose, nor, indeed, be much more in effect than that building lease proposed and rejected some years ago. Those who let their lands to farm will not choose to grant such terms; and those who must sell will sell outright; indeed, in most cases it is not in their option. If, puffed with this victory, the intolerant party should push on, as I suspect they will, to graft a gavel on their lease, it will finish the plan they proposed—either to force this nation to take on itself the rejection of what will be indeed a benefit, though a small one; or else, under the disguise of a benefit, will extend the persecution in respect of property and morals to a length equal to the desires of mankind to have farms and leases which they may call their own. I can hardly conceive the arguments which prevailed for rejecting the power of purchasing and permitted such long leasing, unless it were avowed that they meant to give a benefit in show and not in reality.

"Adieu, my dear Sir; many thanks for your trouble. Your conduct on this occasion has bound me very much to you, and made me, with true esteem,

"Your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

"EDM. BURKE.

"*Westminster, Wednesday, June 24th, 1778.*"

Mr. Burke's remark in the next letter, about the dislike to follow an example set in England, is answered by Mr. Pery in a letter from which we give this extract:—

"You may be assured that the liberal example which you set us in England had infinite weight here, though mentioned amongst other trivial arguments (for in truth there were no others) as an objection to the measure."

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke to the Same.

"DEAR SIR,—Your labours for the peace and settlement of your country are prodigious; and I know the value of the time which is so very obligingly given to my anxiety in the midst of such incessant toil. I wish, indeed, that what is done were done more completely and with more grace. The conciliatory principle would then operate with its natural force. It is odd (if what I am told be true) that one of the objections to the Bill is, that it follows the example given here, and is as if England meant to drive them to it. I remember it was the universal opinion, that our taking the first step was essential to the success of the measure; and that our holding back would be fatal to it. It is

odd that our favourable or unfavourable opinion of the plan should both equally work against it.

"We shall have a French war immediately, if we may be allowed to form an opinion from the effect which events of this kind have produced in former times; but in the present no speculation, however wild, can be more delusive than a conclusion from former experience. Two French frigates, the *Sicarne* and the *Pallas*, are taken, the former by Lord Longford. The English ships on the station fired to bring them to; on resistance, they were taken. The *Sicarne* (I think it was) fired a broadside, and then struck immediately. We lost four men. A sharp engagement happened between the *Arethusa* and a French frigate called the '*La belle Poule*.' It lasted two hours. The *Arethusa* was very much shattered, and suffered in her masts, rigging, and hull. She had about forty men killed and wounded. A French schooner also engaged with a sloop of war of ours, and after a lively resistance struck. Mr. Berkley brought the message and, as I am told, the ships taken.

"Would to God we could prevail on ourselves to think more seriously of opposing the common enemy than of oppressing one another. We all think alike of the merits of the Sacramental Test; but the dissenters here and their friends ought alike to decide on the propriety of mixing their cause with one so different in all respects—property and place are different things, if any in the world can be so called. If Ireland does not choose that England should lead, what must England say to Ireland's undertaking to prescribe her policy? I take it for granted that this affair has been thrust in to destroy the Bill and for no other purpose. Is it to be believed that the dissenters in England know nothing of their own interest? I assure you that some of the principal of them attended the meetings at Sir G. Savile's on the Roman Catholic's Bill, and all agreed (I mean those of any importance) not to disturb the operation of a spirit which must ultimately be of advantage to their cause. I believe Mr. Dunbar will go over to your support tomorrow. I wish Government had sent over those on whom they had influence. Indeed, I cannot wholly excuse any party. But we were too secure and confident, I know not why. I am, with the most real regard, dear Sir,

"Your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

"EDM. BURKE.

"*Westminster, Thursday, June 25th, 1778.*"

"P. S.—The gazette may be out this evening; but lest it should not I trouble you with the news. If it should appear in time I will send it."

The next letter was addressed to Mr. Pery by Lord Townshend, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland six years before. An earlier letter of his has been placed first in this series.

*Viscount Townshend to the Same.**"Rainham, July 3rd, 1778.*

"DEAR SIR,—It is impossible I can let so important an event pass over without transmitting my warmest and most sincere congratulations upon it to a person whose share in it has been so considerable, and whose conduct to me was always honourable. I can easily conceive the heartfelt satisfaction you must feel upon your attainment of an object for which you have been all your life labouring, at all times and in all situations; and I most devoutly wish that this relief, which opens such a prospect of resources and comfort to Ireland, may contribute as much to the recovery of the British Empire as it seems to have met the general wish and approbation. Your exertions must be allowed by every impartial man to have done you infinite honour. It will for ever stand in that light in the page of history. I think the measure has saved the British Empire, and I cannot but flatter myself from the knowledge I have of the national character, that it is in its consequences the most like to restore it.

"Mr. Neville has just come in, so I'll conclude my letter. He is astonished at the sterility of the country as he came down. I have already laid in my claim for the merits of Norfolk, who never (poor as he finds it) murmured at the just participation with Ireland.

"Dear Sir, faithfully and affectionately yours,

"TOWNSHEND."

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke to the Same.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is high time that you should rest from your labours. I most sincerely congratulate you upon the fruits of them. Your prudence, your steadiness, and your perseverance have well seconded your publick spirit, and altogether have produced their natural effects. May what you have done be as beneficial to the country as it is honourable to yourself. Indeed, I have no doubt that it will, as soon as the removal of the general calamity of the times will suffer the causes of internal prosperity to operate. I have not had means as yet to send you a detailed account of my transactions in consequence of the advices and intimations I have had the honor to receive from you. They have not been neglected by me, nor been wholly without effect with regard to others. In that I speak within measure; and it may excuse with you whatever errors I may have fallen into, from my great anxiety for the success of the business now, I take it for granted, brought to so happy a conclusion.

"The Irish House of Commons has done itself infinite honour; its longest session has been its best, as somebody has said of the performances of a great man of antiquity. It gave me great pleasure to find, as I do from many accounts, that without derogating from the talents of the gentlemen who dissented from the Toleration Act, the

far greater weight of the abilities and eloquence of the House was on the side where eloquence and ability ought ever to be—on the side of liberty and justice. You are now beginning to have a country: and I trust you will complete the design; you have laid the firm, honest, homely rustick of property; and the rest of the building will rise in due harmony and proportion. I am persuaded that when that thing called a country is once formed in Ireland, quite other things will be done, than were done whilst the zeal of men was turned to the safety of a party, and whilst they thought its interests provided for in the distress and destruction of everything else, your people will begin to lift up their heads and think like men; and the effects will be answerable. Adieu, my dear sir. Let your success encourage you to complete the great work—the redemption of your country. I can do little but by my good wishes; but them you will always have most sincerely.—I am, with the highest esteem and regard, my dear sir,

“Your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

“EDM. BURKE.

“*Beaconsfield, August 12th, 1778.*”

On the same day on which the foregoing letter was written, the following was addressed to the Irish Speaker by Lord Nugent. Our narrowing limits force us to pass unnoticed certain passages in the remainder of this correspondence which may seem to need some annotation. The letter of Lord North respecting the Irish Volunteers is particularly interesting. The “modification of Poyning’s Act,” referred to in the beginning of Lord Shelburne’s letter, was the famous Declaration of Rights, with which is associated the great name that closes for the present this hitherto unpublished correspondence—Henry Grattan.

Lord Nugent to the Same.

“MY DEAR SIR,—When I was honoured with your letter, I had received information, which I could absolutely depend on, that the Bill in favour of the Roman Catholicks was to drop in Council here, and that the equalising Bill would be reported with such amendments as would, if agreed to, certainly damn it in your House. Thus circumstanced, I found myself in the hard dilemma of suppressing means which I was sure would act most powerfully towards an alteration of counsels necessarily productive of greater discontents in an already discontented Parliament, and of despair in a starving multitude, chiefly composed of Papists, or of communicating your letter without your consent, which it was impossible to obtain in time. I read it over and over before I yielded to the necessity of violating the sacred rights of a private correspondence, and every repetition impressed me with deeper apprehensions of the most fatal catastrophe, while every word

did you honour. Had you managed your expressions more, you would have weakened what could not be too strong to inform and rouse the Administration. Had they been confined to my eye only, we should have trembled together without averting the evil, and the very circumstance of a private correspondence communicated to the minister rendered the information less suspicious than if immediately directed to him by the author, yet I meant your letter only for Lord Gower, who is my particular friend. But unluckily he was at Trentham, in Staffordshire, and did by me just as I did by you, compelled by the same necessity.

"I have dwelt long upon this point, as I am deeply concerned in your conviction that I have not rendered myself unworthy of your correspondence. But whether I succeed or not, for God's sake depart from your resolution of waiting in silence for events which you foresee not far distant. You are the mouth of the people of Ireland; you know the affairs of that kingdom, and you are known and respected in this. Your testimony and opinions have weight; it has been proved in the subject of this letter. They may have failed of doing the service you intended, and may again fail in other instances from various causes. But reason and truth, though for a time neglected, will prevail at least for the advantage and honour of the adviser. The timid counsels and time-serving policy of some courtiers of favour have concurred with the Opposition to undo this country and sink their own characters.

"You forgot to inclose Mr. Daly's motion. If it was for an address to the Crown, such as he first mentioned in the House, it was a repetition of an American measure, and I am glad it failed, although I have a high respect and personal friendship for him. Whatever the event of the Roman Catholic Bill may be in the House of Lords, the friends of the Protestant dissenters in Ireland have surely much to answer for. God defend their brethren here from such friends, although I sincerely believe them very honest men, and short of the Repeal of the Test—that which would set both kingdoms in a flame—I wish them everything they can desire.

"I expected no opinion from the Lord Lieutenant concerning my hint of a National Bank for bonded securities. It may possibly be impracticable; but of this I am sure, that, without some mere solid basis for money than banker's notes, Ireland can never be a trade country.

"I have, I am afraid, tired you, but upon such subjects, and writing to such a correspondent, it is not strange that I should scarcely leave room for the sincere respect with which I have the honour to be, dear sir,

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"NUGENT.

"*Gosfield, August 12th, 1778.*"

Lord North to the Same.*

[On the Volunteers.]

" Bushy Park, Aug. 3, 1779.

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your very friendly letter and important information. I am sorry to think that the Irish should conceive that they have any motives for resentment either against his Majesty's servants, or against the British nation at large. If they will look back to the transactions of this century, they will find more attention paid to the interest of Irish individuals and of the kingdom in general within the last ten years than in all the rest of it. Both the Legislative and Executive powers have been disposed to favour Ireland; but because the system which has prevailed for ages is not entirely overturned at once, they listen to the suggestions of the enemies of both countries, who wish as ill to Ireland at the least as they do to Great Britain.

"I have no doubt but France and Spain will accompany any attempt they may make upon Ireland by a manifesto full of as tempting promises as possible: entire liberty of trade, entire liberty of religion, and independency will be the subject of it. But I cannot think it possible for any sensible Irishman to wish for a separation from Great Britain, or to suppose it possible for Ireland really to enjoy the other advantages or indeed any political blessings when unconnected with this country. I do not myself, nor do I believe any of his majesty's servants harbour a suspicion that the gentlemen who have armed themselves have any hostile intention against the common cause of Great Britain and Ireland. I speak in general, for it is possible that there may be some disaffected associations, but I do not think that they are in the least considerable. I wish, however, that every armed man in the country were under the authority of the Crown; that all armaments whatever should be under that authority is, I conceive, one of the most important and essential principles of the British Constitution; and, though I expect much benefit from these associations in the present moment, I am sure that the precedent is dangerous. I understand that the Lord Lieutenant intends to grant commissions to such of the associates as are desirous of it, and would have before this time have proposed a more regular and constitutional defence for the kingdom, if he had not been prevented by the want of money. You will find that we have in part endeavoured to remedy that evil; the proposition of applying British money to the support of the Irish army was so new and unprecedented that I could not immediately come into it. Nothing, certainly, deserves

* Afterwards Earl of Guildford; Prime Minister from Feb. 5, 1770, to March 30, 1782.

so sacred a regard as the appropriation of Parliamentary Grants, and therefore, it was natural that I should pause, before I consented to apply any public money to a service to which none had ever been applied before. But upon a full consideration of the matter, I think myself well justified in the step I have taken, and I hope that what we send will at least be sufficient to put your army in motion. Whatever reports are spread to the contrary, Ireland may be sure that we have her protection and welfare sincerely at heart. I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, sir,

"Your most faithful and obedient servant,

"NORTH."

Lord Beauchamp to Lord Lucan.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Many thanks for your kind note. I have long, very long, admired and esteemed the Irish Speaker, and am happy to know his sentiments on the present confused state of Ireland, and the means of restoring it to peace and harmony with this country.

"The plan he has suggested accords entirely with my ideas, and I will do everything that depends on me to carry it into execution. He may depend upon it that I shall make no improper use of his confidence, and that whatever he shall be pleased to represent to me in future shall be received with the respect which is due to him in every point of view.

"I have much better hopes of seeing these unhappy differences accommodated than I had some time ago, and we really wanted only to know what line of conduct would probably give satisfaction in Ireland to regulate *our* proceedings. In the last phrase you will understand the declared friends of Ireland here, and particularly, my dear lord,

"Your affectionate servant,

"BEAUCHAMP.

"*Stanhope Street, 26th Nov., 1779.*"

Earl of Shelburne to the Same.*

"[Private.]

"*London, 9th July, 1782.*

"DEAR SIR,—Illness first, and incessant occupation since, have prevented my thanking you for your letter inclosing the modification of

* Afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne; Prime Minister from July 4, 1782, to April 2nd, 1783. The Bill of the Earl of Abingdon, to which this letter refers, asserted the sole and exclusive right of Great Britain to regulate her external commerce, and that of all kingdoms and countries under her sovereignty, but not for purposes of revenue. It stated that the kingdom of Ireland was under the sovereignty of Great Britain. Lord Abingdon, finding that he could not get any one to support his Bill, did not present it, and consequently no reference to it appears in the minutes of the House of Lords.

Poyning's Act. I trouble you now, in consequence of the events which have lately happened—Lord Rockingham's death, and Mr. Fox's resignation, solely upon the ground of the King not choosing a First Commissioner from amongst the late Lord Rockingham's friends, which, in fact, brings the point to issue, whether the Executive is to be taken altogether out of the King's hands, and lodged, as Mr. Fox says, in the hands of a party, or, to speak more truly, in his own. The Duke of Portland was the name, however, brought forward on this occasion; and as it is understood amongst his grace's friends here, that he is likely, in consequence of it, to wish to return, it may be agreeable to you to know that our system towards Ireland, as well as in every other respect, remains invariably the same. The Cabinet remains, except with the difference of Mr. Fox and Lord Cavendish (whose aversion to office and to business would have made him quit in any event), and they will be replaced by Mr. Townsend and Mr. William Pitt. I have as much confidence in the Duke of Portland and Mr. Fitzpatrick's honour and zeal in the King's service, under all the present circumstances, as I had the first day they went over. However, I shall be much obliged if you will exert yourself to prevent unnecessary jealousies, or anything which can affect the quick conclusion of the sessions—and I can answer for it that the success of your endeavours will be well taken by the King, as well as highly obliging to me.

“Lord Abingdon, a very singular peer of our House, proposed a very singular Bill upon the subject of Ireland. It is not usual to make any account here of his speeches, which are too wild to admit of an answer. But on this occasion, his not being seconded by anybody; the Bill not being suffered to lie upon the Table; the sense of the whole House going against his desire of its doing so; and its not being suffered to appear upon the journals, must be considered by every impartial person as a strong proof of the disposition of this country towards Ireland. I need not add how much both my political and private interests unite in keeping the two countrys mutually happy and flourishing. I have the honour to be, with the truest regard,

“Your most faithful servant,

“SHELburnE.”

The proceeding referred to in the following letter was the entertaining and deciding, by the Court of King's Bench in England, of an Irish cause.

The Right Hon. Henry Grattan to the Same.

Winsfield, Dec. 21st, 1782.

“DEAR SIR,—I find by the speech and the answer that the Irish subject is touched not fully but somewhat favourably. I own I have

no apprehensions with respect to our liberty, and I cannot exactly point out any specific measure which should allay my apprehensions with respect to our discontents except peace; but I could wish that the proceedings by which Lord Mansfield has infringed upon us was done away. The writ of error to the King's, the bench of England, is taken away by the general clause of our own Act, and the English Chief Justice is obliged to take notice of an Irish Act of Parliament. I consider the determination of Lord Mansfield is a political measure, embarrassing to the ministry of which his Lordship's friends made no part. I think they will soon be tired of making Ireland the sport of the party.

"The present fluctuating state of English politics is somewhat anxious. Lord North's situation is singularly powerful; if anything is to be collected from the papers, he manages it with much address: perhaps he is now the minister.

"If anything shall occur here worth mentioning, I shall not fail to write it, and am, dear sir, with great respect and affection,

"Yours most sincerely,

"H. GRATTAN.

"P.S.—Since I wrote this letter, I had the pleasure of receiving one from you. I am very sensible of it, and assure you that there is no person feels more than I do the value and dignity of your friendship."

AT REST.

BY ALICE REMONDE.

AS bends a mother o'er an empty grave
 Where she had hoped her darling son might sleep,
 Who still must toss 'mid monsters of the deep
 And slimy things that crawl beneath the wave,—
 Crying: "If but the cruel waters gave
 Those poor remains, unshrouded still, to keep
 To this kind earth where I might come and weep,
 And my sick soul from such wild grieving save!"

So must I murmur evermore as now,
 Still cherish long the wish I dare not name,
 So strange and sad, through all the sleepless night:
 That *thy* poor head were pillowed out of sight—
 The wrong and restless life, the slighted fame,
 Forgot in the calm pallor on thy brow.

THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING.

IN MEMORIAM PII IX.

BY THE REV. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.

"THE time is that judgment should begin at the House of God. And if first at us, what shall be the end of them that believe not the Gospel? And if the just man shall scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" (1 Peter, iv. 17, 18.) These words of the first Vicar of Jesus Christ, in which he sums up the laws of God's providence both with regard to the Church and the world, have been forcibly suggested to my mind in contemplating the life and death of Pius IX., his most recent successor. St Peter had been exhorting his disciples to patience under persecution. He had reminded them that by doing good, and contending for truth, and suffering reproach for the name of Christ, they received a singular blessing, and that the "glory and power of God rested on them." He had told them not to "think it strange if they were tried by the burning heat" of adversities, "as if something new happened to them;" and then he comes to the more general statement of the hidden ways of God, which I began by repeating. "It is time," he says, "that judgment should begin at the House of God." All true discipline, he seems to say, should begin at home. The father of a family should set in order his own household before he busies himself in civic or political reforms. The general should correct irregularities and excesses in his own troops before he leads them out to redress foreign tyranny. It is fitting, then, that God should visit, should examine, should judge, and chastise his own household, which is his Church, before He judges and chastises the crimes of the unbelieving world. Not that the world will be dealt with more leniently—far from it—but that its judgment is deferred. This may explain why it is that the pontificate of Pius IX. was so filled with sufferings. As the steward of the household of God, "the solicitude of all the churches was his daily pressure." It was his office "to be weak with those that were weak, and to be on fire when they were scandalised." He had to suffer in all the fatherly chastisements with which God is ever purifying his Church militant. Then St. Peter makes a second reflection: "If the just man shall scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" To apply these words to the present occasion—if one so great and holy as Pius IX., one so full of good works, and so tried by sufferings, may still have some defects to expiate, may still require a further purification, which demands our prayers and sacrifices for its mitigation or abridgment, then with what fear and trembling should we work out our salvation? What must we, poor

sinner expect unless we strive earnestly both to abound in good works, to be generous in self-denial, and to be resigned if God shall in his mercy chasten us for our correction?

The mystery of suffering, then, is my theme. I will dwell, in the first place, on the sufferings already endured by Pius IX. on earth, and in the second place add a few words on the further purification which may still be necessary after death.

One of the main reasons of the jubilant and triumphant tone of the Church's enemies when they see her weaknesses and the success of their own plans, is their inability to enter into the counsels of Almighty God. It was to sensual and worldly-minded men especially that God said by his prophets: "My ways are not as your ways, or my thoughts as your thoughts." We see an example of this in the triumph of the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ on Mount Calvary. St. Luke tells us that while the people stood beholding with awe and perplexity the strange sight of the Prophet hanging on the cross: "Their rulers derided Him, saying: He saved others; let Him save Himself, if He be the Christ, the Elect of God." They could not understand a man possessing power over sickness and death, and not exercising it on his own behalf. They could not take into their shallow and sensual minds that God could afflict his own elect; that He could make use of a saint as an instrument of mercy and deliverance to others, and yet allow that saint to suffer without relief. When, therefore, they saw our Lord apparently helpless on the cross, they concluded that He was abandoned by God. "He saved others," they said, "Himself He cannot save." That He would not save Himself if He could, they never for one moment contemplated. They therefore taunted Him: "Let Christ, the King of Israel, come down now from the cross, that we may see and believe." It is almost needless to say that, had our Lord come down from the cross at their bidding, they would not have believed. If they refused to be convinced by the raising of Lazarus from the tomb, after he had been four days dead, why should they not have remained incredulous, though He that had unbound the grave clothes from Lazarus detached his own hands and feet from the nails? But their argument or sophism served their purpose. They wanted to disbelieve, and here was a pretext. "Do not talk to us," they said to the people, "about his former miracles. You say He has given sight to the blind and health to the sick, and caused the lame to walk, and multiplied the loaves, and even raised the dead to life. Well, we cannot examine all these alleged miracles. They may have been cunning deceptions, they may have been natural though extraordinary events, they may not have been exactly reported, they may have been worked by diabolical power. But we may spare ourselves the inquiry. Here is now an opportunity of putting his miraculous powers to a test. We have nailed Him securely to the cross; if He will come down at

our bidding, and in our presence, we shall know what to think of his past miracles. We shall see and believe. But if He cannot come down, then it is quite clear that either his former miracles were worked by the power of the devil, who is forbidden any longer to help Him; or, if you will have it that God assisted Him, then it is evident that for his pride and blasphemy God has forsaken Him."

This was the reasoning of the Scribes and Pharisees, and I have insisted upon it because it is, with a little modification, the sophism which has prompted a thousand articles in newspapers and magazines, and thousands of platform speeches, during the long Pontificate of Pius IX. For Jesus Christ acts and suffers in his Church as He acted and suffered in his own person. He conferred on his apostles miraculous powers for the relief of others; but though He Himself sometimes worked a miracle for their deliverance, He did not give them permission to deliver themselves, nor do we find them asking miracles in their own favour. The shadow of St. Peter healed the sick, yet the body of St. Peter which cast that shadow was scourged, and he rejoiced that he had been accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus. Handkerchiefs and aprons taken from the body of St. Paul worked wonderful cures; yet he himself tells us that in the midst of these miracles he was so oppressed with sadness and sorrow that he was weary of life, and that when he looked for some refreshment, he had in himself only the answer of death, in order that he should not trust in himself, but in God, who raised the dead. And so is it in all ages with the Church founded by Jesus Christ and his apostles. She is full of miraculous power: she is overflowing with graces; she is the habitation of the Holy Spirit; she is the Bride of the Son of God; she is governed by a special overruling providence; God is with her all days. And yet she is apparently deserted; the world seems constantly to be getting the better of her; she "is weighed down above measure;" she has the answer of death in herself that "she may ever trust in Him who raiseth the dead." And the world cannot understand this, and thinks that either she never was the elect of God, or that she has ceased to be his elect, and is forsaken by Him. And the world taunts her with her helplessness, and ironically derides her and defies her, and reminds her of her former grandeur or former deliverances, and says: "You tell us of wonderful things in the days of old. Well, repeat them now in our presence, in this age of science and culture, and then we shall see, and will believe."

Such language as this has often been heard during the late Pontificate, and for the same reason. The world has for thirty years had before it the spectacle of a holy man suffering: of one who was proclaimed the elect of God, and who put his trust in God, apparently defeated; of God seeming to forsake one who, if he was not the representative of God, as he said, was the weakest of fanatics or the

wickedest of blasphemers. That Pius IX. was a holy man in his moral character, few even of his adversaries have ventured to deny. His simple and mortified life, his loving disposition, his works of alms and mercy, his unaffected piety, have been witnessed by millions. But it is not the holiness of his private life which has made him enemies, or perplexed and scandalised unbelievers. Our Lord was not crucified because He multiplied the loaves, or passed the night in prayer. He was opposed and hated because He proclaimed his Divine Mission, and rebuked the godless world. So, exactly, was it with Pius IX. He was not merely a Christian fruitful in good works, but he was the Vicar of Jesus Christ. As such, his characteristics were his unwavering faith, his steadfast hope, his invincible constancy, his fearless fidelity to his trust. Of a singularly gentle, genial, humble nature, he yet found himself charged with a most perilous dignity, a fearful responsibility. God had entrusted to him that Church which He had purchased with his own blood, and made him a co-operator with the Holy Ghost in its government. God had said to him, *Depositemus custodi*—"Keep what I have confided to you." He has often been asked to betray his trust, but his answer was ever *non possumus*—"I cannot do it." He was asked to tone down his claims, but he replied, *non possumus*—"It cannot be. Those claims are not mine, but my Master's." He was asked to come to terms with what was called indefinitely and unmeaningly modern progress. He replied that he was not appointed to come to terms with the world, but to announce the kingdom of God. In all the acts of his Pontificate he was a faithful steward of the household of God. He sought no human fame or glory, but the glory of Jesus Christ, invisible Head of the Church. The world accuses him of dogmatic fanaticism, because he defined the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of insane vanity because he defined the Infallibility of the Holy See. Yet if "grace and truth," as St. John said, "came by Christ Jesus," what is the Immaculate Conception but the fulness of grace? What is the Infallibility of the Holy See but the perpetuity of truth?

Assuredly there is no Pontificate in the history of the Church more full of noble and fruitful acts, of fearless and seasonable teaching, than that which has just concluded. But, on the other hand, there are few who have suffered more than this champion of God and of his Church. Others, indeed, have surpassed him in physical torments endured for the faith; others may have borne sharper and crueller insults; and others have added the martyr's crown to that of confessor which girds the brow of Pius IX. But to none has it been given to suffer so long, and so great a variety of wrongs and outrages, for the name of Jesus Christ and for fidelity to his kingdom. Now, this spectacle, so noble, so glorious, in the eyes of faith, has curiously affected the incredulous world. I bear witness, indeed, and that most

gladly, to a change of tone which has taken place in the public press of England in the last few days.* There have been many kind and generous words uttered even by those who cannot, from their point of view, comprehend clearly the acts or the character of the great man whose mortal remains now lie in St. Peter's. Many have praised what they could understand and admire, and have been silent on things they disapproved. But I fear this is only like the lull which took place at the death of Jesus Christ. The hooting and the insults which had been poured out on Him at the first moment of his crucifixion ceased for a few hours in the presence of the supernatural darkness. At the spectacle of his sublime patience, the voice of the good thief changed from raillery to prayer, and when the great Victim breathed his last, then, says St. Luke, "The centurion, seeing what was done, glorified God, saying, 'Indeed, this was a just man.' And all the multitude of them that were come together to that sight and saw the things that were done, returned striking their breasts." Something like this has happened at the death of Pius IX. But the silence in the case of Jesus Christ was of short duration. Many hearts had not been changed, and their tongues soon recovered their old forms of speech. They could only speak of him who was dead as "that Seducer." We must not, then, be deceived by a momentary cessation from insult. For more than five-and-twenty years Pius IX. has been the butt of men's tongues, and it is to be feared that the clamour which has to some extent been hushed in the presence of death will soon recommence.

And what have they said? On hearing the magnitude of the claims of the Sovereign Pontiff, and witnessing at the same time his weakness, some have called him a blasphemer, some an enthusiast; but all have said: "His trust in God is vain; his cause is not that of God, or God would have maintained it. Does he not see that the

* Thus the memorial verses in *Pnoch* begin by calling Pío Nono

"A blameless, genial, gentle, good old man."

The *Saturday Review*, after speaking of "his courtesy and kindliness of heart," and his many personal virtues, says: "As little can it be doubted that his dying prayer, after he had received extreme unction, 'Thou to whom I have always aspired, whom I have so ardently loved, I trust Thou wilt receive me,' expressed not a passing emotion but the habitual aspiration of genuine piety." The *Times*, in saying that our new Pope Leo XIII. is "a man of culture and learning, with all the charm of manner that is found in the best of Italian ecclesiastics," and that "the purity of his private life is above reproach," adds that, "he thus worthily takes the place of a pontiff whose personal graces and goodness were heartily admitted even by his enemies." And the *Standard* says: "History will undoubtedly pronounce Pius IX. a great pontiff. It is impossible not to be moved by the great memories of his reign, the attractive features of his character, the severity of his mundane disappointments, and the protracted physical sufferings of his closing days. * * * He was an honest man."

world advances and has passed him by? Why does he strive against fate? Why does he not come to terms with the world, and by so doing save somewhat of his authority, lest all be lost to him?" It is still the old reasoning: "He cannot save himself; therefore, God is not with him." Such are the thoughts, such the language of those who know not the ways of God. Our Divine Redeemer on his cross designed not to answer those taunts. He let his enemies enjoy that wretched triumph. He did not fear to confirm them in it by uttering that mysterious cry: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" This was to teach us how to despise similar taunts when they are cast against his Church. We ought to know that to suffer for the cause of God is not a sign of weakness, but of power; not a shame, but a glory, not a defeat, but a triumph. Jesus Christ said to Pilate. "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews." But He did not say: "Since my kingdom is from heaven, therefore will my Father strive that I be not crucified." No; He said: "Father, if this chalice may not pass away, but I must drink it, thy will be done;" and He said also: "Thinkest thou that I cannot ask my Father, and He will give me presently more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled that so it must be done?" Jesus Christ did not shrink from agony, did not refuse death when it was the will of his Father; and He submitted in silence to the evil will of sinners in order to accomplish the loving and adorable will of God; and this was his triumph. Because He was obedient even unto the death of the Cross, therefore, He received a name which is above every name. So it was in his degree with Pius IX. He is accused of being impolitic, imprudent, and unsuccessful. It was not in his commission to be successful, but to be faithful. In that is the great difference between the government of human states and the government of the Church. A king or statesman who does not succeed is of no account, but a Pope does well who is true to his trust, whatever may be the result. When St. Gregory VII. was dying, he said: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile." Yet, though he died in exile, and apparently worsted in the great contest, he had gained a great victory for the Church. When Henry VIII. threatened Pope Clement VII., that if he did not grant his divorce he would raise a schism, Clement replied, that if England must be lost to the Church, it was better that it should be caused by the Pope's zeal for justice than kept in unity by his iniquity. Such were the politics of Pius IX., and the world called him imprudent, and said the Holy See had lost its usual clear-sightedness. Yet he was not imprudent, even as regards success. The fidelity and constancy in suffering of Pius IX. are his triumphs. He has not weakened the Church, as those who love her not proclaim. No, he has edified the Church. He has strengthened her walls. He

has attracted to her those who love truth above all things. He has given to those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel, the sublimest spectacle which can be seen on earth—that of faith and hope in God, and unshaken fidelity even to the last. Therefore, will his name be great, not only in eternity, but even in time. “Better,” says the Spirit of God, “is the patient than the valiant man, and he that conquereth his own soul than he that stormeth cities.” The names of emperors and conquerors shall perish, or shall be despised. That of the great and saintly Pius shall be in benediction while the world lasts and throughout eternity.

And yet the faithful have celebrated the funeral obsequies of the Pope, and have thronged the churches all the world over, not simply to pay honour to his memory, but to pray for the repose of his soul. Yes, to pray for Pius IX.,—so great, so holy, so purified by tribulation. How is this? Can he require our prayers? Yes; it may be so. We do not pray for the repose of the soul of a child which dies in baptismal purity before it comes to the use of reason and power of sinning. We do not pray for the repose of the soul of one who has certainly died a martyr: for martyrdom, like baptism, has the privilege of effacing every stain of sin and all the penalties of sin. But there is no confessor so holy as to be excluded from the Church’s prayers. Though his life may have been passed in good works, though it may have wasted away in suffering, though it may have been glorified by miracles, yet, when it is ended, we commend it to the mercy of God, saying: “Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon him; may he rest in peace.” That the Church is thus wont to offer her suffrages, even for the greatest and holiest of her children, is not, indeed, a proof that they stand in need of them. They may have already entered into the Beatific Vision, and be resting in the embrace of God, while we are praying on earth that they may have light and rest. But, on the other hand, the custom of the Church in thus praying for all, shows us that we must not judge rashly and speak lightly of God’s ways. He for whom we pray may stand in need of our prayers. Though his life, to human scrutiny, may be blameless, it may not be so to the searching eyes of God. Though to our judgment long suffering may have thoroughly cleansed away all dross, yet whether this is so, is known only to God. The captious, sneering, lying world, when the Pope’s infallibility was proclaimed, would persist in confounding it with impeccability or sinlessness. This was not a real but an affected error. Yet now, at least, at the spectacle of the thousands of Masses offered up in every part of the world, and the millions of supplications which are offered for the relief and repose of the soul of Pius IX., it may be hoped that at length the voice of calumny will be stopped, and that it will be acknowledged that though we hold that every Pope, when

exercising his office of teacher of the universal Church, is divinely protected from leading her into error, and assisted in teaching her the truth, yet that even Popes may not be free from sin, either in their official or their private lives, and may stand in need of the help of the humblest of their children.

But see here a wonderful paradox. There are those who loudly proclaim that they are all subject to error and sin—which is most true—yet when they die and go before Him who has said that we shall give an account at the day of judgment, even of an idle word, they seem to have no fear of that account, and their friends have no fear for them. In their churches no prayer is ever offered for mercy on their souls; and in their cemeteries every inscription tells of the presumption of the survivors that, whatever the lives of the deceased here, they passed at once to everlasting joy. To my mind there is not on earth a more painful spectacle than such a cemetery; nor is there any doctrine which tends more effectually to destroy all knowledge of the holiness of God and the responsibility of man. Oh! how different is the teaching and the practice of the Church. She prays even for the holiest of her children, lest some stain should have clung to them, to be purified after death; nor does she cease to pray until God, by clear signs, makes known that the soul is reigning with Him in bliss. Such a practice in the Church brings home to us, as nothing else could, the force of Peter's words: "If the just man shall scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" This made one of the greatest Popes, St. Gregory, exclaim that "even what is praiseworthy in our lives is not without flaw if it be rigorously judged." *Nec hoc quidem sine aliquo reatu nostro est, quod laudabiliter vivimus, si remota pietate judicetur.* "Therefore," he adds, "if the columns of the temple tremble, what will the frail planks do?" *Quid ergo facient tabule si tremunt columnae?* "How shall the slender reeds stand erect when the great cedars are shaken by the storm?" *Quomodo virgulta immobilia stabunt, si pavoris turbine etiam cedri quatiantur?* Let, then, these holy and solemn ceremonies, in which many of us have taken part, leave this lasting impression on our souls—a fear of the justice of God, a deep sense of his holiness. It was this that made the prophet Malachy ask: "Who shall be able to think of the day of his coming? And who shall stand to see Him? For He is like a refining fire, and like the fuller's herb. And He shall sit refining and cleansing the silver, and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and shall refine them as gold and as silver, and they shall offer sacrifices to the Lord in justice."

MAGDALEN WALKS.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

THE little white clouds are racing over the sky,
And the fields are strewn with the gold of the flower of March:
The daffodil breaks under foot, and the feathery larch
Bends to the wind as the thrush goes fluttering by.

A delicate odour is borne on the wings of the morning breeze,
An odour of leaves, and of grass, and of newly-upturned earth:
The birds are singing for joy of the Spring's glad birth,
Hopping from branch to branch of the rocking trees.

And all the woods are alive with the murmur and sound of Spring,
And the rose-bud breaks into pink on the climbing briar,
And the crocus-bed is a quivering moon of fire
Girdled round with the belt of an amethyst ring.

And the plane to the pine-tree is whispering a tale of love,*
Till it quivers with laughter, and rustles its mantle of green;
And the gloom of the elm is broken, and lit with the iris-sheen
Of a breast and of silver feathers, the signs of the passionate dove.

See, the lark starts up from its bed in the meadow there,
Breaking the gossamer threads, and the nets of dew:
And flashing adown the river (a flame of blue!)
The king-fisher flies like an arrow, and wounds the air.

And the sense of my life is sweet! though I know that the end is nigh:
For the ruin and rain of winter will shortly come,
The lily will lose its gold, and the chestnut-bloom
In billows of red and white on the grass will lie.

And even the light of the sun will fade at the last,
And the leaves will fall, and the birds will hasten away,
And I will be left in the snow of a flowerless day
To think on the glories of Spring, and the joys of a youth long past.

Yet be silent, my heart! do not count it a profitless thing
To have seen the splendour of sun, and of grass, and of flower!
To have lived and loved! for I hold that to love for an hour
Is better for man and for woman than cycles of blossoming Spring.

Magdalen College, Oxford.

* Of Aristophanes "ὅταν πλατάνος περὶ ψευδιζή."

ELEANOR'S STORY.

BY KATHARINE ROCHE.

CHAPTER VIII.

LITTLE ROGER.

ONE evening, the three were in the drawingroom, awaiting the arrival of tea. Miss Moore lay as usual on her sofa; Nora, who was holding some wool for her to wind, sat on a low chair beside her, while Dr. Devereux was on the opposite side of the fire-place. The lamp had not yet been brought in, the fire giving sufficient light to enable Miss Moore to pursue her occupation, and Dr. Devereux, from his dark corner, could just see the outline of Nora's slender black figure, the heavy masses of snowy wool supported on her outstretched hands. Thread by thread the fleecy coil disappeared, and as the last round slipped off her fingers, Nora let her hands fall upon her lap with an involuntary sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Nora," said Miss Moore; "I am afraid I have tired you, my dear."

"Nora," repeated Dr. Devereux. "I thought, Miss Kennedy, that your name was Eleanor."

"So it is," she answered; "but poor mamma always called me Nora, and I have asked Miss Moore to do the same. Eleanor does not sound to me like my own name, and I never was called Miss Kennedy until I became a governess."

"It is an odd coincidence," said Dr. Devereux, "that the person of whom you so strongly remind me was also called Nora."

"Who was that, Roger?" asked his aunt.

"My father's second wife. I do not remember her well enough to know if there is an absolute likeness; but Miss Kennedy's face, and even the tones of her voice, recall my stepmother in a manner which the strongest effort of memory has hitherto failed to do."

"You were very much attached to her, were you not?"

"Passionately. I never will forget what I suffered at being taken from her."

"It seems a cruel thing to have done, but I know my mother felt deeply having poor Isabel's child in the charge of a stranger."

"I suppose it was right, my father being dead, that I should be brought up among my own mother's people, but it might have been less harshly done. I remember my stepmother, in her black dress and widow's cap, kneeling beside me, kissing, and crying over me, while Baker, your mother's maid, stood by with her sourest face on."

"And very sour that must have been. Poor Isabel and I had the greatest horror of Baker when we were children."

"She tried at length to separate me from my stepmother, but I resisted, clinging to her so tightly, that in the end it was she herself, who carried me out, and placed me in the postchaise, which was waiting at the door. I gave up struggling after that, and a moment later, Baker and I were in the chaise, driving rapidly away. I have only a confused recollection of the journey, but I remember arriving at Kildangan late at night, and being carried half asleep into the drawing-room, and kissed by my grandmother. I thought her an ugly old woman, and told her so, saying that I wanted to go back to mamma. She said nothing then, but the next day she told me that my own mamma was in heaven, that I had been a heartless, wicked boy to call anyone else by her name, and that I was never again to speak of my stepmother. I was too much in awe of my grandmother to disobey, but many of the tears supposed to be caused by difficult lessons, and the punishment they entailed, were in reality shed from loneliness, and longing to return to the one person in the world whom I really loved."

"Did you never see Mrs. Devereux again?"

"Never. I took a great deal of trouble in learning to write, in order to send her a letter, and at length I managed, with great difficulty, to cover a page, torn from my copy-book, with hieroglyphics, which meant more to me than anything I ever cared to put into a letter since. My name was signed at the end in tolerably legible characters, and I daresay if my letter had reached the person for whom it was intended, she would have guessed some, at least, of its meaning. I begged an envelope from one of the servants, directed it to Mrs. Devereux, with a word intended for the name of the village where she lived, and put it into the post-bag, with a child's implicit reliance on the post-office authorities. Next morning I was summoned to my grandmother's room, before she was up, and I found her with my poor little letter open in her hand, Baker standing by. I believe no girl, detected in a clandestine correspondence with a lover, ever received such a severe reprimand as I did, for having dared to write a letter without leave, and a promise never to do so again was demanded of me. This promise I absolutely refused to give. I have often since wondered at my own courage, as I was naturally a timid child, but I was desperate by this time, and would, I think, have endured a great deal rather than submit. I fully expected punishment, and was rather surprised when my grandmother merely said, 'Very well, Roger, until you have made this promise, you and I will not be friends.' The threat did not make much impression on me, as the friendship between my grandmother and myself, had never been of the warmest description. Some days later, as I was leaving the breakfast-table, my grandmother,

who was reading her letters, called me back : ' You refused the other day,' she said, ' to give me the promise I asked of you ; this promise is no longer necessary, as it is now out of your power to disobey me ; your stepmother is dead.' "

" That was a very sudden way of telling you bad news."

" It was indeed. I think my grandmother regretted having been so abrupt when she saw the effect her communication had upon me ; she took me on her lap, kissed me, and said that she loved me better than my stepmother had done, and ever after her manner to me was kinder. I was very unhappy for some time, but then you came home from school, and my life brightened. What a beautiful girl you were in those days, Aunt Anne."

" I am afraid you were the only person who thought so ; I know my mother was always lamenting my red hair, and making comparisons between me and poor Isabel."

" My poor mother was very pretty, was she not ?"

" Very pretty ; a golden-haired, childish little thing. She was the favourite of my mother, who never was the same after her death. I do not wonder that your grandmother was irritated at your love for your father's second wife, in whom, of course, she saw only Isabel's rival."

" Can you tell me anything about my father ?"

" I scarcely remember him, although I know I was very proud of my grave, grand brother-in-law. Have you no recollection of him yourself ?"

" Strange to say, I have not, although his death must have taken place but a short time before I was separated from my stepmother. I remember distinctly though, a picture of him, in a blue velvet case, which she used sometimes to show me. I often wondered since what became of that miniature ; I suppose it fell into the hands of some person who did not value it. I know I would give much to possess it."

All this time Nora had been blessing the darkness, which enabled her to listen to this conversation, without betraying the interest she felt in it. Here was the explanation of Roger Devereux's seeming heartlessness ; and although to Nora, with her fuller knowledge of the subject, it seemed strange that he should have so implicitly believed his grandmother's statement, she was yet convinced that he did believe it, and that no blame was to be laid to his charge. While the conversation between him and his aunt drifted away to other subjects, Nora sat silent, going over in her own mind all that she had just heard, and examining it by the light of her previous knowledge. And a vivid picture rose before her, of what might have been had her mother and Roger met again. She was busy with the details of their recognition, and Roger's delighted surprise at finding his stepmother.

still living, when she was roused by the entrance of the tea-tray. The necessity of attending to the business of tea-making obliged her for the time to shake off her reverie, but it was resumed later, as she sat before the fire in her own room. Dr. Devereux's allusion to his father's portrait, and the wish he had expressed to possess it, troubled her much. What would he say, she wondered, did he know that the coveted picture was at the present moment lying in her desk? She almost felt as if she had no right to keep it, and she made and rejected many plans for sending it to him in such a manner as to prevent his guessing whence it came. At length she made up her mind that she would ultimately take his aunt into her confidence. Miss Moore sometimes spoke in a way which showed that she did not expect Nora's residence in her house to be a very long one; and as she had, in the early days of their acquaintance, spoken of a plan for sending her to a convent in France or Germany, where she could learn the language, and receive first-rate music lessons, in return for her services as teacher of English, Nora thought it probable that this plan would be carried into effect. If such were the case, and if she were parting with her friends for an indefinite time, Nora thought that she could without much difficulty tell Miss Moore the truth, and ask her to give the miniature to Dr. Devereux, with an explanation of the manner in which it had come into Nora's possession. This resolution taken, she tried to dismiss the subject from her mind, and allowed the miniature to remain where it had been since her mother's death, hidden away among her few treasures.

CHAPTER IX.

ROGER AND ELEANOR.

Time slipped by, Christmas had come and gone, and the days were beginning to lengthen, although the winter being an unusually severe one, there were as yet few other signs of the approach of spring. In the first week of March, Miss Moore became seriously ill, and was for some days in considerable danger. During this time, Dr. Devereux remained in Kingstown, going to town merely for a few hours each day to see such of his patients as could not be entrusted to the friend who had undertaken his work for the time being. The anxiety which he and Nora shared in common broke down much of the latter's reserve, and by the time the danger had passed, and Miss Moore was beginning slowly but surely to mend, the two had become like friends of long standing. Their patient still required constant care, and Nora being the person whose services she seemed to prefer, was for a long time unable to leave the sick room, except for a few hours' sleep. This

soon began to tell upon her own health and spirits, but she resisted all entreaties on the part of Dr. Devereux or old Margaret, that she would take a walk, until Miss Moore herself noticed her altered looks. Usually the most unselfish of human beings, she was overwhelmed with self-reproach at her own carelessness, and insisted that Nora should then and there set off for a walk. Seeing that compliance was the only means of setting her friend at ease, Nora consented, and was soon on her way down the East Pier, now as deserted as it had in summer been thronged. The day was not exactly a pleasant one for walking, being wild and cold, but to Nora, so long a prisoner, the high wind gave a sense of life and exhilaration. She walked briskly on, until she reached the end of the pier; then, feeling tired after the unaccustomed exertion, she determined to rest a little before returning. Accordingly, she left the beaten promenade, and clambering down the steep side of the breakwater, seated herself under the shelter of one of the huge granite blocks of which it is composed. Here she remained, listening to the splash of the waves, and watching the shapes assumed by the heavy clouds, through which the sun seemed slowly sinking into the distant city. She was at length roused by a dash of spray over her dress. Raising herself from her reclining posture, she perceived that the rising tide had nearly reached her feet; and turning, she saw on the horizon the long thread of smoke, announcing the arrival of the Holyhead packet. Startled at finding it so late, she was thinking, with half-amused dismay, of the long length of pier stretching between her and home, when she heard her name called, and peeping over the mass of rock, behind which she had been sitting, saw Dr. Devereux coming towards her. A moment more brought him to her side.

"How well you have hidden yourself," he said; "I was a long time looking for you."

"How did you know that I was here?" asked Nora.

"I saw you through my glass walking along the pier. If you move a little, so as to sit upon this stone, you will be out of reach of the spray."

"I ought to go home now," said Nora, "it is much later than I thought."

"Even if we are a little late for dinner we need not mind. As there is no one to dine but ourselves, it cannot possibly begin without us. See, I have brought your shawl; let me put it on," wrapping the soft woollen folds carefully round her as he spoke. "Now, you will not catch cold."

"It was very good of you to come all this long way to bring me my shawl," said Nora, as she seated herself on the stone he had pointed out.

"I am afraid the shawl was an after-thought; I saw it on the drawing-room sofa as I passed, and thought you might like to have

it. No, I came all this long way, as you call it, because I wanted to speak to you, and I could find no opportunity of doing so in the house."

He sat down on the rocks at her feet, and became apparently absorbed in watching the movements of a brown-sailed fishing-boat as she tacked to and fro. This lasted so long that Nora felt certain that whatever he had to say must be of an unpleasant nature. At length he broke the silence abruptly.

"Nora, I think when first you came to my aunt's you disliked me very much."

"Yes," said Nora, frankly, "I had, as I then thought, good reason for disliking you; I found since that I was mistaken, and I am very sorry for my unreasonable prejudice."

"Then you do not dislike me now?"

"No! oh, no."

"That is something," he said, half to himself. "Do you think it possible, Nora, that you could ever come to like me?"

"I do like you very much," answered Nora, who did not in the least understand the drift of his words.

He became silent again, watching her serious, childlike face, on which no consciousness had as yet dawned of the deep and passionate feeling centred in herself. His next words startled her a little.

"Nora, do you remember my telling you about my stepmother?" she made a sign of assent; "well, as I then said, your face, and the very tones of your voice, bring her so vividly before me, that it seems as if my love for you to-day were but the old childish affection for her, grown and developed with my own growth, until it has become a man's love instead of a child's. It lay dormant for many years, to wake again to life the day I saw you lying motionless, and apparently dying, in the hospital ward. I know that I am many years older than you, and I am not foolish enough to hope for a return of my own feeling; but if I thought that in time to come you could give me back one-tenth part of the love I have for you to-day it would make me very happy. Is there any hope for me, Nora? Do you think you could ever care for me enough to be my wife?"

Nora had listened as if in a dream. In spite of her interest in Dr. Devereux, and her knowledge of the strange tie existing between them, the thought of him as a possible lover for herself had never entered her head. Her ideas of love were drawn more from poetry than from modern novels, and her very respect and admiration for Dr. Devereux had prevented her thinking of him as the wooer who was to beg for her love as the greatest boon earth could give him. She turned towards him at length; her eyes met his upturned face, more like his father's picture than she had ever yet seen it, and the negative she had been trying to utter died upon her lips. Had not

her childish ideal of happiness been, to be the daughter of the first Roger Devereux? Would not the wife of the second have, if possible, a still happier fate? And besides, did not his love seem almost like an inheritance from her dead mother? Roger saw her hesitation, and took advantage of it.

"Tell me," said he, taking both her hands, "is there anyone else?"

"No! oh, no."

"Was there ever anyone else?"

"Never."

"Then let me be the last, as I am the first. Will you?"

"If you wish it," whispered Nora.

At this moment, a larger wave and stronger gust of wind than usual sent up a cloud of spray, which, obliging them to retreat hastily to a higher point on the breakwater, put a stop for the moment to the conversation. When Dr. Devereux spoke again, it was in his usual manner.

"I am afraid you are wet through," he said; "we had better make haste home—the quick walk will prevent your catching cold."

He helped her carefully over the stones, and when they had reached level ground, he did not relinquish her hand but drew it within his arm. In a few minutes, however, some sudden recollection made her snatch it away.

"Dr. Devereux, I forgot; I am afraid your aunt will be very much surprised and displeased."

"I do not think she will. Aunt Anne has lost a good deal of her old clear-sightedness if she has not long ago discovered the state of affairs—as far, at least, as I am concerned."

"And you do not think she will be vexed?"

"I am certain she will not. Even if she liked you personally a great deal less than I know she does, she would not be so unreasonable as to expect me to be guided by her wishes in this respect."

"But I ought to be guided by them—it would be a most ungrateful return for all her kindness were I to —"

"Finish your sentence. To marry me in opposition to her wishes? My dear child, you need not make yourself uneasy on that score. We will tell her all to-morrow, and I know very well what her answer will be. She and I have much in common, and she will understand—better, I am afraid, than you do—how entirely my happiness depends on my success in winning the wife on whom I have set my heart. If she pleads my cause, Nora, may I not consider it as gained?"

When, an hour later, Nora came down to the drawing-room ready for dinner, she carried in her hand the blue velvet case containing the miniature. Dr. Devereux, who was sitting by the fire, a book which

he was not reading in his hand, rose as she entered and drew forward a chair for her.

"Here is something for you," she said; "I intended this long time to give it to you."

He opened the case and looked at the miniature, glancing from it to his own reflection in the mirror with a puzzled expression.

"What is this?" he said; have you been practising the art of portrait-painting in secret?"

"If I had," said Nora, laughing, "I would scarcely have chosen you as my model. No, that is the portrait of your father, which your stepmother used to show you when you were a little child. Do you not remember speaking of it here not very long ago?"

"But how did it come into your possession?" Then, as the light broke on him: "Nora, you are like my stepmother—can it be possible that you are related to her in any way?"

"I am her daughter."

"Her daughter! But that cannot be; she died long before you were born."

"She did not," answered Nora. "Your grandmother was mistaken when she told you that such was the case. She married my father two or three years after you were taken from her; and she did not die until last year."

"So you are her daughter. No wonder that I loved you. But why did you not tell me of this before?"

"I did not like to appear as if I wanted to establish a claim on you. Besides, I never knew until lately that you believed my mother dead, and I thought it very unkind that you made no attempt to find her after you grew up."

"If the possibility of her being alive had once entered my mind, I would have moved heaven and earth to find her, but it never occurred to me, that my grandmother had deliberately deceived me. How could she have been so base?"

"Perhaps she believed it herself," said Nora, somewhat doubtfully.

"No," he answered; "I can remember many little things which passed unnoticed at the time, but which all point to the one conclusion. Well, we must not think too hardly of her; I suppose she did it for the best. And did your mother believe that I had forgotten her?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"She seldom spoke either of you or of your father. I learned most of the little that I do know of her first marriage from an old servant after her death. But I have something else which you will like to see—your father's books, with his name and marginal notes in his own handwriting."

"Are those the books the study of which you one day said had formed the chief part of your education?"

"Yes; I fell in love with your father's picture when I was ten years old, and afterwards, when I came across his books, I read and re-read them for his sake."

"Really, Nora, it seems that you are the possessor of all I most coveted. I am glad I did not know it sooner, as you might have doubted the disinterestedness of my affection."

"Shall I write to Mrs. Brennan and tell her to send me the books?"

"No, you and I will go together to Knockartela before very long, and you shall show me the books, and many things besides. I want to see the place—for your mother's sake as well as for your own."

One evening, towards the end of the following summer, the little parlour at Knockartela was as gay as flowers and sunshine could make it in honour of the bride and bridegroom, who had come there in the course of their wedding trip. In the deep window-seat was Roger, surrounded by his father's books, which he was eagerly examining, while Nora stood at the table, busy with the cups and saucers. Mrs. Brennan, who had just brought in the tea-tray, stood a moment, looking at them with beaming eyes.

"Well, Miss Nora, and Master Roger," she said, "time once gone can never come back, or I'd fancy this was five-and-twenty years ago, and that you were your father and mother just come home from their wedding trip. You're just such another couple as they were. I hope you will have a longer life together than they had; I can hardly wish you a better or a happier one."

THE END.

THE SEED OF LIFE.

A SONNET FOR ASH-WEDNESDAY.

BY ETHEL TANE.

BOW down, O flesh of mine! for dust thou art,
 And into dust shalt soon return again:
 Then, till these blessed Forty Days depart,
 Stretched, victim-like, beneath the soul's disdain,
 Right cheerfully thy peevish whims restrain,
 Endure the fast, the penitential smart:
 O comrade frail! I bid thee not complain,
 But keep a hidden gladness in thy heart.
 And why? Because this heart, at Paschal-tide,
 Shall be of Life Itself the living nest;—
 Within this breast, by penance purified,
 The Pledge of Immortality will rest.
 A fleeting doom those ashes typified—
 "Who eats, shall live,"—so runs the Promise blest.

GREAT IRISH SURGEONS.

BY R. D. MAPOTHEE, M.D.

IV.—THE FOUNDERS OF ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.

THE Order of the Irish Sisters of Charity was founded in 1818 by Mrs. Aikenhead; and during every one of the sixty years which have since elapsed, the objects of their beneficent and devoted labours have increased in number and extent. The Sisters, having from their first foundation, visited constantly the existing hospitals of Dublin, and finding the number of beds insufficient, being one for every two hundred and fifty of the population, while it was in Paris one for one hundred and eighty-two, they determined to establish another infirmary, and several ladies were sent to reside in "La Pitié" and "Les Enfants Malades," and there acquire the best modes of caring the sick.

The institution, appropriately named after the illustrious St. Vincent de Paul, who had founded "La Pitié" and three other Parisian hospitals, was opened January 23rd, 1834. Space permits me to notice but one early fruit of the Sisters' pious labours. In a few years they reported that in the "homes of those who had been their inmates they had seen with pleasure the simple luxuries of cleanliness and wholesome fare supersede the long-prevailing habits of slovenliness and intemperance. They have spared no pains to render the hospital subservient to the broad principle of Christian charity which knows in its objects no distinction of creed or country, and measures the claims of the afflicted only by the degrees of their suffering or danger." They desired to admit infectious cases but had to defer to the fears of the inmates of the fashionable district in which they had located themselves.

A few years before this, in 1831, Dr. O'Ferrall had been called to attend Mrs. Aikenhead, whose life was jeopardised by spinal disease, and it was felt that she owed its prolongation for twenty-seven years to his skill. He aided largely in the establishment of St. Vincent's, and was at first the sole medical officer. In a few months, Dr. Bellingham was added to the staff on the recommendation of Archbishop Murray. The career of these good and eminent surgeons seems worthy of record, because, while the characters and opportunities of no two men could have been more unlike, they possessed in common qualities to the highest degree—industry and love of their calling for its own sake.

Joseph Michael O'Ferrall was born, in 1790, in Exchequer-street. His father was of humble rank, having been connected with the em-

ployment from which surgery was just divorced; his mother a lady of refinement and great beauty. Having become a Catholic, she had been cast forth, penniless and friendless, from the house of her Protestant relatives, in Harcourt-street; but shortly afterwards she was married in St. Teresa's Church, Clarendon-street—the good Carmelites having found for her an honest, though lowly protector. Of these clergymen O'Ferrall was throughout life the especial *protégé*, and one of them, the late Bishop Whelan, was his school-fellow, life-long friend, and finally his executor. It is believed that they were educated by Samuel Whyte of Grafton-street, who had had such famous pupils as Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Thomas Moore. Mrs. O'Ferrall in a few years became a widow, but she strove to educate highly her two sons and her daughter. The eldest son was an excellent English and French scholar, and, until his sight failed, was a constant student of every medical publication in the latter language. The younger son, Simon Ansley Ferrall, was called to the English Bar in 1835, and published an important work—"Parliamentary Law relating to the House of Commons." London, 1837, pp. 446.

Dr. O'Ferrall did not study medicine until he was twenty-five, having for some previous years supported himself, procured education for his brother and sister, and saved the money needed for entering the profession, by working as a clerk in the Blackpits Distillery. The apprentice-fee—at least 150 guineas—he paid to James Rivers in 1815; but he was shortly transferred to Carmichael, at the Richmond Hospital. He wisely avoided the cheaper mode of beginning by being an apothecary's drudge. This position was in Ireland as lowly as in England, where Crabbe, the future poet, shared the stableboy's bed during his medical apprenticeship. His most bitter verses paint the parish doctor. O'Ferrall's name first appears in the Lecture Roll of the College of Surgeons with such great teachers as R. Dease, Colles, and Cheyne, and with many remarkable fellow-pupils—Jones Quain, for example. He was a favourite pupil of C. H. Todd, who at that time worked in a small dissecting-room near the Hardwicke Hospital, and also in the College School. In 1819, Dease having perished by a dissecting wound, Todd was elected Professor of Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery, but died young, leaving sons, who became famous in medicine, archæology, and the Church; namely, Dr. Todd of King's College, London; Professor Todd of Trinity College, Dublin; and the Rev. W. G. Todd, recently deceased, formerly a Protestant clergyman, the Founder of the Catholic orphanage at Blackheath, London. The late Professor R. W. Smith told me O'Ferrall resided in the Richmond Hospital for five years—a fact which attests both his zeal and the respect his teachers had for him. This feeling was shared by his fellow-students; one of them, the venerable Dr. Benson, describes him as one of the most observant, self-reliant, and gentlemanly members of the

class. Passing the College of Surgeons, in 1821, he was within two years elected by ballot as a member, his name being registered as "Farrell." All great men have their weaknesses; his was the desire to improve upon his patronymic. The Dublin Directory, 1826, describing the *Maison de Santé*, North Circular-road, sets down as surgeon "Mr. Ferrall," but further on announces that "Mr. Farrell" will treat scrofulous cases on Tuesdays and Fridays. Later Directories spell his name as "Ferrill." Finally Ferrall produced a specimen at the Pathological Society on January 15, 1842, and that day week appeared again as O'Ferrall. The pronunciation of the name which gratified him most was that expressive of universal superiority, "Overall." These changes of name make it difficult to hunt out his writings in various periodicals. In this *Maison de Santé*, with Sir A. Clarke as physician, and Carmichael as consulting surgeon, he worked well, and collected materials for his first and very able essays. As early as 1832 he entered the Royal Irish Academy; and so long did he hold his wish for honorary titles that in 1860—when over seventy—he was examined for the Licence of the College of Physicians. We are told of a still older candidate in the London College, Dr. Pearson, who, in his eightieth year, studied for admission, and died while reading *Aretæus*—that Greek classic being included in the course.

For the first ten years of his service at St. Vincent's, O'Ferrall worked with amazing industry, examining the symptoms of every patient, and studying closely the morbid results in every fatal case, in the convenient pathological theatre which he designed. He was an ardent bedside teacher, arranging the pupils in pairs, a junior and a senior, who mutually aided each other in case-taking, and in suggesting the diagnosis in each instance. On the foundation of the Pathological Society in 1838, he was placed on the Council, soon became Vice-President, and was the most frequent contributor to it. His communications there, like his essays, were learned, clear, and logical, erring, perhaps, in over-minuteness and egotism. Like Buffon, who rewrote his "*Les Epoques*" eleven times, transcription and revision were pleasures to him.

His special *forte* was the precise discovery of the ailment, which in later years he usually established by the sense of touch, and many a limb was saved by his having found deep-seated matter or swellings easily removed. In 1860, Dr. Stokes termed him a "master of diagnosis;" and, indeed, he might be said to fulfil the Johnsonian definition of a genius, "a mind of large powers, accidentally determined in some particular direction."

He particularly excelled in the identification of tumours, the most difficult subject which medicine or surgery offers. One most famous instance redounds to his skill, but, it must be confessed, not to his charity in regard to the feelings of others. In October,

1844, Bellingham admitted a patient for the performance of an operation which every leading surgeon in Dublin had declared to be necessary. O'Ferrall was in England, but on his return examined the case alone. He did not attend the consultation which was held just before the operation was to begin, but sent a short message to his colleague, declaring that the case was one of cancer of vital organs, and that any interference was out of the question. Partly because of the weight which should attach to any dictum of O'Ferrall and because the poor patient had become suddenly weak, the operation was put off. In a few days death occurred. With that candour which prompts truthful men to confess mistakes—and mistakes have advanced our difficult science nearly as much as successes—Bellingham brought the specimens to the Surgical Society, and called on O'Ferrall to make known, for the first time, the reasons on which he had grounded his opinions. In a lengthy speech of great ability, he advanced several negative reasons, and said he depended mainly on the bloodless aspect of the sufferer and on minute examinations and measurements of the tumour. When urged to explain his absence from the final consultation for the declaration of his views, he only replied "he did not think it prudent to make his opinions on the subject generally known before." He ran the risk of gaining a triumph with the penalties of another's surgical mischance and a patient's hastened death.

I became acquainted with O'Ferrall, in 1859, through having been one night called to see a patient of his who lived in the house next to mine. At this period, he had almost wholly lost his sight, which he often attributed to over-use of his eyes in reading. By concentrating his visual organs for a few seconds on the object, he had some sight, and by means of a slit in a card, could read printed matter line after line very slowly. He would find his way to the sick room by the aid of what may be termed a tactile cane; and, with the assistance of any one who would truly recount the phenomena of the case, would make a diagnosis, and promptly advise treatment, which were never fallacious. Without such aid his mistakes were often ludicrous. His memory was well and fully stored, and his judgment never erred. For example, take a prognosis of his in regard to the plugging of important vessels by clots carried from elsewhere, when that was a very new subject. It is noteworthy that this common and fatal result was foreshadowed in 1680 by John Locke, M. D., the metaphysician, who, in a letter to Sir Hans Sloane, says: "Polypuses in the blood-vessels are found so frequently, that, I think, they would deserve to be treated of as a particular disease if there were collections enough of their history and symptoms to build any theory on, and lay a foundation for their cure." I consulted O'Ferrall in the case of a country gentleman in whom a varicose vein in the leg had suddenly become hard and tender. He warned the friends that instantaneous death was likely within a few

months from blocking of the circulation through the lungs. About eleven weeks afterwards, while standing at a fair, the patient dropped dead with symptoms which fully corroborated his opinion. His doings in the dark really exceed those of the famous blind Professor Saunderson. I have often seen him perform important operations, using a very thick-backed knife for the skin and his fingers only for the deeper tissues. It will be readily believed that his prescriptions showed a very peculiar caligraphy, and for the last few years of his practice he took (or, it must be confessed, pretended to take) notes for any compounder to whom he afterwards gave directions. Light and shade were much the same to him, so he kept his study dark, and his clients were kept ignorant of his blindness. About this time he was consulted by many persons in the highest ranks of society, and my most painful memory is of the time these interviews occupied, for, although coming on pressing business as his colleague, I had to spend many a tedious half-hour in the waiting-room at Merrion-square, North. His receipts from practice were not half what he could have made them by the help of an assistant who, besides safety, would have secured more economy of time. His success very much depended on the patient hearing he gave every client, who left with the conviction that his case was thoroughly understood. Even when a physician, with the rapidity of observation which habit gives, has grasped all the features of the malady, the sufferer will often expect him to expend further time.

In the examination by touch of hospital patients, he was indeed "slow but sure," but by no means outspoken of his opinions. If a leading question were put, he would sometimes glance furtively as if the interrogator had meant to steal his brains, and walk away without a word. During one of those tedious, mysterious, and silent manual examinations one of the students of the class, strongly imbued with the spirit of Wallace, involuntarily sung out: "Oh, whisper what thou feelest," &c. Vesalius used to say that an anatomist when even blind-folded should be able to recognise every point on the most complex bone. O'Ferrall did more, for in the living patient his fingers made him familiar with any structure they could reach. He frequently and forcibly dwelt on the indivisibility of medicine and surgery, remarking that he who has most carefully observed the alterations wrought by diseases of visible parts, will most easily comprehend analogous changes in internal organs. He, even before his failing sight fitted him more for physic than surgery, always assumed the mixed title of medical adviser to St. Vincent's, prefixing the word "chief" or "first," unnecessarily, for there were only two—Bellingham always used the name of "surgeon."

His private character was of the highest type; as a son and a brother he was unexcelled; but it was his lot to have lacked the softening and ennobling influences of the dearer relationships. The

ambition which animated his earlier career was to reinstate his mother in the social position she had previously occupied. When old age came he would

"With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile and smoothe the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky."*

She died, in 1840, in his house in Rutland-square; his sorrow was most profound, and only alleviated by those true remedies—religion and unceasing study. In earlier and poorer days he was most generous, and his subsequent parsimony grew out of his being teased for advice or charity by those who he thought had wasted their time and money on other consultants. Of all doctors (*would there were some other more exclusive yet unifying name, like medicists for example*) Radcliffe was the most avaricious in taking, the most princely in giving—O'Ferrall erred in the opposite ways. They were equally unlucky with regard to matrimonial proposals.

According to the accurate memory and good taste of a lady who knew him well, it appears that when aged about thirty he was strikingly handsome, with bright, intellectual eyes and clear complexion—such a person as the portrait in the hospital hall represents. In later years his appearance with big wig and high-collared coat was more that of a doctor of the last century. He saw no examples for other fashions; for his wish to hide his defective vision prevented his walking about. As to pleasures and occupations outside his profession, O'Ferrall's resources were few. At home he was fond of the society of literary, artistic, or musical friends, and his annual and sole recreation consisted in a few weeks' stay in London, where he was a welcome guest with Brodie and other philosophical surgeons, or in a circuit of a few Continental watering-places. Of the most extended of these tours, Dr. Aldridge, with whom he travelled, wrote a pleasant sketch in 1857. Afterwards he preferred our native spas at Lisdoonvarna, and gained much relief for the dyspepsia with irritability of temper which his enforced sedentary habits had engendered. In 1867, his fatal ailment began with partial palsy of the right leg, and by August, 1868, it had developed into almost complete loss of power with horrid pains. At that time he begged me to proceed to London to consult with physicians famous in such cases, who only confirmed the opinion that the case was a rapid and hopeless disease of the spinal cord. On December 23, 1868, while the late Surgeon Hamilton and I sat by his bedside, it might be said he died by lines rather than by inches—one by one the muscles of the chest palsied, and breathing most gradually ceased. Two hours before death, his mind being most active, I witnessed a

* Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

document which disposed of the considerable fortune he had acquired. Two years subsequently the greater part was willed by Miss O'Ferrall, fulfilling his often-expressed desire to benefit the great institution to which he had devoted his whole life. In accordance with his wish, the remains were removed on the 28th to St. Teresa's Church, Clarendon-street, and the following morning therein interred, a great number of our leading citizens being present.

This reference to one munificent donor reminds me that the generosity of another—my friend, the late M. B. Mullins (who had been an apprentice of Sir W. Lawrence)—is henceforward to bear fruit—a splendid building, available for the recovering patients of other hospitals, having been added to St. Vincent's Convalescent Home, Black-rock.

This is not the place to tell of the striking or original observations in surgery or medicine which O'Ferrall made, but those who are or were St. Vincent's men may well remember them, and feel proud of Alma Mater. Their number is about 109. His first essay appeared in the *Edinburgh Journal*, July, 1831, there being then no Irish medical periodical. That this was not for want of able writers or good materials is proved by that very monthly number, for it contains remarkable articles by Corrigan, Stokes, Maurice Collis, and Browne, of Dublin. He afterwards contributed almost exclusively to the *Dublin Medical Journal*, and the *Dublin Hospital Gazette*. He was very fertile of practical expedients, which were often so simple, that people wondered they had not been thought of before. For instance, he would raise limbs or tumours, condemned to removal, for hours before, to drain out blood and save its flow while the operation was being done. Again, a large swelling in the forearm was believed by many surgeons to require amputation, on the ground that it moved when the wrist was bent to and fro, and was, therefore, imbedded in the muscles. By causing the patient to grasp a ball, O'Ferrall showed that the muscles were free, and that the movements of the tumour were due to the alternate stretching and relaxing of the strong sheath over them. Upon the division of this structure the tumour was easily turned out. He was in some ways rather timid, and abandoned the operation he had invented for curing varicose veins through dread of erysipelas, the same bugbear which made Sir A. Cooper postpone the removal of a wen from the head of George IV., for years. His name will ever remain connected with a beautiful, smooth socket round the eye, which he discovered in 1841. It was, no doubt, alluded to by previous writers, but O'Ferrall first explained its many uses and its relations to the surgery of the part.

O'Bryen Bellingham was the son of the late Sir Alan Bellingham; and brother of the present baronet. The name is derived from a place

in Northumberland, and the family can be traced back in a direct line to the time of the Conqueror. By the marriage of the present heir, since his conversion to the Catholic Faith, to the daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, their blood is intermingled with one of the noblest English houses. Dr. Bellingham was born, December 12, 1805. At Feinaigle's famous school (now the Aldborough Barracks) he was educated, and so proud was that celebrated teacher of his pupil that he had a marble bust of him sculptured while he was in his fifteenth year. Having been apprenticed to James Duggan, he attended Jervis-street Hospital and the College of Surgeons School. In 1822, his name first appears among the 207 pupils on that year's roll, and he obtained his diploma in 1828. He then studied in Edinburgh under such illustrious teachers as Alison, Hope, Monro, and Christison, who still survives, and graduated in 1830. Elected a member of our College, in 1833, none was ever more devoted to her interests. He had been for some years one of the pharmacy examiners when the Professorship of Botany was established. Although he had such worthy competitors as Neligan and Mitchell, he was chosen unanimously for the new chair, still retaining the examinership. In 1850, he resigned the professorship, and was elected a surgical examiner, and, on the death of Rumley, became the chairman of the court. For many years he also acted most earnestly as the Honorary Librarian of the College and Secretary of the Surgical Society.

In St. Vincent's, from 1835, he laboured most assiduously till the year of his death, and although he resided at a great distance (63 Eccles-street), nine o'clock always found him at his post. In 1850, he moved to 19 Kildare-street, so as to be within easy distance of the two institutions which divided his affections beyond home. He enjoyed far too few vacations, and his constant application no doubt contributed towards his lamentably early death. The columns of the *Medical Press* attest his industry as a clinical lecturer and writer, often original, and always displaying the learned and judicious practitioner, ready to test any innovation fairly promising. Most of the reviews in that journal came from his busy pen, but of medico-political articles he never contributed a line, if a masterly refutation of homœopathic doctrines (1839) be excepted. He foresaw the withering of this sickly, parasitic plant, which even the recent praises of Lord Cairns could not give sap to. As a speaker he was clear and argumentative, never egotistical, and always brief; for some years before his death he suffered from a scanty supply of saliva and dryness of the mouth, and every three or four minutes would pause for a short interval. He had a low voice of almost womanly sweetness.

Of Bellingham's character it is difficult to pronounce a fitting eulogy. He was towards all men courteous and generous, and if he entered into any controversy it was to elicit truth, never to gain a

personal triumph. One who knew him best, now the Nestor of our profession, said to me lately: "If any man disagreed with Bellingham, rely on it that man must have been in the wrong." The professional differences between him and O'Ferrall were not, however, unfruitful of good, for they spurred both to exertion. Edmund Burke tells us, "He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill, our antagonist is thus our helper." His appearance was eminently intellectual and aristocratic, as may be judged from Kirk's bust, by which the College of Surgeons honours his memory. It has been lately well photographed by Chancellor. Just as his health failed, a high-class private practice was attracted to him, his ability and industry telling surely but slowly because he was so unselfish and retiring.

In 1855 he underwent, by the loving hands of Cusack, Crampton, and Fleming, a serious operation which prolonged life and lessened pain for a while. In April, 1857, I saw him for the last time at the Surgical Society exhibiting a diseased specimen which he had just obtained at St. Vincent's. His wasted appearance showing that recovery was not to be hoped for, excited the most profound sorrow. He soon after retired to his brother's castle, and peacefully passed away on October 11, 1857. Up to the very day of his death he occupied himself in revising the last pages of his great work on "Diseases of the Heart," which was issued a few days after the author was laid in the family tomb at Castlebellingham. In reviewing this book, a writer who knew the author most intimately, remarked: "In him were combined the most gentle disposition, the most perfect freedom from envy or guile, with the utmost integrity of conduct, and most accomplished manners. Few men have undergone greater annoyances, the offspring of professional jealousy in his inferiors, and few, few indeed, would have borne them with such a Christian spirit. It was in his painful and fatal illness that the noble mind of Dr. Bellingham shone forth with such lustre—he met excruciating pain with resignation, death without fear." As evidence of the fond esteem in which his patients held him, there might be quoted, if space allowed, a feeling, memorial poem, written by one of the Loretto sisterhood.

From boyhood Bellingham was a naturalist, and has left behind him the records of works which in itself would make a solid reputation. In 1838, he was one of the founders of the Dublin Natural History Society. His papers in the 13th and 14th volumes of the "Annals of Natural History," the *Medical Press*, and the address at the scientific meeting of the College of Surgeons, April 3, 1839, treat in a most able and exhaustive manner of the generation, classification, and practical relations of entozoa, or the parasites which trespass in the bodies of man and lower animals. Such meetings, open to an

appreciative lay audience, might be well revived. These essays form to this day the standard reference, identifying and describing in a very full and original manner, thousands of these creatures, to obtain which he dissected 270 mammals, 363 birds, and 380 fishes, the Zoological Gardens, and Glendon, the well-known birdstuffer, having given the supply. Most of these specimens he presented to the College of Surgeons Museum, well prepared, and ready for the shelves; but the ink of the labels having faded, the identification of them now is very difficult.

His medical writings and surgical doings are, of course, only fitted for review in medical periodicals, but I may be allowed to present, in a popular form, one subject to which Bellingham devoted his life, namely, Aneurism. The term means a dilatation on an artery, which, unless checked, increases till it bursts, death resulting from loss of blood. His book is entitled, "Observations on Aneurism and its Treatment by Compression"—a shabby, paper-bound duodecimo, published in January, 1847. It abounds, however, in learning, logical argument, and originality, and, as it is scarce, republication is very desirable. He shows, that in the time of Dionis, every man was bled, and most men's arteries suffered, till, at last, a French edict ordained that a surgeon should pension every one whom he thus disabled. According to our Brehon Laws a somewhat similar provision was made in ancient Ireland. Amongst the famous works he analyses are "Scarpa on Aneurism," and "Hodgson on Arteries," of which, just now, when prize essays are often decried, it may be well to note that surgery gained these books by this kind of competition. He allows, that in 1810, three Parisian surgeons had cured the disease by pressure on the artery. The argument of the book is that an aneurism cures by solid layers deposited from the blood as it flows through the sac—a theory he first broached in the Surgical Society in 1843, and his principle of treatment is to press so as to weaken only the current through the artery. He, however, foresaw, that the sudden clotting of all the blood in the vessel would rapidly cure the disease, but, at that time, the pain of such pressure could not be borne. Now that chloroform puts suffering out of consideration, complete stoppage of the current is the favourite step. In the first case in Ireland in which pressure cured an aneurism—that by M'Coy in 1824—complete stoppage was borne because the patient was drunk, and alcohol is an anæsthetic, or banisher of pain. He also stated that pressure should be also made on the vessels leading from the dilatation, and this is now often done, and the cure is thereby greatly aided.

Bellingham claimed to have been the first to use two points of pressure with the manifest advantages of lesser pain and danger of injury to the skin, and of allowing no interval of current which should flow while one instrument was being readjusted. Sir W. Wilde, how-

ever, in a history of the subject, asserted that a patient of Professor Harrison's had previously used two instruments. He was a carpenter, and with handiness, which has in many other instances suggested or improved on surgical tools, he modified the clamp of his craft. The conflict of testimony is so direct that it is impossible to adjudge the priority; but Bellingham lost temper in the debate, an event which probably had not a fellow in his whole career.

On a Sunday, an instrument pressing an artery got broken, and as on that day repair was impossible, Bellingham thought of a weight as a substitute, and thus this valuable aid in the treatment was invented.

Whether it arises from the provincial surgeons treating their own cases, or the changes in our modes of locomotion lessening the causes of the malady, aneurisms of the lower limb are much more rare in Dublin of late years. About 1853, cases were to be heard of at all the meetings of the Surgical Society; and I remember Professor Ellis, of the Catholic University, complaining that that body was being compressed into a mere aneurism club.

The treatment by pressure became the proudest item amongst Irish surgical improvements, and the following outrageous declaration of Syme of Edinburgh, in 1849, met with universal contempt: "I shall deem it my duty to pursue this method (cutting down on and tying the artery), though it may not, perhaps, be the best suited for the lowest capacity of surgical skill. Let every man act according to his powers, but let no one who feels it necessary to choose inferior means throw blame on those who are able to practise a higher exercise of their art." The College of Surgeons was either very oblivious or very forgiving, when, in 1867, it conferred the Honorary Fellowship on this defamer.

The original officers of St. Vincent's Hospital, whose careers have now been inadequately sketched, had much of their reward in the pleasure which work for the spread of science and the relief of fellow-beings always carries with it; but it is generally allowed that they would have been further recompensed by supereminence in professional position and public favour, had it not pleased Providence to darken the mind's great inlet in the one, and to ordain the other to an early grave. It is hoped that enough has been said to have filled every young reader with the conviction that whether, like Sir A. Carlisle or Bellingham, his father was of high lineage, or was as lowly as those of Dupuytren, Velpeau, Jobert, or O'Ferrall, the path to excellence in the noble profession of medicine, or, indeed, in any scientific pursuit, lies alone through honest, unflagging industry. Of all generations this is the one when a young man by his own brain can win his bread, or even his renown.

None of the illustrious surgeons just named, or of those whose characters we have studied in the three preceding papers gained any

position through nepotism. Of those who depend on such aid alone it was said by Sir D. Corrigan, in an address in July, 1873, at St. Mary's Hospital, London: "I have occasionally seen men raised by the influence of connexions or extraneous circumstances into temporary eminence—but if they went up like a rocket, they came down like its stick." It has been often asserted, that great medical men cannot assign reasons for their success in life, but most erroneously, for without exception, industry has been the most potent agent. Another great medical authority, William Hunter, exclaimed, "A young man cannot cultivate a more important truth than this, that apart from future recompense, merit is sure of its reward in this world."

The other great influence which has elevated medical science is its independence of social and political changes—creed or party, lowliness or rank, being disregarded when the questions are the normal functions of the human body, how they vary in disease, and how they may be restored to the healthy standard. Those who humbly strive to do such work, follow a calling second only to the sacred ministry.

OLD HYMNS AND NEW TRANSLATIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"TRANSLATION is another name for compromise." Now, the parties to a compromise must each sacrifice something, must make some concession. It is so with regard to poetical translation, and even translation in prose. The nature and conditions of this compromise which is involved in every skilful translation have been touched upon incidentally by a man of whom the trite phrase—*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*—may be repeated with an energy that lends to it a sort of novelty. As the passage occurs in a portion of Dr. Newman's writings, which is less likely to have come under the notice of our readers, let us light up the whole subject by quoting the end of the preface to the "Church of the Fathers:"—

"As to such translations as this volume contains, the author is very sensible what constant and unflagging attention is requisite in all translation to catch the sense of the original, and what discrimination in the choice of English to do justice to it; and what certainty there is of shortcomings after all. And further, over and above actual faults, variety of tastes, and fluctuation of moods among readers, make it im-

possible so to translate as to please every one; and if a translator be conscious to himself, as he may well be, of viewing either his original or version differently, according to the time or feeling in which he takes it up, and finds that he never should have done with correcting and altering except by an act of self-control, much more will he resign himself to such differences of judgment about it in the case of others. It should be considered, too, that translation in itself is, after all, but a problem, how, two languages being given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first. The problem almost starts with the assumption that something must be sacrificed; and the chief question is, what is the least sacrifice? In a balance of difficulties, one translator will aim at being critically correct, and will become obscure, cumbersome, and foreign; another will aim at being English, and will appear deficient in scholarship. While grammatical particles are followed out, the spirit evaporates; and while ease is secured, new ideas are intruded, or the point of the original is lost, or the drift of the context broken. Under these circumstances, perhaps, it is fair to lay down that, while every care must be taken against the introduction of new, or the omission of existing ideas, in the original text, yet, in a book intended for general reading, faithfulness may be considered simply to consist in expressing in English the *sense* of the original, the actual words of the latter being viewed mainly as *directions into* its meaning, and scholarship being necessary in order to gain the full insight which they afford; and next, that, where something must be sacrificed, precision or intelligibility, it is better in a popular work to be understood by those who are not critics, than to be applauded by those who are."

This great writer is referring to the translation of prose; but much of what he says has a special force when applied to poetic translation. Dante, who has himself suffered much from translators, warned them beforehand: "Sappia ciascuno che nulla cosa per legame musaico armonizzata si può della sua loquela in altra trasmutare senza rompere tutta sua dolcezza e armonia." The "sweetness and harmony" of his verse have, indeed, been too often broken by the attempted "transmutation" thereof into another language.

It has been truly said that the true test of a translation is the answer to the question, whether it conveys to those who have never seen the original as fair an idea of that original as is possible in another language? The degree of the exactness and fidelity with which the form and the substance can be reproduced will depend partly upon the genius of the two languages between which this barter takes place; and a different set of canons of translation will be in force when there is question of translating the cantos of an epic and when there is only question of a sonnet or a short lyric. In the latter case almost literal

fidelity must be aimed at when it can be attained without too great sacrifices.

Our own pages have more than once been enriched with excellent specimens of the translator's handicraft, such as the wonderfully exact reproduction of the "Dies Iræ," by J. O. H. at page 136 of our second volume. Another achievement of the same skilful artist—"The Sinner to the Blessed Virgin"—would have been better appreciated if we had placed side by side with it the quaint short lines of the old French original. Let us now do so, with the antiquated spelling :

"Royné, qui fustes mise
Et assise
Lassus ou throne divin,
Devant vous en ceste eglise,
Sans faintise,
Suis venu a ce matin,
Comme vostre pelerin,
Chief esclin
Humblement je vous presente
Mon ame et mon corps afin
Qu' a ma fin
Vous vuillies estre presente.

"Vierge douce debonnaire,
Exemplaire
De parfaite charité,
Vers vous le me vien retrains,
Car soustraire
Vullex mon corps de vanité.
Helas vierge ! i' ay esté
Maint esté
Et mains jours sanz nuls bienfaire ;
L'annemy m'a inhorté
Et tempté
Pour moy en enfer atraire.

"J'ay fait folies plusours
En mains jours
Et ay employé mon temps
En complaintes et en pleurs
De doulours,
Comme font ces fols amans ;
Vierge, jen suis repentans,
Tres dolans,
Pour ce vous offre mon lay
En priant, que confortant
Et aidant
Me soyés, quant je mourray.

"Tres souveraine princesse,
Je confesse,
Que dès que j'ay cognoissance,
J'ay en soy folle jeunesse
Par simplesse

"Queen by God supremely graced,
Who art placed
Nearest to his throne divine ;
I, this morn, my path have traced,
Heart-abased,
As a pilgrim to thy shrine,
Saddest suppliant of thine,
Queen benign :
Soul and body low I bend,
Praying that thou wilt incline,
Lady mine,
To be present at my end.

"Virgin merciful and sweet,
Chosen seat
Of all perfect charity,
As I cast me at thy feet,
I entreat
Grace to turn from vanity :
For, alas ! my days I see
As they flee,
Good therein doth nowhere dwell ;
But the watchful enemy,
Tempting me,
Draws me ever down to Hell.

"Folly, folly still appears
Through my years :
Time all wasted and mispent
All in fruitless hopes and fears,
And in tears
Such as earthly passions vent.
Truly, Virgin, I repent,
And lament,
Bringing thee this humble lay,
That thy sweet encouragement
May be bent
Towards me on my dying day.

"Lady, to thy gentleness
I confess,
When my memory reckens o'er
Days of youth and wilfulness,
What excess

Et toute vaine plaïssance ;
 Bien doy en bonne esperance,
 Sans doubtance,
 Requerir vostre confort,
 Que j'aye de repentance
 Habundance,
 Avant que je soye mort.

Love of passing pleasure bore ;
 Well it fits me, grieving sore,
 To implore
 All thy gracious help, that I
 May my life of sin deplore
 More and more,
 Doing penance ere I die.

"Je suis des malvais le pire,
 Pour bref dire,
 Car tout mon entendement
 A pechier et a mal dire
 Et s'empire
 Dejour en jour grandement.
 Quant ie y pense fermement,
 Vrayement
 Je ne scay mais que je face,
 Se non de plorer souvent
 Humblement
 Devant vostre douce face.

"I am weakest of the weak,
 Sooth to speak ;
 Since my use of reason grew,
 Forward ever, ill to seek,
 Ill to wreak,
 Crowning ancient sins with new ;
 Nor, when now they rise to view
 Dark and true,
 Know I where my hope to place,
 Save to weep and weep anew,
 As I do
 In the sight of thy sweet face.

"O fontaine de liene,
 Saincte adresse
 A tout cuer triste et doulant ?
 O des anges la princesse
 Et maitresse
 Et mere du Tout puissant !
 O virginité luisant,
 Florissant,
 La non parolle haultesse !
 Prie, en moy confortant,
 Vostre enfant,
 Que sa gloire m'aleste."

"But thou fountain fair and clear,
 Refuge dear
 Unto every soul in pain !
 Queen whom angel choirs revere
 In the sphere
 Where thy Lord and Son doth reign ;
 Maidenhood unknowing stain,
 Who in vain
 Never hast besought thy Child—
 Thou with Him to plead wilt deign,
 And wilt gain
 One more sinner reconciled."

We are tempted to follow up this piece of old French with a piece of very modern French. We yield to the temptation, though Sully Prudhomme is by no means a writer of hymns. This version of his *Au Bord de l'Eau* has been placed at our disposal by W. H. E., and has not before been published:—

"S'asseoir tous deux au bord d'un flot qui
 passe,
 Le voir passer ;
 Tous deux s'il glisse un nuage en l'espace,
 Le voir glisser :
 A l'horizon s'il fume un toit de chaume,
 Le voir fumer ;
 Aux alentours quelque fleur embaume,
 S'en embaumer :

"To sit, we two, near river flowing by,
 And watch its tide ;
 If snowy cloud skim gently o'er the sky,
 Both see it glide :
 If smoke from distant cottage upward
 wreath,
 To mark its wreath ;
 If flower its perfume close beside us
 breathe
 To drink its breath :

Si quelque fruit où les abeilles goûtent

Tente, y goûter ;
Si quelque oiseau dans les bois qui l'écou-
tent

Chante, écouter :
Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau mur-
mure,

L'eau murmurer ;
Ne pas sentir tant que ce rêve dure

Le temps durer :
Mais n'apportant de passion profonde
Qu' à s'adorer ;
Sans nul souci des querelles du monde,
Les ignorer :
Être seuls heureux devant tout ce qui lasee,
Ne point lasser ;
Sentir l'amour devant tout ce qui passe,
Ne point passer."

We are forced to conclude somewhat abruptly with a very "new translation" of an "old hymn," of which we have striven in vain to ascertain the age and authorship. Our version has not been printed before, and is given as a specimen of a little book of "Eucharistic Verses," for which we entreat the kind favour of the reader a month or two before its publication :—

"Ad quem diu suspiravi
Jesum tandem habeo,
Hunc amplector quem optavi,
Quem optavi teneo ;
Omnes meæ, exultate,
Facultates animæ,
Exultate, triumphate,
Et ingresso plaudite,

"Tristis eram et abjectus,
Eram sine gaudio,
Quia aberat dilectus
Quem præ cunctis diligo ;
Sed ut venit, et intravit
Animæ tugurium,
O quam dulce permeavit
Meum cor solatium !

"Non sic terras umbris tectas
Gratus sol illuminat,
Non sic æstibus dejectas
Nimbus herbas recreat,
Sicut animam languentem
Refocillat Dominus,
Hanc tristantem et torpentem
Novis donat viribus,

If bees their honey sip from luscious
buds,

To taste them too ;
If cushats coo within the listening
woods,

To hear them coo :
'Neath willow's shade if moan the mur-
muring stream,
To catch its moan ;
Nor be aware, while lasts our waking
dream,

How time has flown :
To have no feeling deep enough for care,
Save for us two ;
To banish all the griefs that are, or were,
Far from our view :
To live so near the source of human wail,
Without one woe ;
To feel that love in other hearts may fail,
But ours not so."

"He whom I have sighed for long,
Jesus is my own at last !
Whom I've sought with yearning strong,
I embrace, I hold Him fast.
O my soul, exult, rejoice,
All thy powers in worship bow,
And with glad triumphant voice
Welcome Him who enters now.

"Sad and spiritless I lay,
I had neither joy nor rest,
For the loved One was away
Whom o'er all I cherish best.
But since He hath come anew
To my soul's poor hovel here,
Oh ! what solace sweet and true
Doth my inmost being cheer !

"As before the sun's bright glow
Shadows from the earth retreat,
As soft rains on flowers bestow
Freshness after withering heat :
So, more softly, Jesus comes
To revive the drooping heart,
And, when weary sadness numbs,
Warmth and vigour to impart.

"*Felix dies, felix hora,
Quâ me Jesu visitas,
Pulchra nimis et decora
Lux ad me quâ properas;
Qui te tenet habet satis,
Quia qui te possidet,
Uberem felicitatis
Veræ fontem obtinet.*

"*Quis non tuam admiretur
Bonitatem, Domine,
Si quod facis meditetur
Serio examine?
Ad te ruo, ad me ruis,
Et me sinis protinus
Immiscere meos tuis
Amplexus amplexibus.*

"*Nihil eram, me creasti
Ex obscuro nihilo,
Divinæque me donasti
Rationis radio;
Pro me nasci voluisti
In deserto stabulo,
Et finire morte tristi
Vitam in patibulo.*

"*Præter dona quibus ditas
Me diebus singulis,
Dapes hodie mellitas
Datis addis gratiis;
O voluptas cordis mei,
Jesu dilectissime!
In me regna, Fili Dei,
Regna, regna, libere.*

"*In me proprium amorem
Tam potenter eneeas,
Ut te amem et adorem
Solum sicut dignus es;
In me tolle quod est puris
Grave tuis oculis,
Ut sic arctius venturis
Tibi jungar sæculis.*

"*Oriente sole mane
Occidente vespere,
Bone Jesu, mecum mane,
Mecum semper habita;
Nil a te, nec mora, nec vita,
Nil a te me separet;
Unio sit infinita-
Quam vis nulla terminet.*

"*Happy day and happy hour,
Jesus, when Thou visitest!
Fairest hour of grace and power,
When Thou speedest to my breast.
He who holdeth Thee hath all,
Nor can ask for more than this—
Thee his own, his own to call,
Fullest fount of truest bliss.*

"*Who but marvels, Lord, to tell
Of thy goodness, passing thought,
When he ponders long and well
On the work Thou here hast wrought?
Thee I rush to, Thou to me
Rushest with a lover's haste—
Sufferest me to cling to Thee,
Each embracing and embraced!*

"*I was nought: thy hand divine
Drew me out of nothingness;
Reason's light, a ray from thine,
Did my darkling spirit bless.
For my sake Thou wouldst be born
In a stable lone and drear,
And upon the cross forlorn
Sadly closed thy exile here.*

"*To the gifts wherewith my days
Are enriched with lavish store,
Thou this morn in wondrous ways
Addest one sweet banquet more.
Oh! my heart's delight Thou art,
Dearest Jesus, Thou alone!
Son of God, reign in my heart,
Freely reign as on thy throne.*

"*From my bosom more and more
Be all love of self removed,
Till I love Thee and adore
Solely as Thou shouldst be loved.
Take from me within, around,
All that might thy eyes offend:
So shall I be closer bound
To thy heart when life shall end.*

"*When the sun ascends, each day—
When it sinks, and day is o'er—
Stay with me, good Jesus! stay,
Dwell with me for evermore.
Nothing, nether death nor life,
Nothing me from Thee must sever—
Union, with all blessings rife,
Which no force can rend for ever.*

"Canam donec respirabo
 Gratiarum cantica,
 Milites hæc iterabo
 In ecclesiæ patria :
 Quando te remoto velo
 Sicut es aspiciam,
 Et cum angelis in cœlo
 In æternum diligam."

"I will sing, while heart shall beat,
 Canticles of grateful love,
 And a thousand times repeat
 In the heavenly land above ;
 When unveiled it shall be given,
 As Thou art, thy face to see,
 And, with angels bright in heaven,
 I will love eternally."

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Poems of Richard Dalton Williams* ("Shamrock" of the *Nation*).
 (Dublin: T. D. Sullivan, 90 Middle Abbey-street. 1878.)

THE editor of the *Nation* has at last gathered into a cheap but readable volume the "remains" (as they would formerly have been called) of R. D. Williams, one of the most famous contributors to that famous journal in its golden age. How well worthy these poems are of being thus preserved the readers of this Magazine do not require to be told, and indeed Mr. Sullivan begins his introduction by a kind reference to "a very careful and loving biography of Williams, published in the *IRISH MONTHLY* for March, April, May, and June, 1877." The poems are conveniently enough grouped under the headings of Patriotic, Humorous, and Miscellaneous Poems; we wish, however, that the sacred poems, few as they are, had not been placed in the last category, but in a division apart. As Mr. Sullivan remarks, "some of his religious pieces are superior in style and finish to all the rest of his compositions." We venture to append to this mention of a poet who is gone a note about a poet who is still amongst us. In our last paper on the poetry of Thomas Irwin we omitted to cite the following well-expressed judgment of the *Dublin Review* (April, 1865): "A rich grace and finish of expression, a most quaint and delicate humour, and a fine-poised aptness of phrase distinguish Mr. Irwin's poetry, which is more according to the taste that Tennyson has established in England than that of any Irish writer of the day."

- II. *God our Father*. By the Rev. J. BOUDREAUX, S.J. (London: Burns and Oates. 1878.)

THIS devout little treatise, with its companion work by the same author on "The Happiness of Heaven," will give delight to many souls who, while fearing God and serving Him, find it difficult to love Him with that tender and filial love which they know He deserves to receive from all his creatures. These two works have already had a rapid and wide circulation in the United States, in which country the writer of them is working in his vocation. Nothing could be more convenient than

the form in which the London edition of "God our Father" has been brought out.

III. *Gathered Gems from Spanish Authors.* By **MARIANA MONTEIRO.** (London: R. Washbourne.)

MODERN Spanish literature is less familiar in these countries than that of France, Italy, or Germany. It seems to be peculiarly rich in pleasant stories of the purest morality. Besides the names of Fernan Caballero, and Trueta, which were known to us before, Miss Monteiro says she has gathered her gems from the writings of Adolfo Becquer who died recently at too early an age. Why has she not allowed us to know which of these writers we had to thank for each sketch and story? Her translation is well done, but not with that consummate tact and skill which some of the pieces evidently would require to be transferred adequately out of their own charming language.

IV. *Songs and Poems.* By **FRANCIS DAVIS**, the "Belfast Man." (Belfast: W. H. Greer.)

MANY of those who read the account of this living Irish poet, given last year in this Magazine, Vol. V., p. 569, will hear with pleasure that a complete edition of his poems has just been published in the city with which his name is closely linked. The collection is very large indeed, and we have not yet been able to give to it the careful study which it deserves; but the new poems which we have read confirm and heighten the estimate we had previously formed of the genius of this good and gifted man who has, perhaps, a better claim than any other to be called the Burns of Ireland. We can at present do nothing beyond announcing the appearance of this volume, which, by the way, cannot be remunerative at the modest price set on so ample a tome. The printing has been done at Belfast, and is creditable to the town which has sometimes claimed to be the Northern Athens.

V. *Two Loves: A Novel.* By **Mrs. CHARLES MARTIN**, Author of "Petite's Romance," "Ethel Mildmay's Follies," "Annie's Story," &c. (London: Tinsley, Brothers. 1878.)

SINCE it must needs be that novels come—and come they certainly do with a vengeance—it is well that there should be novels which are harmless in principle, and even high-principled, like the one of which we have just set down the name. It, indeed, turns on those topics which form the staple of the ordinary race of three-volume novels; nor do the present three volumes preach controversy or even religion directly, like "Mrs. Gerald's Niece," and some others, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. But a good spirit runs through the whole, and higher motives than the selfish and frivolous notions which hold sway in fiction and too often in real life animate those actors in the story who are intended to excite our sympathy. Amongst these—with whom Mrs. Martin

succeeds better than with the disagreeable characters—Dora Lee herself holds properly the first place, though we are apt to get angry with her sometimes for not seeing her father's character in the same light in which we ourselves regard it. We prefer Dora to any of Mrs. Martin's previous heroines except the heroine of her first and best, "*Petite's Romance*." Some of the minor characters, such as the good, kind Father George, who dies too soon in the tale, and Mrs. Morgan herself, the teller thereof, are very well drawn. The style is always clear, and often bright and graceful, and it is marked throughout by a degree of finish and correctness beyond what Mudie's constituents are accustomed to. Perhaps, indeed, Mrs. Martin's *last* is her best.

VI. *The Catechism of Perseverance*. By MONSIGNOR GAUME. Translated from the Tenth French Edition. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THIS is the first English translation which has appeared of the well-known work of Abbé Gaume. His Small Catechism, indeed, has been translated in America; but this occupies only a comparatively small space at the end of each of the four large volumes which will form the complete work which Messrs. Gill are now adding to our religious literature. The book is of the highest authority in its class. Its name is derived from the laudable custom, established in many places, of continuing and developing the catechetical instruction of the young long after their First Communion. Monsignor Gaume, having had charge of such classes for twenty years, put together in this work for the use of others a summary of the instructions which he had given and which form "an historical, dogmatical, moral, liturgical, apologetical, philosophical, and social exposition of religion from the beginning of the world down to our own day." The translators and publishers of the "*Catechism of Perseverance*," of which the first volume has just been issued as cheaply as its bulk permits, have conferred a boon on our Catholic children and on all who are engaged in the holy work of their instruction:

VII. *The Church and Civilisation. Pastoral Letter for Lent, 1877*. By CARDINAL PECORI (NOW LEO XIII.) Translated by HENRY J. GILL, M.A. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THIS pastoral of the Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia will be read with extraordinary interest on account of his having just been chosen as the successor of Pius the Ninth; but even in itself it is a document worthy of careful study. The theme proposed to the consideration of his flock, the broad and (in the highest and truest sense of the word) the *liberal* view taken of it, and the eloquence and vigour of the language which has found in English a skilful interpreter, will delight all who now look up to the illustrious writer as their common father, and must favourably impress those who await with very different feelings the first utterance of Leo XIII.

NELLIE'S PROPOSALS.

BY MRS. CHARLES MARTIN,

AUTHOR OF "PETITE'S ROMANCE," "TWO LOVES," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE DOCTOR.

THE single street of which the little village of Ballyglum, county —, can boast, was, upon a certain fine autumn afternoon, not more than three years ago, in a profound state of excitement. Curious faces were peeping out of every window, necks were straining round corners, meaning smiles were being interchanged, and even Mr. O'Leary, the leading citizen, butcher, and politician of the place, deigned to raise his eyes from the perusal of the daily paper, and to remark to Mrs. Murphy, the owner of the haberdashery establishment, who was his next neighbour, that "he was ready to stake a ten pun-note that the doctor was about to be going to do it at last!"

And indeed the object and cause of this unwonted stir and curiosity in the usually stagnant and sleepy little village, was no less a personage than its respected medical man and general adviser, Dr. Magill, who, resplendent in a white waistcoat, with a newly-gathered crimson rose in his button-hole, and with shining hat, and well-oiled hair, was, with a certain self-conscious deportment, wending his steps towards the end of the street, where the detached villa, in which the Misses Macartney resided, stood in genteel primness in the midst of its little garden. The doctor had not opened his lips during his progress, and so pre-occupied was he with his own thoughts, that he had not even with his accustomed suavity returned the numerous greetings of which he was the object. So far as we know, the intention and aim of his afternoon promenade had not been confided to a single ear; and yet some extraordinary instinct had made all the world of Ballyglum acquainted with it; and the fact that Dr. Magill was about to propose to one of the Misses Macartney—an event which had kept the whole neighbourhood on tenter-hooks of expectation for two or three years at least—was now the property not only of Mr. O'Leary but of all the other inhabitants as well.

But to which of them? *That* was the question. Miss Deborah and Miss Priscilla were twins—that is, if ladies of forty-five can be called by that name, which somehow seems to suggest infants—and they were also so much alike, not only in appearance, but also in manner and dress, that their most intimate friends found it difficult to distinguish between them. How, then, could the doctor do so? Indeed, it was confidently reported that it was this marvellous resemblance

which had deterred him for so long; and now conjecture, nay, even party spirit—for each lady had her own friends and admirers—ran high in Ballyglum, as to which was to carry off the prize of the doctor's hand and heart.

Meanwhile, within Laurel Villa, in the small and exquisitely neat drawingroom, in which, dressed in their best, and busy with their Berlin work, the Misses Macartney sat, the same anxious question was being delicately discussed. The doctor had announced this visit, announced it with a meaning air which could not be misunderstood, so the ladies were prepared for it. But as he had made the announcement to both simultaneously, neither could guess for which it was specially intended. Needless to observe, each one had her private opinion on the matter, and thought her sister rather deficient in perception, though we may be sure neither was less eager than the other in disclaiming any personal anxiety. "I shall leave the room if you wish," Deborah had at least twenty times remarked to Priscilla, while Priscilla had as many times made precisely the same offer to Deborah. Neither lady had, however, left, nor did either seem disposed to leave; and when the long-expected knock was heard at the door, the question was still unsettled: at any rate, it was too late then to decide it. Rose, the maid, alert, with wide-opened eyes and mouth, and knowing well what was in the wind, was already in the little hall answering the summons. No escape, unless an undignified flight, of which neither lady was capable, was possible; and, indeed, in the agitation of the moment, which no amount of preparation enabled them entirely to subdue, it is probable that the sisters clung to one another with a sense of mutual support, and were glad to be together. "A few minutes will tell all—she *must* see that the doctor would wish her to retire," was the secret thought of each, as she instinctively smoothed down the folds of her black silk dress, and pulled out her cherry-coloured bows; and at that precise moment Rose threw open the door and announced Dr. Magill.

In he came, bland, benevolent, smiling as usual, though not, perhaps, with quite his usual unconcern and perfect self-possession. But if he was a little nervous and flurried, it by no means diminished his charms or detracted from what the ladies styled his *distingué* appearance.

"Good afternoon, Miss Priscilla. Good afternoon, Miss Deborah," he said, unctuously, squeezing the hand of each lady in turn, and seating himself in his own particular easy chair, which had been carefully placed for him, facing the light, while the Misses Macartney had chosen to hide their blushes by seating themselves with their backs to it. "Good afternoon, ladies," he repeated, with a preliminary clearing of the throat, which sounded so ominous that both sisters dropped their eyes, and were, perhaps, a shade disappointed when it was followed

by a harmless remark about the weather. "Glorious evening, is it not? More like midsummer than the latter half of September. The sun is, I give you my word, quite overpowering outside; but here in your shady little dovecot it is quite cool and delightful—delightful, indeed!"

It presently became apparent, even to the fluttered minds of the ladies, that Dr. Magill, perhaps to give them time to recover themselves, was resolved to take a circuitous route to the fatal "leap." The weather, the harvest, the health of the neighbourhood, the squire, the squire's lady and family, and the great ball which was to take place at Ballyglum Castle in a few nights, were all touched upon with a light grace which was irresistible, and which soon set the entire party at its ease again.

The mention of the ball produced quite a diversion. "We have, as you are doubtless aware, doctor, not been invited to the ball," Miss Deborah observed, with chill dignity; "neither has Mrs. Gore seen fit to return our call. But we are not surprised—not in the least. From what we have heard, she is not a person whose society we have the least desire to cultivate. Quite a *parvenu*, you know. Her father is a cotton spinner or something of the sort—altogether quite a different sort of person from Mr. Gore's first wife, dear Lady Cecilia, who was our dearest friend. Still, considering the terms on which we used to be with the family at the castle, her conduct is perhaps—ahem—slightly peculiar," concluded Miss Deborah, loftily.

"Very peculiar, indeed," repeated the doctor. "In fact, it must be a mistake—it really must. Mrs. Gore—you know I am quite intimate there—is incapable of wishing to offend you; and if you will allow me to-morrow morning, when I am paying my accustomed visit to the castle, to ——"

Both ladies almost screamed. "On *no* account. On no account, whatever, doctor! Do you suppose that we Macartneys would lower ourselves to beg for a card for any ball, were it her Majesty herself who was giving it. Of course we would not dream of going, even if we had twenty cards sent us," Miss Deborah added, drawing herself up.

"Of course not," echoed Priscilla, who was less strong-minded than her sister. "It is only the slight—the rudeness that we feel."

"We do not feel it. Don't be silly, Pris. *That* sort of conduct only injures its author."

"Of course, Deb, I know," said Priscilla, meekly; "and if it were not for Nellie, who, silly child, has been crying her eyes red ——"

"Nelly is a baby, a mere baby," Miss Deborah interrupted, sharply. "Hardly out of the nursery. *She* crying for balls indeed!"

"Crying! Miss Nelly crying, did you say?" and Dr. Magill grew suddenly very red. "Is it possible? Well, after all, youth is youth,

and likes to dance, and it *must* be a mistake—carelessness on the part of the servants. *That's* what it is.” And the doctor tapped his gold-headed cane in a decided manner. “I will just—oh! in the most delicate way in the world——”

“Doctor, if you say a word to Mrs. Gore on the matter we shall never forgive you—never!” cried Deborah, vehemently. “We may be poor; we may have fallen in the social scale; our former acquaintances may have forgotten us; but never shall we sink to the meanness of forcing ourselves into anybody’s house!” and she gave the doctor a withering glance.

He, poor man, for once in his life looked rather disconcerted at this tirade; but he presently recovered himself. “I would not hurt your feelings for the world, ladies—indeed no. It was only on account of Miss Nellie who— By the way, talking of Miss Nellie”— and he coughed discreetly—“she is out, I suppose?”

“Yes, Nellie is out. We sent her for a walk.” And now the Misses Macartney knew, by the aid of the unerring instinct which guides ladies in such matters, that the supreme moment had come at last.

“Ah, yes—just so. Always kind, thoughtful, considerate! As I mentioned in my note, I wished to see you alone in order to—ahem—to——” Dr. Magill paused—paused significantly, and with a smile, and a look which there was no possibility of mistaking. “Miss Nellie is young, ladies, you see, and perhaps a little giddy,” he went on, looking from one to the other of the sisters with a deprecating, yet cheerful glance. “It is better that we should be alone. In fact I—I—requested this interview in order that——”

“*Alone*,” thought Deborah. “*Alone*,” thought Priscilla, while they each exchanged glances, and wondered why the other did not stir. As a matter of fact, neither stirred, not an inch, though both were, even in the midst of their emotion, dimly conscious that their united presence might intimidate the most ardent lover.

“In order that,” went on the doctor, after another little pause, “I might make you acquainted with my hopes, my intentions, my wishes. Rumour has, perhaps, made you aware that my dear aunt, lately deceased, behaved most handsomely to me, and has left me quite a comfortable little income. This, united to my professional earnings, and the savings of—I may say it without vanity, ladies—many industrious years, has placed me in such a position as enables me to offer to that lady whom I may choose for a wife——”

[“That lady, Priscilla! That lady, Deborah!” thought both sisters at the same instant.]

“A comfortable, nay, I may say a luxurious home,” proceeded the doctor, now rolling out his words fluently. “My practice is steadily increasing, and I believe that my patients are—ahem—tolerably satisfied with my attention and treatment. In a word, the moment has come

when I may, without scruple, think of settling myself; and as the lady whom I propose to make Mrs. Magill is——”

“Deborah, I think I have forgotten my pocket-handkerchief,” Miss Priscilla cried, suddenly, at this juncture, and half rising. And whether the movement was caused by nervousness or a tardy spirit of unselfishness, it is impossible to say. “I must go fetch it.”

“Priscilla, *sit down!*” commanded Deborah, who, strong-minded though she was, was shaking from head to foot. “We shall hear Dr. Magill together. It is more seemly.”

“My dear ladies, to be sure! Why not? It was for this purpose that I requested this interview, in order that I might express to both together the warmth of my regard, the tenderness of my feelings, the——the——”

“Doctor, for goodness sake tell us—*which* of us is it?”

It was from Priscilla's lips—poor Priscilla, who could not stand the prolonged tension an instant longer—that the cry proceeded. As to Deborah, she nearly choked; the glance which she darted at her sister was truly awful. And as to Dr. Magill—but no mortal pen or pencil could ever express Dr. Magill's change of countenance. “Which?” he repeated aghast, bounding—yes—positively bounding in his seat. “Which? Which?” Then a light broke upon him, awful—intense! He breathed. He gasped. All the blood in his body seemed suddenly to mount to his head, so violently crimson did he become, and his eyes rolled wildly. But the very extremity of the danger restored him his self-possession. “Which?” he repeated after a breathless pause, and with a forced, sickly smile. “My dear Miss Priscilla, how clever of you? So you have guessed my little secret, have you? Yes, it is upon your charming niece, Miss O'Connor, that I have fixed my hopes with every confidence that——”

“Nellie!” gasped Miss Priscilla.

“Nellie!” echoed Miss Deborah, sternly. “Dr. Magill, you are mad! Nellie is a child—an infant! She is barely eighteen.”

“And you are fifty, every day of it!” cried the indiscreet Priscilla.

But Dr. Magill seemed hardly to have heard her. He had seized his shining hat, and was on his feet now, fanning himself violently with his snowy pocket-handkerchief. The tremendous danger from which he had just escaped was, it appeared, assuming greater proportions every instant, and safety seemed to lie in instantaneous flight alone. “I will write and explain. These matters are better written. And meanwhile, ladies, you will think about it—I mean, request Miss O'Connor to think about it. I have no doubt that she will—ahem—consider my proposal favourably. I—I—good afternoon, ladies. Good afternoon!”

He was out of the room now—fairly out. In another moment even the last sound of his unusually hurried step had died away on the gravel-

walk. The sisters were alone again—alone in the quiet little room, with their old white cat purring comfortably at their feet. For fully ten minutes, they did not utter a word, and meanwhile, soft-hearted, weak-minded Priscilla was softly weeping, while Deborah, on the contrary, sat rigid, with dry eyes. Suddenly she spoke:

“Pris, don’t be a goose! What are you crying for?”

“Oh! but Deb, do you think he heard?”

“Well, and what matter if he did? He can’t think you a bigger fool than himself!”

“Oh, but, dear Deb! Nellie will never have him!” she said, with a gasp.

“Yes, she will, though.”

“What!”

“Nellie will be Mrs. Magill. He is rich. She has not a penny, nor can we ever give her a penny. How can she help it?”

“Oh, but, Deb!” Then she laughed. “Nellie, Mrs. Magill! How funny it will be!”

“Not very funny for him, perhaps! But he deserves it all—the silly, silly man!”

There was another silence after this. Then Miss Priscilla rose, and softly approaching her sister, gave her a gentle kiss. “And you and I will always stay together, Deb?” she whispered.

“Yes, Priscilla, we shall.”

And in this quiet fashion the sisters tacitly agreed to renounce their love-dreams for ever.

CHAPTER II.

NELLIE.

WHILE this little scene was going forward in the drawingroom of Laurel Villa, the young lady upon whom Dr. Magill had fixed his choice was walking with hurried and somewhat agitated steps along the high road which, skirting the lake of Ballyglum, made its way through a bleak, flat country to the neighbouring town of —. The afternoon sun was blazing away gloriously, tinging the earth with a countless variety of russet shades, filling the blue sky with rosy light, and crimsoning the quiet waters of the lake. Very quiet they looked in that beautiful sunlight, deep, placid, almost without a ripple, and in their serenity, very unlike the deep blue eyes of Miss Nellie O'Connor, which, with anything but a placid expression, glanced across them now and then towards a large house which could be seen nestling in trees on the opposite side.

The Misses Macartney called Nellie a child; and it was true that she looked somewhat like a child still; for though she was of average height, she was very slightly made, and simply dressed. But now, her

tightly-closed lips, her sparkling eyes, and the proud curve of her slender white throat, all told that her feelings, at least, were those of a woman; while the flush on her delicate cheek betrayed that they were those of an angry one

In less than an hour after Dr. Magill had left Laurel Villa, a more hasty step than his was heard approaching, and the drawingroom door was opened rather more impetuously than before. The sisters were seated there still; and, though Miss Priscilla's eyes were still a little red, they were both calm and betrayed no signs of their recent agitation. But at the first sight of Miss O'Connor's perturbed countenance they started. "What on earth is the matter? Where have you been, Nellie?" they both exclaimed in a breath.

"Nothing is the matter. I went to see blind Bridget, and walked back—well—rather quickly, aunties," said Nellie, hesitatingly.

"Ran back, I should say rather. What a colour you have got in your face, child! Have you been pursued by a mad animal of any kind, pray?"

Nellie half laughed. "No, not exactly. But I was pursued—that is, I met a very disagreeable person, though," she added, hastily.

"A disagreeable person! What on earth do you mean? Nobody spoke to you—ventured to insult you, child, I trust," cried both aunts together.

"Well, yes, I think I have been insulted, aunties!" Nellie replied, after a little pause, with deliberate slowness.

"Insulted! You—an O'Connor! *Our* niece! And in Ballyglum! Nellie, you are either mad or dreaming!"

"Perhaps I am. But I do not think so. Here is how it happened." And Miss O'Connor drew a chair over close to her aunts, and looked at them with an expression which was half defiant, half pleading, and totally perplexing and bewildering. "Aunt Deb, Aunt Pris!" she said, abruptly, "I may as well tell you at once—I met Mr. Gore this afternoon."

"Nellie!"

"But I could not help it, Aunt Deb; I really could not. How can I help it if he chooses to dog my steps and follow me everywhere? He has as good a right to walk on the road as I have—better, probably, as I suppose the road, like all the rest of the country, belongs to him." She spoke, or at least tried to speak, lightly, and with a reckless little laugh, which, however, died away with a suspicious shakiness. "Well, he overtook me, and—and—it was the same old story, aunties, you know."

The Misses Macartney shook their heads. But Priscilla's shook with deprecation, perhaps even with sympathy, while Deborah's nod was a stern one. "Nellie," she said, severely, "as you know, we have forbidden—strictly forbidden you to hold any intercourse with that—

that forward young man. But go on, child. He insulted you, did he? Well, perhaps your eyes will be opened at last."

"He? Bernard? Oh, no, not Bernard! But his father, the squire. Bernard was walking by my side. I had told him to go away, but he would not; and then suddenly up drove his father, and before I knew where I was—oh, aunties, I *can't* say it! I *can't* tell you!" poor Nellie cried, crimsoning violently, and shaking from head to foot.

"It is your duty, Nellie. You are bound to tell us," exclaimed the aunts, in the profoundest consternation.

"Oh, he said such cruel, such disgraceful things, aunties, and before the servant, too!" the girl went on, in a choking voice. "He said I was running after his son—trying to catch him—I, Nellie O'Connor! He called me a *designing minx*!" And as this climax was reached, poor Nellie burst into a passion of tears.

The Misses Macartney had, in their turn, grown pale with wrath. "He dared to say such things!" they exclaimed, in awful tones; "and his son stood by and listened!"

"Oh, no, indeed no, Aunt Deb!" the girl protested through her tears. "He told his father to his face that he was speaking falsely. He wanted to tear me away. He declared over and over again that he—that he liked me, aunties, and that he would never marry anybody but me. But what could he do? He could not knock down his own father—and I—I stood there. I could not move. I *had* to listen!"

The ladies were silent. In all their somewhat chequered lives, in all the trials and bitter experiences which change of fortune and position bring in their wake, they had, perhaps, never endured a crueller stab than the knowledge that one of their own kith and kin, the girl whom they regarded as their own child, had been publicly insulted and humiliated, now inflicted upon them. Poor ladies! It was, perhaps, one of the bitterest moments of their lives; and we must not blame them too harshly if, in the midst of their own anguish, they were somewhat forgetful that Nellie had to suffer another pang than that of merely wounded pride. Their own hearts were sore—sore and indignant—and for a moment they—at least Miss Deborah did—felt a passing anger against this young girl, whose fair face, and, perhaps, giddy conduct, had brought shame to their door.

"Nellie," she said, after a pause, and her voice was hardly recognisable in its sternness and coldness. "Nellie, this must cease—once for all, cease! Do you hear, child? You have disgraced us—exposed our name to vile gossip and slander."

"Aunt Deborah! I have done nothing wrong—nothing to be ashamed of—all the world may know ——"

"Silly child!" interrupted Miss Deborah, sharply. "As though this world ever took part with the weaker! What will it say? What

is all Ballyglum saying now? Just what Mr. Gore said—that you *did* try to catch the young man—that you were running after him, that——”

“Aunt Deborah!” It was Nellie’s turn now. Her cheeks had flushed, her eyes were flashing, and she had jumped to her feet, and stood there, like an insulted queen, while even her strong-minded aunt was somewhat taken aback by the vehemence and passion of her glance. “Aunt Deborah,” she cried, “don’t be unkind! don’t be cruel! And you *know* it is not true.” Then suddenly she threw back her head and grew very pale. “I told Mr. Gore to-day, as I tell you now, that I shall never marry his son—never! until he himself asks me to do so—which is not very likely to happen,” she added, with a tearful smile.

“You did, did you? That was right!” And Miss Deborah heaved a sigh of relief and looked delighted, while Miss Priscilla nodded approvingly, though she groaned somewhat regretfully. But presently a consolatory thought struck her.

“And, oh, Deb!” she exclaimed, joyfully, “what need we care? What need Nell care what anybody says or thinks? When she is married to——”

“Priscilla!” cried Deborah, in warning tones, while Nellie looked up in quick surprise.

“Go to your room, child!” commanded Miss Deborah, austere. “Take off your hat, smooth your hair, and cool your cheeks. Then come down again. We have an important, a very important piece of intelligence to communicate to you.”

Nellie opened her eyes; but she was either too indifferent, or too disturbed to put any questions; besides, she clearly perceived that her aunt was not in a mood to be trifled with. And so she obeyed without a word and went up to her pretty little room, so peaceful and so secure, and the quietness of which seemed to bring a sudden calm to her agitated heart. Perhaps, too, the sight of her white altar, with its freshly-gathered, fragrant flowers, and its statue of the gentle, compassionate Madonna helped to still the tumult which was raging within her, to bring more peaceable thoughts to her mind, and to make her remember that, after all, there were other and even greater troubles in the world than her own.

Nellie’s temper was quick and impetuous, and her pride was deep and strong; but she was a good girl for all that, and had been piously and carefully brought up. Now she knelt and prayed, at first, perhaps, distractedly and with difficulty, but presently more fervently and earnestly; prayed for patience, for submission, for confidence, and above all, for the charity which would enable her to forgive freely and generously the man whose obstinate pride and stinging contempt had not only exposed her to such cruel insult that day, but had apparently created an insurmountable barrier between herself and the happiness which, for one short moment, had seemed to be within her grasp. And

as Nellie prayed, a new courage seemed to be born within her, a new endurance, a new strength. After all, she could but suffer; and to suffer in the spirit for which the girl prayed, might not only be a present blessing, but would certainly bring a future reward.

It was already dark, and the lamp was lighted, and the tea-urn hissing on the white-clothed table, when Nellie joined her aunts in the sitting-room. They had wondered more than once over her prolonged absence; but knowing something of their niece's character, and of the disposition she had always shown to fight her battles out alone, they had forborne to disturb her solitude. Now, even Miss Deborah looked at her with some secret respect and admiration; for though her eyes showed traces of recent tears, there was a calm confidence in her young face which reassured that lady as to her future conduct, and was an earnest that Nellie had made a resolution which she meant to keep. Deborah had been for the last half-hour debating with herself and her sister as to whether this was the correct moment for the important announcement of Dr. Magill's proposal, or whether it would be better to defer it till the following day. Now, however, she suddenly resolved upon immediate action, having a shrewd notion that her niece's wounded pride would prove a powerful advocate of the doctor's suit.

"My dear," she began, solemnly, as soon as Nellie had seated herself, and was proceeding to make the tea, "wait a minute. As I told you just now, we have an important announcement to make to you. Dr. Magill called upon us this afternoon, and—I may say, in the most handsome manner, and at the most opportune moment ——"

Nellie's eyes danced, and she clapped her hands. "Oh, Aunt Deb! oh, Aunt Pris!" she cried, "has he really done it at last? And oh, *which* of you is it?"

If ever there was a cruel situation this was it. No wonder that the Misses Macartney found it hard to bear it with equanimity, and that their faces flushed with mingled embarrassment and irritation. But Miss Deborah, at least, was equal to the emergency. "Don't be silly, child! As if anybody ever thought of such a thing! As if Priscilla or I, at our time of life, would for an instant contemplate a change of state!" she exclaimed, tartly. "It is you, Nelly—you whom Dr. Magill wishes to marry, and I must say that considering that ——"

But she never finished the sentence. Nellie had opened her eyes and opened her mouth. The tea-cup had fallen from her hand and lay broken on the floor. The most ludicrous, the most profound astonishment was depicted on her countenance.

"Me! me! Aunt Deborah!" she exclaimed, at last. "But you are joking—you must be joking!" And then she went off into such a fit of uncontrollable laughter as seemed to shake the very walls of the room.

(To be concluded next month.)

GETHSEMANE.

WITH trailing robes of ever-deep'ning blue,
 Night steals across the softly bending skies.
 Her breast is jewelled with a thousand stars;
 Her brow is radiant with the full-orb'd moon,
 Her breath falls sweet upon the restless world,
 And soothes the throbbing of its fev'rish pulse.
 Far off the silver singing of the sea
 Makes slumb'rous melody along the shore;
 The wakeful night-birds from the orange-trees
 Assail the holy silentness of night.
 Nature in tranquil meditation lies,
 And all is peace on lone Gethsemane.

But hush! He comes, his weary way He wends
 Up from the tumult of the level earth,
 To pray awhile upon the quiet height
 That lifts Him nearer to the Infinite.
 No place had He whereon to lay his head;
 No home had He upon this pendant globe,
 That He drew beautiful from nothingness,
 And sent to sail the pure ethereal seas,
 Lovely and luminous 'mong sister stars.

Saddened He seems, and in that patient face
 Unutterable grief is shadowed forth;
 The heart that loves most, suffers most, and his,
 Of infinite capacity, was flung
 Back on itself by those He came to save;
 And here, beneath the white smile of the night,
 Is kept upon the lonely Olive mount
 A pale, sad vigil by rejected Love,
 Enduring crucifixion of the heart.

From off the moonlit summit where He rests
 He sees the past and future lying bare:
 Before his eyes the path of bygone years
 Lies unobscured to creation's dawn,
 And in the womb of time the unborn days
 Unroll before Him to the final fire.
 Backward He looks full many a thousand years,
 And lo! the graves of unrepented sins
 Unclose, and forth unholy phantoms glide
 Countless as sands upon the trackless shore,
 Each with its loathsome and distinctive mark

Of individual deformity.
 The sins engendered in the cells of thought;
 The sins enwoven in the spoken word;
 The sins brought forth into the shameful deed.

He sees the wild idolatries, and lapse
 Of ages tending to dark pagan rites
 Despite of Moses' God-illuminated face.
 He sees the appetite for feasts of flesh,
 Despite of manna falling from on high,
 The molten calf despite the pillared fire,
 The strong swift running in forbidden ways;
 The weak indulgence in the base desire;
 The love of Mammon, and the reign of Self;
 The spring of passions in their loosened rein,
 The throe of cities in their giant crimes
 Of murder, rapine, and impurity:
 All, all, arise in fierce satanic life,
 And fill the sinless vision of the Lord.

And hark! what rushes from the gaping years
 To break the silver silence of the night?
 All sinful sounds, whose fearful clamour now
 Would drown the tumult of ten thousand worlds;
 The roar of cities in their frenzied glee;
 The shouts of revelry and godless mirth;
 The tempter's voice that leads the weaker will;
 The false love whispered in a woman's ear;
 The robber's stealthy step, the murd'rous blow;
 The mock at holiness; the cynic sneer
 At aspirations after wider ways;
 The laugh encouraging, the tale unclean;
 The curses falling from the drunkard's tongue;
 From sinner's death-bed the despairing shrieks
 Of lost souls hurried to the judgment seat.

Forward He looks with agonised eyes
 To gather comfort for his stricken heart.
 The future is the offspring of the past,
 And still does mammon rule a later age;
 An "age of progress," whose increased desires
 Unsuit the limits of the "narrow way—"
 Of intellectual and learned strength
 That treats of fossils, and ignores a God;
 An age made perfect in material thought
 That finds expression in the "fleshy school."
 The minds He gifted for a noble use
 Employ their talents to deny his name;

The lips that He with eloquence inspired
 Beguile his children into faithless creeds;
 And poet souls, the song-birds of the world,
 Degrade their genius to ignoble use,
 Array dark passion in a sensuous garb,
 And shame the tender chastity of love,
 Till sated man, refining in his crimes,
 Becomes a very epicure in sin.

No solace there. But nearer does He see
 A bloody scourge, a crown of plaited thorns,
 A spear sharp-pointed, and a cross of wood,
 Rough nails, a hammer, and a Mother's face.

A change comes o'er the loveliness of night,
 The stars grow pale, and tremble on her breast;
 The moon shrinks back behind the gath'ring cloud,
 And hides the pallid beauty of her face;
 The sea grows still and shudders on the shore;
 The olive shivers, and the night wind moans,
 A sweat of blood is on the brow of Christ,
 And angels tremble o'er their prostrate God.

A. O'B.

NOTES ON NORTH ITALY.

BY NATHANAEL COLGAN.

I. PISA.

The Riviera di Levante from Genoa to Pisa—The Campo Santo—Orgagna's Triumph of Death—The Leaning Tower.

WHAT excuse can a man offer for writing on such a threadbare text as North Italy? He can offer, I think, this one very excellent excuse, that no matter how well-beaten the track followed by the writer of travel sketches, he is always sure of finding at least two important classes of readers—those who are about to visit, themselves, the places he describes, and those who have just returned from seeing them. Readers of the first class, in their eagerness to store their minds with associations, to cultivate by reading that second-hand familiarity with localities, and persons, and things which gives such a zest to travel, devour ravenously all the literature that falls in their way, at all bearing on the history or topography of the places they intend to visit. As

for the second class, there are many reasons why they should devour the same literature with equal eagerness. Maliciously inclined, may they not find the writer tripping in a hundred places, false in his judgments, inaccurate in his descriptions? Or more amiable and weak-minded, may they not see their own half-formed judgments; their timid admiration for things which it is not considered good taste to admire; their secret doubts as to the excellence of what everyone is drilled into considering excellent, boldly trumpeted forth by the writer with all the authority inseparable from words impressed on paper with printer's ink?

This excuse—the certainty of finding, at least, these two classes of readers—were it unsupported by others, might seem to augur badly for the following papers. It is not, however, the only one I intend to put forward. Without deviating much from the beaten track, a rambler in North Italy may, I believe, find many things to write of which are not too hackneyed to arouse the interest of the general reader. Florence and Venice, indeed, the great centres of attraction, have been written of almost *ad nauseam*, and are, perhaps, as well known to the average reader in these countries as many of his own cathedral towns. But these queenly cities seem to have absorbed to such an extent the attention of writers and tourists, that such quaint, sleepy, half-decayed old cities as Pisa, Bologna, and Verona, have been more neglected than they deserve to be. In the following papers, then, I propose to give a few rambling notes on these interesting old cities, which I visited in the course of a month's holiday tour in September last. My itinerary in Italy was what the Italian railway companies call a "*viaggio circolare*," or "circular journey." Commencing and ending at Turin, my circular journey brought me through Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Verona, and Milan, thus making the complete circuit of North Italy.

Of Turin and Genoa I will say nothing here. I reached the latter city on the 11th of September, and after spending a day over its churches and palaces, I started for Pisa by the mid-day train on the 12th. The rail ran along the Riviera di Levante, or eastern coast-line of the Gulf of Genoa, right under the fierce blaze of the noon-day sun, which beat down mercilessly on the train as it rumbled lazily along. Yet though the railway carriage for some hours was little better than a vapour-bath, the journey to Pisa was deeply interesting to a pilgrim from the misty North. The Riviera is, indeed, a splendid coast-line. The presence of the rainbow-tinted Mediterranean, visible from the window of the railway carriage for the greater part of the way, relieves the somewhat arid aspect of the sun-baked, yet fruitful country inland. Before visiting Italy, I had heard and read a great deal of the marvellous iridescent tints of the Mediterranean; but from what I had seen of it at early morning in Genoa, from the dome of Santa Maria

in Carignano, I had come to the conclusion that its beauty had been greatly exaggerated. But this day's experience led me to acknowledge the justice of all the praises lavished on the Mediterranean. Looking from the window of the railway carriage, as the train passed along at half a stone's throw from the shore-line, the waters, even where they were but a few inches in depth, could be seen to have a distinct bright blue colour, comparable in its purity to nothing but the liquid blue of the sapphire. This bright blue gradually passed into rich purple in the offing, not a deep blue simply, but a decided purple with a crimson flush, which came and went as the light breeze swept over the surface of the sea. And then, where the waters shoaled in the distance off some little promontory, the purple faded gradually through indigo and blue into pure emerald. But the great charm of the sea lay in the inconstancy of its tints, ever waxing and waning and flitting in the distance, and growing fainter as they approached the colourless wake of blazing light stretching across the sea between the eye and the sun's disc. Inland, the hills rising gently from the sea, were covered with vines, not the stunted growths of the Burgundian or Rheingau vineyards, but lusty plants clambering luxuriantly over their trellises, and hanging out their clusters of purple grapes to the blazing sun. There can scarcely be a lovelier sight in nature, I think, than an Italian vine-arbour when the season of the vintage is drawing near. You look down the long arcade of trellis-work, covered in with gracefully twining vines, and see a long vista of grapes hanging shoulder to shoulder from the roof in purple clusters, contrasting admirably with the green leaves and tendrils, while the cool shade of the leafy arbour is softly illuminated by shafts of sunlight which pierce through the roof and make a golden lace-work on the floor. From among the groves of figs and olives, hedged in by these trellised vines, rose up, here and there, a feathery date-palm, giving the landscape a certain oriental aspect, which was heightened by the huge aloes that grew basking in the sunlight among the naked rocks beside the railroad. While speaking of olives, let me just remark here that the olive grove, however poetical it may sound, is in sober reality an unattractive, nay, an ugly feature in the Italian landscape. The foliage of the olive is scanty and of a dingy, dusky colour, most closely resembling that of the willow. The whole tree, as a gardener would say, is of a scraggy and stunted habit.

The scene is very animated at the little stations where the train stops along the Riviera. Peasant girls, with baskets of fruit, grapes, and figs, and peaches; newsvendors shouting out, "*Gior-r-r-nali*," with the roughest aspiration of the "*r*;" and wine-sellers with their tempting flasks of the country vintage neatly cased in cord network, ran breathlessly up and down the platform, trafficking with the sun-scorched passengers leaning from the carriage windows. And then, what a

pompous prelude to the starting of the train! After many imperative calls of "*Partenza!*" and much scudding about of hurried passengers, the carriage doors are closed at length, the guard in the rear of the train shouts out "*Pronti!*" a second guard in the front pipes on his whistle; a third official rings an ear-splitting peal on the station bell; the engine-driver responds with a shriek from the steam-whistle; a fifth official, with no apparent object in view, toots on a cow-horn, and off we go, at last, at the usual dignified pace of the Italian railway—say fifteen miles an hour.

The view seaward all along the Riviera is glorious. Sea and land are steeped in sunlight. The blue wavelets roll in softly with a faint murmur on the pure sand of the beach, breaking into

"Tender, curving lines of creamy spray;"

and further out, the waters sleep in deeper blue under the dark hull of some little felucca, anchored close in-shore, with its huge lateen sail flapping lazily against the mast. Here is a quiet little cove, embraced by sheltering rocky headlands, with wooded mountains rising in the background, capped by a village whose red-tiled roofs cluster round the square campanile of the simple chapel. It was in just such a peaceful nook of the Mediterranean as this, and just about this point on the shores of the Gulf of Genoa, that Romola landed from her little skiff, after her second despairing flight from Florence, and her mad drifting on the sea. And now, Spezzia, a thing of beauty, seated on the gently-sloping, wooded hills which sweep round the sparkling bay, dotted with stately war-ships riding at anchor, comes into view. Then the line turns slightly inland, the sea is lost sight of, and the shades of evening begin to fall as the towering, naked crags around Carrara rise up on the left. The bald, gray peaks of the Apennines deepen into dark purple as the sun sinks behind them, the watercourses dividing the maize-fields are turned into bands of liquid gold, and the groups of solemn, imperturbable cypresses tower up like huge sable lance-heads against the western sky. The glowing sunset tints fade rapidly from crimson through orange into pale primrose, and the stars are already twinkling in the dark blue vault overhead, as the train crosses the marshes around the mouth of the Serchio and steams into the Pisa station.

A ramble through the streets of Pisa on the night of my arrival was sufficient to show me how strikingly the city contrasts with Genoa. Compared with the feverishly busy seaport I had left in the morning, Pisa seemed but a city of the dead, with its deserted, silent streets, its dark palaces with massive iron-grated windows, the long, graceful curves of its solitary quays, marked out by double lines of lamps sweeping along the sinuous banks of the dark, smoothly gliding Arno.

With what a sense of freedom and novelty, and pleasant anticipation one wakes up, for the first time, at early morning in a foreign city of which he has been reading and dreaming since the days of his childhood. Every moment is an hour until the hasty breakfast is snatched, and, guide-book in hand, one sallies out to pick his way through the strange streets to the famous cathedral, or palace, or picture-gallery, whose acquaintance he has already made at second-hand through the medium of books and pictures. I felt to the fullest extent this sense of novelty and freedom as I walked out alone at seven o'clock next morning to tread my way through the Pisan streets to the Piazza del Duomo. With Boedeker's plan in hand, I found my way to the Piazza in less than half an hour, and my eyes at length rested on that splendid group of buildings massed together on its grass-grown expanse—the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campo Santo, and the famous Leaning Tower, the eighth wonder of the world, that giddy structure which, in children's books of marvels, has long disputed the first place with the Great Wall of China. This group of buildings, clustered together in such a small compass, is said to be without a parallel in all Italy; and, indeed, it is a wonderful collection of architectural beauties. What, undoubtedly heightens the charm of the group is its secluded position in the extreme north-west corner of Pisa, far removed from even what little bustle and traffic ever molests the quiet of that faded city. The Piazza is solemn and silent as a cloister. Even at mid-day, not more than a dozen persons can be seen dotted over its surface. A couple of blind men linger round the cathedral doors, straining their ears to catch the footfalls of approaching tourists or worshippers; a few ragged vagabonds lie in the sun, with their backs against the leaning tower; and here and there a solitary stranger, guide-book in hand, or a family-party of Italians, up from the provinces, are seen wandering about, a prey to the solicitations of some half-despondent *valet de place*. I can say nothing here of the cathedral, with its rich façade of mellow-coloured marbles, broken up by open galleries resting on tiers of slender columns, with its grand old twelfth-century gate, whose quaint Scripture histories in bronze, afforded me a half hour's study. I must pass over, too, in silence the imposing circular baptistery of many-coloured marbles; for what engrossed the chief share of my attention in Pisa was the venerable Campo Santo, or burial-ground, which flanks the cathedral on the north. Nothing can be imagined more calm, and solemn, and beautiful than this famous Campo Santo, where the illustrious dead of Pisa for twenty-five generations sleep in sacred soil shipped over the seas from the slopes of Mount Calvary by a pious bishop seven hundred years ago. The Campo Santo is a spacious, lofty quadrangular hall or arcade, whose internal wall is pierced by a range of round-headed, open windows, enriched with graceful Gothic tracery, and looking out on a cool,

green grass-plot in the centre. At each of the corners of this grass-plot, a stately, mournful cypress rises up, dark and rigid as if cast in bronze, to a level with the roof of the arcade. Not a sound breaks the deep stillness of this quadrangle except the subdued cooing of a pigeon, as it flutters through the tracery of the windows, or the chirping of a pert sparrow, hopping about the marble tombs, unawed by the solemnity of the place. Within, the arcades or cloisters of the Campo Santo are adorned with marble monuments, ancient and modern, and antique Roman and Etruscan sculptures. But the great attraction of these cloisters is the series of frescoes which completely covers the walls, chiefly representing scriptural scenes or passages from the lives of the saints, executed by scholars of Giotto in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. One of these frescoes, occupying a large space on the south wall, and generally attributed to an early Florentine painter who flourished about the middle of the fourteenth century, Andrea Orgagna, a pupil of Giotto, is, without doubt, one of the most interesting old paintings in all North Italy.

The fresco is generally known as the Triumph of Death, and represents, in vividly realistic style, the universal sovereignty of Death, its terrors for the ungodly, and its blessedness for the righteous. The style of this wonderful picture is Hogarthian in the multiplicity of its carefully worked-out details, all converging to the illustration of the one central idea; Dantesque,* in the frightful vividness of these details, verging occasionally on grotesqueness. The conception and execution of the work, making even the most meagre allowance for the fact that it dates from the infancy of Italian painting, are admirable. It is intensely dramatic. Every one of the hundred and odd figures in the painting has its distinct purpose, contributes in some way to the expression of the leading idea. In point of composition, the work cannot be said to form pictorially one harmonious whole, but consists rather of four distinct pictures connected chiefly by their unity of purpose. Yet the composition of each of these divisions, separately considered, is skilful. The colouring is pure and bright, with the shadows firmly marked; the facial expression is throughout natural and varied, with nothing of the conventional stiffness and monotony so general in the works of the early Italian painters. The whole fresco, exposed as is its situation, is in wonderfully good preservation, better, perhaps, than

* According to Vasari, Andrea Orgagna was an ardent student of Dante. Speaking of the frescoes by him and his brother Bernardo in the Strozzi Chapel in Santa Maria Novella at Florence, Vasari says: "*Fecce l'Inferno con le bolgie centri, ed altre cose descritte da Dante, del quale fu Andrea studiosissimo.*" In his life of Andrea Orgagna, Vasari attributes the Triumph of Death to him unhesitatingly, though modern critics, judging from the manner of the work, are inclined to set it down to Pietro Lorenzetti. Vasari gives a good description of the fresco, though with occasional inaccuracies, in his life of Orgagna.

that of any other of the numerous series in the Campo Santo. Yet, with all its merits, the picture is not without its crudities. The drawing is occasionally stiff and faulty, the perspective imperfect, the landscape background merely rudimentary. But it is these very crudities, I think, which give the picture its peculiar charm. A perfect painting, for instance Raphael's *Madonna del Cardellino*, in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, could not afford me so much pleasure, or, to speak more accurately, could not so powerfully awaken my interest or touch my heart, as this quaint old fresco in the Pisan Campo Santo. And this opinion, heterodox as it may seem, would, I am confident, be shared by a greater number of my brother Philistines in art than would be willing to openly confess it. In fact, the opinion has, I think, good grounds to rest on. In looking at a perfect picture, our human sympathies are scarcely touched. We never think of the painter, of his long, painful struggles after the material embodiment of his idea, his frequent failures and his hard-won triumphs. The work stands before us in its perfection as if it had grown there without the agency of human fingers; and even if we do think of the artist at all, we recognise him as standing proudly above the reach or need of our sympathies. But it is quite otherwise when we look at one of these quaint old paintings, such as this *Triumph of Death*. Here, in the inequalities of the work, we trace the patient, earnest strivings of the old painter five hundred years ago, in the infancy of his art, labouring to attain fidelity to nature, and courageously, yet with steps that falter here and there, venturing into paths untrodden by his predecessors. We feel with the old painter, we sympathise with his strugglings; and his work, if it fail so strongly to excite our admiration, more powerfully awakens our loving interest than the grander productions of a later stage in the history of art.

Whether or not these considerations be sufficient to account for the strange attractiveness of this old picture, Andrea Orgagna's *Triumph of Death*, the work absorbed my attention this morning in the Campo Santo for an hour and a half, while I sat in front of it on the marble pavement and jotted down in my note-book the details of its crowded action. Having said so much of the picture already, I feel bound, at the risk of becoming wearisome, to transfer to these pages an abstract from my note-book giving a detailed description of the work.

The fresco naturally divides itself into two divisions—an upper and a lower. The lower division subdivides itself into three parts. To begin with the lower division: On the extreme left of the picture, a richly-clad mediæval hunting-party of lords and ladies, mounted on handsome steeds, and carrying hawks on their wrists, is seen issuing from a defile in the mountains. Before the head of this gay party, and completely barring its passage, three open coffins lie on the roadway. The first of these contains a human body not yet made loathsome by decay; in the coffin beside it is another body, fast

mouldering away, with a serpent gliding from out the folds of its cere-cloth; and in the third lies a fleshless skeleton. The members of the hunting-party are variously affected by the sight of these grim mementoes of death. One noble lord* in the centre holds his nose in disgust, while he leans forward to gaze on the unseasonable obstruction in his path; a lady on his right seems struck into serious meditation; she pillows her cheek on her gloved hand, and looks down mournfully on the open coffins. On the extreme left of the group, another noble gentleman in rich apparel bends eagerly forward over the arching neck of his startled horse, gazing with no expression in his face beyond one of intense curiosity. In the rear of the party, all are unconcerned, being as yet ignorant of the obstacle in front. On a little eminence above this gay cavalcade, a party of hermits are seen engaged in pious and innocent occupations close by a little chapel or hermitage. One is seated reading aloud some holy book to an infirm brother hermit, who stands by him leaning on his crutch; another is milking a doe; and a third shades his eyes with his hand and looks down into the valley. A rocky pathway bordered with trees leads from the hermitage to the road beneath, and at its foot a fourth hermit† stands and holds out to the foremost member of the hunting-party a written scroll, apparently pointing out the moral of the three open coffins. This division of the picture is finely executed. The artist is not satisfied with placing on the wall before us a mere bald allegory. He works out the richly-clad cavalcade with strict fidelity to nature. Each horse is carefully studied: one stretches out his neck with his ears pointing nervously forward, and the bridle hanging loosely, while he sniffs at the coffins before him; others arch their necks and paw the ground restively. The dogs, too, sniff suspiciously with extended muzzles; a greyhound, held in leash by a servant-man on the left of the group, is seen "straining upon the start;" even the ferns and roadside plants in the mountain defile are faithfully drawn in.

Proceeding towards the left of the picture, we meet a group of the wretched ones of this world, "the lame, the halt, and the blind," who, with outstretched hands, implore of Death, a grim female form who, with streaming locks, and brandishing her fatal scythe, sweeps through the air on bat's wings, to come and end their miseries. But Death, unheeding their frenzied petition, sweeps on to the left of the picture, where a gay musical party of lords and ladies are seated under the shade of an orange grove. In her flight, the grim, bat-winged apparition passes over what may be called the valley of death, where the dead and dying, lords and ladies, kings, and priests, and burghers, lie

* Uggucione della Faggiuola, an aretino, or native of Arezzo, according to Vasari.

† St. Macarius, according to Vasari.

mingled in one common heap. The souls of the dying are quaintly represented issuing from their bodies in the form of naked infants; and these souls, as they leave their earthly tenements, are seized on, some by gracious rainbow-winged angels, some by hideous demons, and carried off through the air to bliss or torment. The soul of a tonsured priest, who lies with calm, upturned face, his hands folded on his breast, is received by an angel. Close by, the soul of a dying burgher, "fat and well-liking," who clutches in his dying hand the throat of his well-filled money-bag, is seized on, to its evident terror and surprise, by an unspeakably foul and hideous demon, beaked, and clawed, and sable-winged.

This intensely vivid group occupies the centre of the picture. Passing over to its extreme right, we come to the musical party already referred to. This group is just as careful a study from real life as the hunting-party on the opposite side of the fresco. It is, evidently, a study of a courtly Pisan assembly of the fourteenth century. The party, naturally grouped, some standing and some sitting, is placed under the shade of an orange-grove where

"Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn."

A gentleman on the right toys with a hawk perched on his wrist; beside him a lady fondles her lap-dog; in the background other ladies whisper together in pairs; and in the centre a second gentleman,* hawk on wrist, bends his ear to the

"Lascivious pleasing of a lute"

fingered by a lady on the left of the group. In the air above hover two naked winged boys, Cupids apparently, the group very probably representing a Pisan wedding-party of the fourteenth century. The faces here are admirably expressive; and that of one gentle lady who, with head slightly bent and chin resting on her taper fingers, listens in rapt musing to the notes of the lute, is remarkably sweet and delicate. This is, briefly, a sketch of the lower division of the picture.

In the air above, the action is almost as varied as on the earth below. Here frightful demons, in every variety of hideousness, speed along on their bat's wings, bearing off the souls of the ungodly to perdition. Their goal is the flaming mouths of the Pit placed at the summit of the mountain which rises in the centre of the picture. Cleaving the air on their rainbow-feathered wings, and bending their course in the opposite direction, troops of angels in the form of virgins, with pure, bright, tender faces, are seen carrying off to the realms of bliss the souls of the righteous. Here and there a dubious conflict is being

* A portrait of Castruccio, a nobleman of Lucca, Vasari says.

waged in mid-air between the powers of light and darkness for the possession of some soul which hangs suspended between bliss and perdition. This portion of the fresco, in its vivid earnestness, its mingled grace and terror, is thoroughly Dantesque, so much so that no one looking at the picture dare even smile at its *naïve* realism.

This is but a brief sketch of this truly wonderful picture, which is rather a sermon than a mere picture—a sermon on the text "*omnia vanitas*"—painted in characters plain to the eyes of all men. The picture, I repeat it unhesitatingly, is, with all its crudities, one of the most deeply interesting in all North Italy.

A whole volume might be written descriptive of the remainder of the series of frescoes in the Campo Santo, including Orgagna's fine Last Judgment. Much, too, might be said of the beautiful modern sculptures which adorn the interior, of the monument to Angelica Catalani, of that to the jurist, Vincenzio Salvagnoli, with its lovely calm-seated figure of Justice; but I have already said too much, perhaps, on the subject of the Campo Santo.

It was about eleven o'clock when I left the solemn cloisters, and hastened on past the cathedral to visit the Campanile, or Leaning Tower. Altogether apart from its striking obliquity, the Leaning Tower is a very imposing and beautiful structure, the six colonnades which run round it, tier above tier, giving a graceful lightness to its massive cylinder of white marble. As I passed into the doorway, I was surprised to see two ragged, bandit-looking fellows, who had been lying in the sun with their backs against the Tower, jump up at my approach, shake their rags together, and cry out, "*Ecco!*" as if they had been waiting for me. On application to the keeper I found that by a decree of the Pisan municipality, prompted by numerous cases of suicide among the visitors to the Campanile, its ascent was interdicted to any party of less than three persons. I was all alone; and what was to be done? I could not afford to wait long, as I had to set out for Florence in an hour's time, and could scarcely go roaming about Pisa in search of tourists to make up the mystic trio. On offering to pay a triple fee to the keeper, however, he undertook to smooth away all difficulties; and beckoning to the two bandits outside, they sprang in, dragged off their ragged coats, and slinging them over their shoulders, declared themselves ready to mount the Tower with me. Their sudden starting up at my approach, and their exclamation, "*Ecco!*" was now explained. These fellows, evidently, for the sake of a few coppers, made a profession of ascending the Campanile with solitary tourists. They kept close watch on my movements all through. When I walked out on the open colonnades running around the Tower and leaned over the quite perceptibly shelving edge to test the inclination from the perpendicular by dropping a chip of marble to the ground, I always found one of them close at my elbow. For what would have become of

their two pence halfpenny a piece (that was the equivalent in English money of the sum I gave them) if I had thrown myself down or fallen from the Tower? Remarkable as is the inclination of this Pisan Campanile, I cannot imagine how any one could feel in the least degree nervous as to its stability. Its great mass, and the solidity of its workmanship, banish all such fears from the mind of one who stands even on its topmost gallery and looks down from its overhanging edge.

It was almost half past eleven when I reached the foot of the Tower again, and having paid the custodian and my two disreputable-looking acolytes, I had to hurry off to my hotel near the railway-station to meet the mid-day train for Florence. On my way, just after crossing the Ponte Solferino, I turned aside along the Lung Arno to take a peep at an exquisite little gem of Gothic architecture, Santa Maria della Spina. With its delicate pinnacles and carvings, its wealth of statues shrined in richly chiselled canopied niches, and its perfect miniature proportions this little chapel would well repay an hour's study.

At twelve o'clock I started from the Pisa station for Florence, carrying with me from the Piazza del Duomo recollections which will retain their freshness for many years.

A PROMISE.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

"THERE'S not a flower in all these woodlands nigh;
Amid the Summer's grass there's not one blade,
But when the sunshine and the glory fade,
In early leaf, or withered bloom, must die.
'Tis sweet to pull the bud ere its first sigh,
And sweetly on our youth death's hand is laid;
They're happy who die young," she smiled, and said,
As though the grave were pleasant place to lie.
"I soon must say farewell to you, my friend,
Yet not the long farewell unto the end:—
For here's my hand, we two will sometimes meet,
In lonely pathway, or in silent glen."
You broke your promise, yet the thought is sweet,
You loved me well enough to make it then.

SMITH: A PSYCHOLOGICAL TALE.

BY ISAAC TUXTON.

II.

SMITH is now in his eighteenth year. Externally and internally he has much to be thankful for. He has the makings of a well-balanced mind in a well-balanced body. Let us see what he has been through, since we left him at the period when knowledge, to win him for herself, unrolled before his eyes the first fascinating portion of her ample page. He has been to school. Though not a hard worker, he was by no means an idler, if for no other reason than that his appetite for reading had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He picked up a tolerable amount of what learning was going. His daily classical and mathematical lessons were learnt without much difficulty, in a way to avoid coming into collision with his kind-hearted masters. Prose and poetry of the "interesting" type (for example *Marmion*) had developed his naturally ready tongue. The very fact of having gone over in class a good deal of Latin and Greek made the words and simple collocations familiar to him, so that he could understand, without being able to analyse, most of the quotations he came across. When he could not, he said to himself, who believed it, and to his friends, who were, perhaps, a little sceptical, it was because the context was wanting. Consequently he looked upon himself as of a classic and literary turn of mind. He was shrewd and somewhat humorous, which with an honest and pleasing face, good manners and honourable modes of conduct, caused him to be liked by many people of many kinds.

Having been through all the classes, he is not going back to school. That he is well educated, fit to move among any class of cultivated men, and to discuss any subject that could turn up, is his own firm conviction. No doubt crossed his mind of his knowledge being wide and solid and more than sufficient to start with in the career which nature, he is sure, meant him for—to become a great writer, novelist, poet, and philosopher. At school his essays, poems, and speeches had been looked upon as clever and original. He had been able to talk with fluency with the few scholars he had the luck to meet, and as his humour flavoured his boyish conceit, he supposed their amused toleration of what he said implied that they looked upon him as one of themselves. It is by no means improbable that he got credit often enough for knowing much more in kind and degree than he really did. In conversation natural talent makes it hard to decide what is owing to cultivation and what to a good memory joined to smartness. A pleasant

talker, while he confines himself to subjects that are easily grasped, does not ordinarily disclose the depth or shallowness of his intellectual character and acquirements. Of course if you meet such a man pretty often, you will be able to gauge his brains both as to their formation and information; but it may be that a really thoughtful man with taste and tact will not in chance conversation display more depth, originality, or knowledge than the merest smart talker imaginable.

Of course Smith was not educated more than rudimentally. Indig-
nantly as he would have repudiated the notion, his mental state was
analogous to what our globe was, let us say, in the carboniferous
period, millions of ages ago, when there was tremendous vegetative
power in play, and when frogs as large as elephants, and lizards some
hundred feet or so, pottered about, shaded by ferns the size of elm-
trees and horse-tails as "tall as the mast of some great ammiral," in
the tepid swamp beneath. The soil of his brain was as little capable
of producing and supporting the feelings and instincts of taste, the
depth and reach of thought, the power of pondering and penetrating,
of clearing and extending the mental horizon, till the full sweep of
country is seen, of going outside and above any subject for investiga-
tion, of discovering subtle relations, causes, flaws and fallacies, of
creating symmetrical schemes and theories, of enjoying intense delight
in the hunting-fields of speculation: these and infinite other character-
istics of a cultured mind, his mental soil was as little able to bring
forth and support as was the home of those big-bellied frogs to provide
for the myriad graceful and perfected forms of vegetable and animal
life which our evolved planet proudly bears upon its surface through
the heavens. For all that, he thought that with no great effort he
could pack thought as neatly into verse as Horace, or Pope, or Gold-
smith, and that it would not cost him so very much labour to turn out
any amount likely to be required of thoughts that breathe and words
that burn. More than once he had compared, verse for verse, some of
his own compositions with an analogous piece of Pope, or Moore, or
Goldsmith, and his verdict was, on the whole, for the home produce.
The vivacity of his imagination, his copious vocabulary, his shrewdness
and humour, gained him many a triumph among his compeers and
elders even, which convinced him more and more that he was a wit, a
scholar, a profound thinker, and on the way to become a leader of
thought or something of that kind. He was indeed (or might have
been) conscious that his thinking was almost, if not absolutely, con-
temporaneous with his expressed and most brilliant theories, but then
he believed it must be the same with every one else, for he could not
conceive how a man could for hours think daily, and take weeks and
months and years to elaborate a poem or a philosophy. He thought
that anything people said to the contrary was flourish and rhetoric,
and so to be taken *magno cum grano salis*. And it was some time before

the scales fell from his eyes, when he saw that the way he had been looking at things was like that of the poor man who saw "men, as it were trees walking."

Smith's father was a sensible man, and, being well to do and believing in knowledge, he resolved that his son should have full means of maturing whatever mental powers he had been gifted with. His other boy, though intelligent, had never shown the intellectual cravings that distinguished our Smith. Why is it that one boy in a family will be consumed with a thirst for glory, ravished with the contemplation of immortality, fired with the resolution to emblazon his name on the page of history, and secure a niche in the temple of Fame, while his brothers and sisters, to whom he may be united in the closest bonds of affection, are content to get through life as peaceably as they possibly can, caring nothing for fame beyond the modest ambition of enjoying a spotless reputation within the narrow circle of their immediate surroundings? Are boys born in the depth of the country who yearn with irresistible longing for the sea, which they have never seen, the descendants of vikings, or corsairs, or respectable mariners? The instincts of some heroic ancestor of Smith, latent in the family for many generations, handed on from sire to son with bucolic, commercial, professional, and other tendencies of the race, became conscious again in our hero and warmed his heart, and thrilled his brain, and never would let him rest in ignoble ease, but spurred him till he awoke to do his duty.

Smith, though laying the flattering unction to his soul that he was a well-educated young man, still was docile enough to allow that he was young. Four years at a university, after all, would only make him twenty-two. It would probably, he thought, consolidate his knowledge, strengthen what weak points there might be in his intellectual outfit, and fill in whatever little might be wanting to him as a poet or philosopher. The world would have to wait for him yet awhile, and he sincerely pitied the world that he did happen to be somewhat young to set up as its "guide, philosopher, and friend." Is it not strange that the very qualities which, when developed, showed the prophetic nature of his boyish conceit, should in their rudimentary state distinctly constitute him asinine? The more fully and perfectly evolved an intellect becomes, the more stuff must it have had to grow out of. The graceful plant, the lovely flower, the bewitching perfume grow out of surroundings least likely to an inexperienced observer to produce such beautiful results. A lad of eighteen, robust, clever, impetuous, inaccurate, impatient of real labour, voracious in reading, spoken of as the genius of the family, able to write and speak fluently, with superficial knowledge of many common and uncommon things, is little able to enter into himself and review what and how his knowledge is. Above all, a would-be poet and philosopher, who has not to turn his knowledge

to account, may spend years even in the society of men indefinitely more cultured than himself, without finding out how little he knows, how closely and coarsely his intellect clings to his brain, how little able he is to make the robes in which the spirit works fit so tight and yet so easily that one would think it had dispensed with the aid of the imagination, its necessary slave and gaoler.

But the day was at hand when Smith would begin to wake from the blind numbness into which his age, qualities, and antecedents had cast him. He would soon see with dismay, and feel with intolerable anguish, at least for awhile, the crassness of his conceited ignorance, and the long, long way that separated him from that mount of intellectual perfection, well up on which he had thought he already was.

It was the time when first, for many a dark and weary age, the Catholic youth of Ireland saw the fair vision of a university breaking the bread of knowledge to the children of the Church. The greatest intellect of the day, at once that of a perfect scholar, an exquisite poet, a subtle and profound philosopher, and a holy priest, was sowing in a soil, famous for perennial fertility, ideas on university culture destined in due season to bear fruit worthy of their origin. Under the influence of this wonderful man Smith had the inestimable privilege to come. His words and works, imperfectly grasped though they were, slowly but surely revealed to the lad the state of complex ignorance in which he was. This was the first step in the strait and narrow way that leads to true science. Whoso would tread that path must reduce himself to a state of simple ignorance by recognising clearly that he knows nothing or very, very little. Within a twelve-month after the day which this chapter is supposed to begin from, Smith made a resolution never to weary asking "why?" As far as circumstances allowed, he would never omit asking his teachers to explain what he did not understand. Himself he would never spare. Clearing the tangled wilderness of his mind was a giant work, which this young backwoodsman of science set to with a giant will. He had learnt poetry without knowing what it meant. The music of the lines, misty as they were, had made him get by heart a good deal of verse. Henceforth he would endeavour to analyse and put a meaning on every line of poetry he read or learnt. He had read much Greek and more Latin. Cases, concords, tenses, constructions, had buzzed about his ears, but never found themselves at home in his brains. For the future no case, no tense, no construction should escape without accounting for itself. He had spent a considerable time at arithmetic, geometry, algebra, and even trigonometry, but had never dwelt upon what they were about, what they proposed to do, wherein they were like, and wherein they differed. Now he is resolved to make his own every step of the way, and to understand the reason and bearings of what he does as well as he possibly can. He had

written prose and rhyme with big words and small, but without in numberless cases clearly apprehending the meaning and force of the terms he used. He now makes up his mind to habituate himself to making every doubtful word clear by expressing it to himself in terms which he had already mastered. In general he would keep his eyes open and observe so as to learn what he did not know and pick up what he could. Of such nature were the resolutions our student, with all the fervour of a convert, now embraced. He did not make them altogether. Such things grow and breed as they grow. Neither did he from the first find that his practice at all came up to his high resolves. But he had a strong will, and once his nature was thoroughly roused in the way such influence as he had fallen under can effect, he began again and again, and after failing hundreds of times he at last got fairly under way.

Being able to afford it, he read with a private tutor. With this gentleman he began everything all over again. Thus, too, he was able to attend lectures with profit. The harder he studied the more he felt how hard it was to acquire any solid knowledge. The more he learnt and the longer he laboured, the more clearly did he see his ignorance. As the fogs of error and conceit rolled away from before his mental vision, he began to feel the meaning of those lines he had learnt to repeat long before:—

“ Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
But more advanced behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise !
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o’er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;
Th’ eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthened way ;
Th’ increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o’er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.”*

Month after month, and year after year, with ever-increasing intensity of purpose and obstinacy of toil, he strove to make up for the years of comparative sloth he with exaggeration accused himself of having wasted. That insatiable hunger and thirst after knowledge, at first the student’s feverish delight and anguish, entered into his soul. The “ noble discontent ” which marks the genuine seeker after wisdom marked him for its own. Like everything great and grand in human nature, this hunger and discontent of the mind may become a downright

* Pope, “ *Essay on Criticism*,” vv. 219-232.

disease. Vices are good qualities stunted, or overgrown and run to seed. The pain of mind, the consuming craving for knowledge that ensues when the brain has been leavened with some great idea, may become a veritable wolfish hunger, analogous to the *improba ventris rabies*. As Smith entered upon this phase of intellectual development, his frame shrunk, his eyes sunk and became absent and dreamy in their expression, his whole countenance "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of mental labour, for he had not yet learnt to *think* in the way the University of Wittenberg taught Hamlet. He found that every branch of knowledge he became acquainted with had irresistible fascinations for him. His college course opened up to him literature, mathematics, physical science, and metaphysics, and he could no longer endure to do anything superficially. Ablaze with a passionate love of all sciences, he strove to keep the above-named lines abreast. His was no love founded on the desire of rewards, distinctions, and utilities. He loved knowledge for its own sake, he instinctively felt and he firmly believed it was worthy of such pure love, and he wooed it with but little thought of such things. Full well and amply was he repaid with measure pressed down and flowing over, in after years, for his faith and work. Meantime, too, he had his reward (even while he suffered), and part of it was a fair share of university distinctions. He might have got many more and higher, but that he would not give up his own way of driving six-in-hand or so. You may ask why he did not seek advice and follow it while labouring under this hallucination and suffering so from it. Why, indeed? Why don't scrupulous people do what they are told instead of torturing themselves and those who have the care of their consciences? Why don't patients in *delirium tremens*, who are perfectly aware that they are deceived, banish the spectres that crowd around them, and calm their horrified hearts? Why don't drunkards, gamblers, moths, *hoc genus omne*, keep from alcohol, hells, lights, and lures of all sorts? This is a brain fever which has killed many a worshipper of science whose zeal was not *secundum scientiam*.

Leaving poor Smith for awhile a prey to this intellectual fever, it will not be uninteresting to indulge in a brief speculation as to its causes. We rise to causes from effects. Some of its symptoms we have already seen. A few more may be added. Just as the sight of the objects of the passions upsets and convulses their several slaves, so the sight of a library throws the idoliser of books, at this stage of the passion, into a most troubled state. The vision of thousands of volumes impresses upon him the crushing hopelessness of conquering and ruling in any considerable domain of learning. He is not yet able to understand and reconcile himself to the conditions of human knowledge. He thinks possession alone brings true fruition, and so, that he must know all to enjoy. He cannot make up his mind to abandon definitely

the idea of extending the circle of his knowledge equally in all directions. With an inconsistency quite common among men, he sees the hopelessness of his passion for universal knowledge, and nevertheless, he feeds and cherishes it. Scientific, philosophical, literary reviews and papers he loves and he hates; loves, because they gratify somewhat the craving of his mind for varied knowledge; hates, because they torture him with glimpses of fairy realms of science he can never hope to be at home in. The uncertainties of life, its possibilities of terrible vicissitudes, and above all, death, viewed simply as interruptions and annihilations of his pursuits, strike a chill to his heart, which numbs his whole being. Now he seems to understand how "he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." (*Eccles.* i. 18.) But the causes? The most prominent of these seem to be, the nature of the intellect, its dependence for phantasmata on the imperfectly trained imagination, the need for constant food and stimulants to enable both to work conjointly and continuously on the lines along which they have been started, as they instinctively and unconsciously strive to do, the blind and, therefore, almost innocent pride of man, who will not recognise his place in creation, his duty of resignation to providential surroundings, so that here as elsewhere none but the humble man can peaceably enjoy the land. Every faculty has a natural desire to possess its object. The object of the intellect is all knowledge. It can know more or less perfectly all things. In this life it cannot work without food from the imagination. The more elevated the object to be known is, the more subtle must be the help the imagination gives the intellect. This power of giving such help is acquired by the imagination by great and long-continued exercise only. With all the strength of its spiritual nature the awakened intellect forces the imagination to accompany it over land and sea, bogs and mountains, deserts and forests, through the world of spirit and of matter, accumulating treasures of knowledge, and still insatiate, for here as everywhere increase of appetite hath grown by what it fed on. The imagination does all it can to gratify its lordly mate, but, at the beginning especially of its forced marches, it has not the power to proceed without constant food and frequent intervals of rest. To make my meaning clearer, human faculties work either in obedience to the will, or independently of it, or are partly subordinate to it. Those that are wholly independent of the will are also, for the most part, outside of consciousness in their operations. Such are processes of growth and nutrition. Those which are obedient to the will are, or can be, consciously performed: such are local motion, prayer, and study. Those partly subordinate are mostly performed without advertence, but may be modified or restrained intentionally: such are breathing and inveterate habits. Now brain-work belongs principally to the third class. The greatest part of its work seems to be carried on outside the circumference of consciousness. It appears,

indeed, that but a comparatively small portion is consciously performed. Even when we are consciously studying or arguing, the amount of work that comes into consciousness may be compared to a reef at sea, over which the water ripples, while beneath the rocks extend for miles and miles on every side. Still more, when we have not the faintest consciousness of certain operations, the intellect and imagination (while working consciously, and perhaps, too, at trivial matters) are extending the lines of various investigations at some former period partly laid down, working them right ahead, and knitting them together laterally also. Introspection of one's own mind is the best means of convincing one's self of this. There is nothing in the nature of things to object against it. It is quite natural for faculties to work in their own way when the proper stimulus is applied. The whole living body teems with instances of the unconscious working of the soul. Blood, and bone, and muscle are elaborated throughout the frame in this way. That the brain and the intellect work similarly with the brain-pictures cannot be doubted. For, let a man set himself resolutely to solve some metaphysical, mathematical, or physical problem. Suppose after vigorous and sustained efforts he has progressed but a little way. Wisely he desists for the present. An hour, a day, a week, a month, a year after, when he least thinks of it, when he is actually engaged at some external business, the solution flashes on him, just as it would had he been consciously hunting for it all the while. Whence can it come, but from the region of unconscious mental action, which, when it has done its work, flashes the news into the sphere of consciousness by a law of the mind? I do not say the unconscious work is continuous, till the solution is attained. Most probably leaving off and taking up again has its double in unconscious mental action. Have you ever noticed how differently you conduct yourself towards different people? With some you are serious, with others humorous; with some ill at ease, with others quite at home from the very beginning of your acquaintance with them. What guides you to these several adaptations? Your unconscious gauging of the character of the person with whom you are dealing. Distracted prayers, dressing and undressing, going up and down stairs, musical performances by an individual, involving music-reading for the hands, feet, and voice, with arranging of the several organs and muscles, while the mind, at the same time, may be absorbed in social or household schemes, supply more illustrations.

But why all this? What has it to do with Smith's brain-hunger? I think a considerable portion of that pain is due to the instinctive and unconscious action of the intellect and imagination striving to make a way for themselves through the forests and swamps of ignorance, which keep them from Parnassus, from whose heights they may calmly survey their limitless birthright. The poor imagination struggles to supply the necessary food for the enterprise from its slender resources, and,

not yet a veteran at the work, faints on the way, though longing and striving to go on according to its law. Maturity brings strength, and skill, and wisdom. We then learn to hew our way rectilinearly without attempting the impossible work of clearing all the forests, draining all the swamps, fertilising all the deserts, levelling all the mountains, and filling up all the abysses of our ignorance; and the unconscious work is controlled and directed by the conscious will, unused tendencies becoming gradually inoperative. Such seems to be the physical analysis of this pathological state of mind. The moral causes need no explanation, though remedies, of course, will be forthcoming in due time.

(To be continued.)

THE MADONNA OF THE LITTLE ONES.

BY THE REV. THOMAS HARPER, S.J.

O MAIDEN Mother! Light's new dawning!
 Bright star of morn! first flow'r of Spring!
 Around whose neck the Baby Jesus
 So lovingly was wont to cling!
 O thou, whom by a thousand titles
 Already grace thy suppliant sons,
 Be pleas'd to be what infants lisp thee,
 Madonna of the little ones!

O Queen of Angels! are not infants
 Unstain'd as angels, meek as they?
 Do they not borrow angel's voices
 While at a mother's lap they pray?
 Thy Child, sweet Mother, would not yield them
 To his apostles' kind alarms,
 But call'd them to Him, bless'd, embraced them
 (Though faint and weary) in his arms.

Dear Mother of God's little children,
 Consent to grant their artless vow,
 And let them clamber up, like Jesus,
 And set their chaplet on thy brow.
 Hear, too, their mother's fond petition
 For child and parent. It is this:
 That both at last may have an entrance
 Within thy nursery of bliss.

THE ANNALS OF LOUGH KEY.

BY THE REV. JOHN HEALY.

IRELAND is pre-eminently a land of beautiful lakes. They are the admiration of every tourist who beholds them, when young summer clothes their wooded shores in maiden splendour, and every crag and islet is mirrored in their glancing waters. But for the Irishman of cultured mind and truly patriot heart they are more than beautiful; he must love them with a "love far-brought from out the storied past," for their very names are the creation of romantic legend, their shores and islands are strewn with venerable ruins suggestive of historic and literary associations, and many of them hallowed by holiest memories.

In this respect, with the exception of Lough Corrib, to which Sir W. Wilde has done full justice, there is, perhaps, no other lake in Ireland so variously interesting to the antiquarian as Lough Key, near Boyle, in the county Roscommon. On Inis Mac Nerinn are the ruins of an old Columbian monastery. Trinity Island, in the same lake, takes its name from a famous abbey of the Order of Premonstré, which produced many distinguished churchmen; another, now called Castle Island, but anciently known as Carraig Mac Diarmida, or Dermott's Rock, was for five hundred years the stronghold and residence of a powerful and far-descended race. Besides, at least three of our ancient Books of Annals were written on the islands, or in the neighbourhood of Lough Key: the Annals of Boyle, the so-called Annals of Connaught, and the Annals which now take their name from the lake itself. This last volume, ably edited and translated by Mr. Hennessy, and published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, is likely to give the lake, from which it takes its name, a wider and more enduring fame. In view of the recent publication of this volume, and the impulse lately given to the study of the Irish language, we need offer no apology for calling the attention of the readers of the *IRISH MONTHLY* to the various literary and historic monuments of Lough Key.

This beautiful lake forms the northern boundary of the celebrated "Plains of Boyle," the best territory in Erin of its own size, quaintly remark the Annals, anno 1478. It is merely an expansion of the Boyle river, which carries down the surplus waters of Lough Gara to Ireland's great central canal, the Shannon. It is about six miles in length, and three in average breadth, and contains no less than thirty-six beautifully wooded islands—

"Islets so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course through air,
He hath been won down by them."

On the north-west rises the rugged range of the Curlew Mountains—anciently known as Cor Slieve-na-Seghsa—which contrast finely with the rich woodlands and swelling pastures of the southern shore. The beautiful mansion of Rockingham, the residence of Captain King-Harman, M.P., approached through a noble avenue of stately beeches, stands on an elevated plateau at the water's edge, and commands a fine prospect of the lake and its numerous islands, with a striking background of heathery mountain-summits in the distance.

History, science, and romance each gives a different account of the origin of Lough Key, and, to say the truth, we hardly know which account to credit. Let the reader judge for himself. According to the bardic legend, the lake derived its name from a woman named Cé, who was the daughter of Manannan Mao Lir, the Irish Neptune. "She belonged to the giants of Keshcarran in Sligo, but was disfigured and made insane by enchantment. She then fled towards Lough Key, to which she gave her name, and where she remained for twelve months. After that she returned to Kesh, where all refused to admit her on account of her ugliness except Oisín, who gave her an asylum. On the following day she became again a beautiful woman, and took Oisín with her to the "Land of Perpetual Youth," where they remain to this day. According to the Ollaves, "when the battle of Magh-Tuireadh Cunga was fought between Eochaidh the son of Erc, and Nuada the Silver-handed King of the Tuatha de Danaan, on which occasion the Feara-Bolg were routed, and the hand was cut off Nuada there. Nuada's druid, that is Cé, went to see the slaughter, whereupon he rushed in lunacy and red-madness towards the south-east, and ceased not from the madness until he came to the cairn of Cor Slieve, and lying down beside a heap of stones upon the plain, a deep sleep fell upon him, and the lake burst up around him, so that he was drowned, and therefore, it is from him that the lake is called Lough Key." So Gilla Isa M'Firbis informs us in a MS., written about the year 1416. Existing memorials prove the reality of the battles of Moytura, but the chronicler probably made a mistake in calling it Moytura of Cong, instead of North Moytura, from the site of which, on the shores of Lough Arrow, Lough Key is distant about five miles to the south-east, whereas Moytura of Cong is more than fifty miles from Lough Key, and in quite a different direction.

According to the geologists, however, as represented by Professor Hull, the latest and best authority, the lake basin was excavated, partly by the erosion of the glacier-stream from the neighbouring mountains, which are exactly in the axis of the great central snow-field of Ireland, and partly by the solution of its carboniferous limestone bed under the continuous action of running water.*

* Professor Hull does not say this of Lough Key, but it may be inferred from his reasoning. See his "Physical Geography and Geology of Ireland."

The comparative quiet and security which the islands of Lough Key afforded in turbulent times to persons anxious to shun the world, attracted solitaries even from the earliest Christian ages. Inis Mac Nerinn was chosen by St. Columba as the site of a monastery which flourished down to the 13th century, if not later. In these annals, under date of the year 1230, is recorded the death of "Murrough O'Gormally, Prior of the Regles, i.e., the Abbey church of Inis MacNerinn, the most learned and devout man that was in the province of Connaught."

But the fame of Inis Mac Nerinn was about this time eclipsed by the kindred institution on Trinity Island. A monastery was founded there so early as the year 700, but it seems to have fallen in decay during the turbulent times of the Danish invasions, until, under the patronage of the M'Dermotts, it was restored to more than its ancient glory in the early part of the 13th century. A word about this family, whose history is so intimately connected with the antiquities of Lough Key.

The M'Dermotts are descended from Teige of the Three Towers, a king of Connaught, who died in the year 954. From Maelrunaidh Mor, son of Teige, they take their tribe name of Mulroony, and from Diarmid, fifth in descent from the former, who died in 1159, they derive the family name of M'Dermott. The M'Dermotts were princes of Moylurg, Airteach, and Tir-Tuathail, that is, the entire of Northern Roscommon from Lough Gara to Lough Allen, and also of the neighbouring barony of Tirerrill, in the county Sligo. The district anciently and still known amongst the people as Airteach, is incorrectly set down on the map annexed to Mr. Prendergast's "Cromwellian Settlement," as if it were the north-eastern extremity of the county Roscommon. But Airteach really lay along the southern shores of Lough Gara, and included the present parish of Tibohine. The chief residence of the M'Dermotts was on a small island near Rockingham House, now called Castle Island. A portion of the old castle still remains, and a new wing was added, not many years ago, by the late Earl of Kingston—the whole forming a very picturesque feature in the landscape. But, in the 12th century, the edifice seems to have been constructed of perishable materials, for, under date of the year 1184, we find this entry: "The Rock of Loch Cé was burned by lightning, i.e., the very magnificent, kingly residence of Muinter Maelrunaidh; six or seven score of distinguished persons were destroyed, along with fifteen men of the race of kings and chieftains"—all either drowned or burnt. The M'Dermotts seem to have had their full share in the wild work of burning, pillage, and mutual slaughter, which weakened the strength of the native chieftains and left them a comparatively easy prey to the grasping "Foreigner." But, at the same time, it must be confessed that few, if any, of the Celtic dynasts were more distinguished for munificent

liberality in founding and endowing religious houses, for their enlightened patronage of learned men, and for their loyal adherence through good and ill to their faith and to their country. There was no religious house in Connaught, few, it is said, in Europe, that could rival the great Cistercian Abbey of Boyle in wealth and architectural beauty. Its noble ruins still remain to be seen near Boyle, on the left bank of the river, and, carefully preserved, although by alien hands, bear eloquent testimony to the faith and munificence of its princely founders. Both shared the same fate—the abbey and the family who founded and endowed it—their vast possessions were confiscated, and divided chiefly between the families of King and Coote, the former taking Moylurg, the latter Tir-Tuathail, since called Cootehall. A member of the King family still retains the Rockingham estates, and his representative position is sufficient evidence of his popularity in the district; but the Cootes have long since disappeared from Cootehall, and no one who knows their history will regret their fate. When Heber M'Mahon, the gallant soldier-bishop of Clogher, was taken prisoner after the defeat of the Northern Confederates on the shores of Lough Swilly, in the year 1650, he was confined for some time in Enniskillen. Major King, the officer in charge, treated his prisoner with the greatest kindness and consideration, paying him frequent visits, and alleviating in every way the rigour of his captivity. He also wrote a letter to his superior officer, Sir Charles Coote, urging him to save the bishop's life. Coote replied that he should be hanged forthwith, and ordered King to execute the bloody decree. A second time he wrote to Coote *beseeching* him to save the bishop's life, and commute the sentence; he only received an angry reply ordering him to hang the "popish bishop" on the spot. King, unable to save him, procured a priest to administer the last sacraments, and then rode away from Enniskillen, leaving to others the execution of Coote's atrocious sentence, which the honest soldier could not prevent by his influence, and would not sanction by his presence.

But the old monastery on Trinity Island is by far the most interesting of the ancient monuments of Lough Key. It would, indeed, be impossible to select a more suitable site for a religious house, combining with perfect security the solitude of monastic seclusion, and all the charms of rural scenery. The little island, on which the monastery was built, not more than an acre in extent, is within a quarter of a mile of the land, surrounded by the sheltering shores of a quiet bay, and was thus near enough for convenience, and yet far enough for safety, in those turbulent times when a hosting of the foe pillaged or burned the monasteries, as well as everything else they could lay hold of in an enemy's territory. A belt of planting runs round the margin of the island, leaving in the centre a gently sloping lawn of richest green, planted here and there with tall, flowering shrubs, through

whose blossomed boughs the tourist first perceives the old gray walls of the ruined monastery. The church was a plain rectangle, more than a hundred feet long, and twenty-two in breadth, having no pretensions to the architectural grandeur of its great Cistercian neighbour; yet it seems to have been regarded as a holier and more cherished shrine. The side walls and eastern gable still remain standing; this gable is pierced with a beautiful lancet-headed altar-window, supported on stone mullions, and deeply splayed. On the gospel side of the high altar there was a small sacristy opening on the choir through a low-arched doorway; on the opposite side, at right angles to the church, ran a large building containing the kitchen, refectory, and seven or eight little cells for the canons. There is at present no trace of a cloister; in fact, the entire island was a cloister, and no architect ever designed a finer one, if the same shady walks, canopied by the interlacing branches, were as beautiful in those old times as they are at present. An air of holy stillness breathes all around, and clings, like the ivy, to the mossy, mouldering walls. Insensibly the mind wanders backward, and memory, "stealing fire from the fountains of the past," repeoples this little island with its ancient tenants, the white-robed canons of Premonstré, patiently transcribing our old MSS. in yonder ruined cells, walking silent and serenely-browed around the island's narrow circuit, or chanting their matin orisons in harmony with the wavelets that murmured on the shore. Thus they passed the even tenor of their blameless lives—

"And so kept fair, through faith and prayer,
A virgin heart in work and will."

We wonder will it ever again come to pass that these island shrines will be once more tenanted by holy solitaries? And yet, methinks, there are even now many who would gladly exchange the smoke, and dust, and bustle of the city, for these bright and pure abodes of ancient holiness.

This monastery of the Holy Trinity, although founded so early as the eighth century, owes its great fame to Clarus Mac Mailin, Archdeacon of Elphin. This distinguished man, who so well deserved the name of *Clarus*, was a member of the learned family of the O'Maolconrys, or Conrys simply, as they are now called, who were the hereditary ollaves of the Sil-Muiredhaigh, the royal tribe of Connaught. He refounded, in 1215, this monastery, under the invocation of the Holy Trinity, for Canons of the Order of Premonstré. This reformed branch of the great Augustinian Order was instituted, in 1120, by St. Norbert, who founded the first house at Premonstré, in France, whence the order derives its name. Our annalists say that this institution on Trinity Island was the first house of the Order in Ireland: it certainly was the mother-house of several affiliated monasteries. In 1250, shortly

before his death, we find the following entry: "The White Canons of the Premonstré Order were taken by Clarus Mac Mailin, a short time before Christmas, from Trinity Island in Lough Key, to Trinity Island in Lough Uachtair in Breifne, and he established the canons of the order there through the permission of Cathal O'Reilly, who granted it in *puram et perpetuam elemosinam in honore S. Trinitatis.*" Anno 1251, the annals of his own Lough Key give the following touching record of his life and death: "Clarus Mac Mailin, archidiaconus Oilfinnensis, vir providus et discretus, qui carnem suam jejuniis et orationibus macebat; qui pauperes et orphanos defendebat; qui patientiam et coronam observabat; qui persecutionem a multis propter justitiam patiebatur; venerabilis fundator monasteriorum S. Trinitatis per totam Hiberniam, et specialiter fundator monasterii S. Trinitatis apud Loch Ce, ubi locum sibi sepulturæ elegit, ibidem in Christo quievit Sabbato Dominicæ Pentecostes; cujus animæ propitiatur Deus omnipotens in cælo cui ipse servivit in terra; in cujus honore ecclesiam de Rinduin (St. John's, Lough Ree) monasterium S. Trinitatis apud Loch Uachtair, ecclesiam S. Trinitatis apud Ath-Moighe (Killamoy, county Sligo), et ecclesiam S. Trinitatis apud Cill-Rais, (Kilross, county Sligo), ædificavit."

This is the longest piece of Latin in the Annals; the writer evidently thought the life and death of the great Clarus of Trinity Island too important a matter to be recorded, like other events, in the Irish language. It has been said that Clarus Mac Mailin was Bishop of Kilmore, but there is no evidence to support that assertion. He is not mentioned as such by Ware, nor by the Four Masters, nor in these Annals; and if it were true, it is not likely that the scribe who penned the foregoing eulogium would forget to mention it. This Clarus was a man deservedly esteemed both by the English and Irish. Anno 1231 we have this curious entry: "Dionysius O'Mordha (O'Moore), Bishop of Oilfinn, after resigning his bishopric with a view to ending his life on Trinity Island, in Loch Cé, through love for God and for Clarus Mac Mailin, Archdeacon of Oilfinn, and for the Order of the Canons of the same place, XVIII. Kalendas Januarii in eadem insula quievit in Christo." This O'Moore had been previously Abbot of Boyle, yet he preferred a grave in Trinity Island to a resting-place in the noble cloisters of his own abbey. In 1235, it is recorded how the "Foreigners" of Erin, and the Justiciary, Maurice Fitzgerald, after he captured the Port of the Rock of Lough Key, "afforded a general protection and a friendly shelter to Clarus Mac Mailin, and to the Canons of the Trinity on the Island; and the Justiciary himself, and the chiefs of the Foreigners, went to see that place, and to pray there, and to show respect to it in honour of the Holy Trinity." And when the Foreigners captured the Rock of Lough Key, and were afterwards driven out by the M'Dermotts, they fled to Trinity Island with their boats in order to place themselves under the protection of Clarus

Mac Mailin, who had them safely conveyed away. No doubt, it was in gratitude for this signal service that the "Hospital of Sligo was given, in 1242 by the Justiciary to Clarus Mac Mailin, in honour of the Holy Trinity."

Clarus dearly loved Trinity Island, where he selected the place of his burial. There his father, who in his old age became a monk and abbot of Inis Mac Nerinn, was buried; there his dear friend O'Moore, the Bishop of Elphin, was buried; and there a host of saints and scholars made choice of the "place of their resurrection." But the pilgrim will seek in vain for any trace of their resting-place. Some forty years ago their bones were dug up, their graves were levelled, and flowering shrubs planted on the holy ground, in order to remove from view the memorials of the dead, and make Trinity Island a more pleasant spot for aristocratic pic-nics. The late peer, who was responsible for this profanation, made many improvements about Rockingham; but we cannot reckon this amongst the number. It is true, indeed, that the bones were carefully reinterred at the other extremity of the Island, but that spot also was planted, and there is now no possibility of identifying it. We wonder did his lordship ever read the epitaph on Shakspeare's tomb:—

"Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbears,
To dig the dust enclosed here,
Bless'd be he who spares these stones,
And curs'd be he who moves my bones."

There is some doubt as to the place where the "Annals of Loch Cé" were compiled; but as scholars, like Eugene O'Curry and John O'Donovan, differ on this point, and Mr. Hennessy cannot quite agree with either, we shall not hazard an opinion of our own. We shall, however, state first what is certain, and then try to explain what is doubtful, concerning the history of these Annals.

There is only one MS. copy known to exist at present, and that is in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is written on small folio vellum, for the most part in an accurate and beautiful style of penmanship, and contains at present ninety-nine folios. The first few pages have been much defaced by damp and exposure to the rough grasp of unclean fingers, but they are, at least partially, restored on some inserted sheets of papers. In its present state the MS. begins at the year 1014 with a very full and interesting account of the battle of Clontarf, and ends at the year 1571. There are two chasms in the entries, one from 1138 to 1170—a most important period—and another from 1316 to 1462, where 142 years are omitted. In 1849, Eugene O'Curry accidentally discovered in the British Museum a fragment, which he asserts is a continuation of the "Annals of Loch Cé," but Mr. Hennessy maintains that it is no such thing, inasmuch as the contents of the fragment are partially contained in the MS. of which it is

said to be a part, and the character and size of the vellum in the original and the alleged fragment are quite different; although the latter was undoubtedly written for the same person (Brian M'Dermott) and, at least partially, by the same scribe.

The MS. in T.C.D. is lettered on the back as "*Continuatio Tighernachi*," but all the authorities admit this is a mistake, as it neither is, nor was ever meant to be, a continuation of Tighernach, whose work comes down to 1088, whereas this begins at 1013 and in quite a different style. The MS. was undoubtedly written between the years 1580 and 1588 for Brian M'Dermott, Chief of Moylurg. In 1592, an entry made by a new scribe records the death of this Brian M'Dermott: "M'Dermott of Magh-Luirg, Brian son of Rory, son of Teige M'Dermott, died in the month of November; and the death of this Brian is the more to be lamented because there was no other like him of the *Clanne Maolruauaidh*." He may be regarded as the last independent chief of the ancient line who held the Rock of Lough Key. In 1648, the Book was still in possession of the M'Dermotts, for a marginal entry records in that year "the death of Hugh, son of Brian, son of Rory M'Dermott, at Grangenamanagh," county Roscommon, on the 14th March.

On an inserted leaf of paper, under date of 1698, the following entry occurs: "I am this day at Baile-an-Chairn Oillthrialla, 10th November, 1698. John Mac Namee." This place is now called Heapstown, the literal translation of the Irish name, which the place received from the huge cairn of stones raised over the grave of Oillil, brother of Nial of the Nine Hostages, from whom the barony of Tirerrill, county Sligo, derives its present name. There are still, or were until quite recently, a few families of the M'Dermotts remaining near Heapstown, into whose custody this volume had probably passed at this time, when John Mac Namee, a travelling Shanachie, inscribed his name. From the M'Dermotts of Heapstown the MS. passed into the congenial hands of Mr. John Conry (a descendant of the O'Mulconryes, hereditary ollaves of the O'Conors), as we learn from Dr. Nicholson's "*Irish Historical Library*," published in 1724. From Conry it passed to Dr. John Fergus, at whose book sale it was purchased, in 1766, by Dr. Leland, who placed it in the Library of T.C.D., where it still remains. Dr. Nicholson, however, calls it a "Copy of the Annals of the old Abbey of Inis Mac Nerinn in Loughkea," which piece of information he had, probably, from Mr. John Conry himself.

This MS., as we have said, was written for Brian M'Dermott, and was probably a compilation from older MSS.; the principal scribe was one Philip Badley, as the following marginal entry at the end of 1061 shows: "I am fatigued from Brian M'Dermott's Book, anno Domini, 1580—I am Philip Badley." Eugene O'Curry conjectures that this Philip was a member of the learned family of the O'Duignans of

Kilronan, who were hereditary bards and historians of Moylurg and Conmaicne, as many entries in these Annals show. Kilronan, in whose old churchyard Carolan is buried, was in the ancient Tir-Tuthail, not far from the present village of Keadue. Under date of the year 1588, he says: "I am Philip who wrote this on the day of the festival of St. Brendan in particular, and Cluain I Bhraoin is my place." This Cluain I Bhraoin is in the parish of Ardcarna, and in the territory of Moylurg, not far from the Southern shore of Lough Key. It is clear that Cloonybrien, as it is now called, was then the residence of the O'Duignans, for there is another entry under date of the year 1581 to this effect: "Fercaodagh O'Duignan, son of Fergal, son of Philip, died at Cluain I Bhraoin." So there can be no doubt as to the time, and place of writing, and the principal scribe engaged in the composition of this Book.

Still the authorities are by no means agreed as to its identity and appropriate name. Sir James Ware had a volume of Annals which he called "*Pars Annalium Cœnobii S. Trin. de Loghkea*," extending from 1249 to 1381; but Mr. O'Curry denies their identity with the present volume. Dr. Todd and Dr. John O'Donovan thought the MS. in T.C.D. was a copy of the Book of the "*Annals of Kilronan*," which the Four Masters, in their preface, tell us they made use of in their compilation, and, accordingly, they said this volume ought to be called the "*Book of the Annals of Kilronan*." Eugene O'Curry, without denying that this book may have been copied from the Annals, or "*Book of Kilronan*," says that it ought to be called, as Dr. Nicholson called it on the authority of John Conry, the "*Annals of Inis Mac Nerinn in Lough Cé*," or simply, the "*Annals of Loch Cé*," and his authority has prevailed. It is not unlikely that the original materials of the volume were collected, first in the older monastery of Inis MacNerinn, and afterwards in Trinity Island. The compilers were certainly members of the O'Duignan family, whose special duty it was to collect and preserve the records of their patrons, the M'Dermotts; and, no doubt, many of that learned family were Canons of Trinity Island—a monastery which was specially under the protection of the M'Dermotts. That Brian M'Dermott, for whom the Annals were written or copied, calls himself *uachtaran*, or lay superior, or protector of the Trinity Island Monastery, on which, he tells us, he put a new roof in the year 1577. Hence, as might be expected, this "*Book of Annals*" is particularly rich in details relating to the Province of Connaught, and especially to the history of the M'Dermotts, the O'Conors, and their neighbours. Few, indeed, of the entries contained in the "*Annals of Loch Cé*" are omitted by the Four Masters—a member of the O'Duignan family was one of them—but they have been so curtailed as to lose much of their historical and topographical value. Besides, these Annals have many important entries found nowhere else.

Whether or not the "Annals of Loch Cé" have any connection with Trinity Island, there can be little doubt that the so-called "Annals of Boyle" were written and preserved in the monastery of that island. This volume, at present in the British Museum, has, since Ussher's time, been known as the "Annals of Boyle," but that designation is by no means an appropriate one. At the close of the sixteenth century, it was in the possession of the same Brian M'Dermott for whom the "Annals of Loch Cé" were written; many of the entries are in his handwriting, and in the MS. itself there is a marginal entry in which it is called the "Historical Book of the Island of Saints." Now, as Eugene O'Curry has pointed out, it cannot be the Island of Saints in Lough Ree that is meant, for the Book of Annals belonging to that island has been ascertained to be quite a different volume. It must, therefore, he contends, be the Island of Saints in Lough Key, and he quotes the authority of the late Mr. Denis Kelly to the effect, that there is an island in Lough Key known as *Oilean na Naemh*, or Saints' Island. But from inquiries made on the spot, I could not ascertain that any island in Lough Key goes by that name at present, so that by the "Saints' Island" the writer in the Annals must have meant Trinity Island, which is expressly called the "Abode of the Saints," and was, no doubt, frequently called the Island of the Saints in old times. We may, therefore, safely conclude that the proper title is not, what is written in an English hand on the fly-leaf, "*Annales Monasterii in Buellio in Hibernia*," but the "Historical Book of Trinity Island."

The position of the ollaves at the end of the sixteenth century, if we may judge from their complaints recorded in these Annals, does not seem to have been by any means an enviable one. Their unhappy lot strongly reminds us of the privations endured by the literary denizens of Grub-street in the days of Savage and Johnson. "I am weary," says one, "of the work of Brian M'Dermott." Another scribe makes the bitter complaint that he had to give up writing for want of his dinner—*Scurim do thacu pruinne*. A third cautions the reader not to pronounce the last letter, which he had inadvertently added to a word, because, he says, "my pulse shrank through excess of labour." Yet, in better days, Brian M'Dermott and his father, Rory, were the generous patrons of poets and scholars. Under date of 1540, it is recorded how "a school invitation was given by Rory, son of Teige, and by his wedded wife, M'William's daughter, the best woman of her own kindred, or of any other family of her time, for distributing various gifts to poets, and ollaves, and men of all other arts." Then follows a long list of all the princes, and nobles, and scholars who came to this school invitation; "for all the poets and ollaves of Erin came to the seat of hospitality and generosity of the Province of Connaught, i.e., the Rock of the Smooth-flowing Lough Key; and let every one who reads this give a blessing on the souls of this humane couple." But

1590 was not 1540. In the interval all the vials of God's chastening wrath had been poured out on unhappy Ireland. "Moreover, M'Dermott's country was made a harp without a *céis*, and a church without an abbot, after the death of Rory M'Dermott (1568); for numerous evils came after his decease, i. e., the ruin and destruction of the power of Clann Maelruanaidh. Their ardour and spirit were blunted, their brughaidhs, and biatachs, and widows, were impoverished; their patrons, and professors, and aircinnechs were expelled; and many of their princes and nobles were annihilated and slain. A general war broke out between Foreigners and Irish, Scotch and Saxon, O'Conors and M'Dermotts, chieftains and people. Moreover, cold and famine, theft and violence, rapine and desecration, illegality and oppression, grew throughout the districts and tribes, and they were all banished and driven, both high and low, to distant foreign territories." This is the language of an eye-witness, that Brian M'Dermott for whom the "Annals of Loch Cé" were written, and surely Bulgaria and Roumelia felt no greater woes than these. Yet we see how, even during these blackest years of poverty, disaster, and disgrace, Irish chieftains patronised, and Irish scholars pursued, the study of our old Celtic records. Our lot has been cast in a happier time; better days have dawned upon us; yet, even now, the generous and the good can learn a lesson from the munificence of our ancient princes, and the heroic zeal and devotion of the holy men who lived and died in those old monasteries whose crumbling ruins still cover the land.

CHARADES.*

BY STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

No. 1.

MY first, a teacher wise and kind,
 Instructs, refines, exalts the mind :
 Imprisoned, bound, yet ever free,
 Within his breast he bears the key
 Of knowledge and of sanctity.

* [As few will take the trouble of guessing at puzzles like the above unless they have the means of ascertaining, after a reasonable interval, whether their guesses were right or wrong; and, on the other hand, as fewer still will take the trouble of guessing at all if the answer be placed at once under their eye: be it known, therefore, unto all whom it may concern, that the solution of the above and other such ingenious problems may be sought among certain "Pigeonhole Paragraphs," of which the first instalment will make strenuous efforts to crush itself into our next Number.—Ed. I. M.]

My second shuns the light, and dwells
 For ever 'mid the gloomy cells
 Of those dark maidens, sisters three,
 Law, Physic, and Theology.

In thee, my whole, the student weary
 Beholds a sacred reliquary,
 Whose treasured stores fresh life impart
 To fading hope and fainting heart.
 Alone and friendless though he be,
 A living fount he finds in thee
 Of everflowing charity.

No. 2.

Once on a time, a lawyer crabbed,
 Well versed in Blackstone, Coke, and Gabbett,
 Drew up my first, to men of sense
 A rock of stumbling and offence.
 Yet did he doubt, and hesitate,
 Whether his argument had weight:
 How glad and proud he'd be, he reckoned,
 If he could only be my second.

The suit is o'er, the man of laws,
 Or right or wrong, has won his cause;
 He fills his purse, he glads his soul,
 And to his client gives my whole.

No. 3.

My first, a warrior clad in mail,
 Bravest in fight when turning tail.
 My next belongs, if bards speak true,
 To Faith, to Reason, and to you.
 Around my third the waters rave,
 Thick clouds above him eddying wave:
 He sinks—lo! from his burial cave
 His spirit rises, strong and brave,
 Triumphant from a watery grave.

Such are my numbers disconnected:
 Say who am I when undissected:
 Before the steed I reach the goal,
 A part, a fragment, yet a whole.

POMBAL AND THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.*

IT is an oft-quoted maxim that only what is favourable should be spoken of the dead. It is easy to gibbet lifeless bones, but the undertaking is not honourable; it is not difficult to get the better, in words, of the speechless tenant of a grave, but the triumph is hardly worth the winning. Yet there are times when it is permitted to speak harshly over the dust of a fallen enemy. I would not say that it can ever be a manly thing to do so in the spirit of wanton insult. But it may be done, and must be done when it is demanded by our allegiance to a righteous cause. Other dead may sleep beside him, whom he has dragged down in infamy to the grave, and whom none dared to defend during life. In the interests of historic truth we are justified in rescuing from dishonour the memory of the innocent at the cost of the guilty. If it further happen that we ourselves inherit the name and must share the disrepute of the victims, something more than a love of abstract truth urges us fearlessly to do justice to their memory. Father Weld has at least this motive for being earnest in the task he has undertaken.

More than a century has passed since Clement XIV., in the exercise of the supreme power vested in him for the good of the Church, suppressed the Society of Jesus. This act—the most important of his reign—has drawn upon the memory of the Pontiff reproach and eulogium. His accusers will have it that he weakly sacrificed a deserving body of men to the hatred of the enemies of the Church; whilst others find ample justification for his conduct in the crimes of the Jesuits which, as Head of the Church, he could not overlook. It is the custom to blame or to praise the Jesuits in unmeasured language. Their enemies have a difficulty in finding expressions strong enough to paint their sins. Their friends are at a loss for words to describe their virtues. Of course the truth does not lie on the side of either exaggeration. The Jesuits are not all apostles like Francis Xavier, or theologians like Francis Suarez, or mathematicians like Boscovich, or ascetics like Rodriguez. For one member of the Society, whom exceptional circumstances or exceptional gifts have brought prominently before the world, ten thousand have lived, and laboured, and died in the inglorious drudgery of a schoolroom, or the obscure privations of a heathen mission. The Society makes no pretensions to singular endowments of virtue or knowledge. It has, however, been its fate so to use the resources at its command as to

*"The Suppression of the Society of Jesus in the Portuguese Dominions." By Rev. Alfred Weld, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates.)

concentrate upon itself a large share of the hatred which, in every age, is the portion of the Church. Before the strength of that hatred it has fallen once already; one of its domestic traditions tells that a venerable member of the body has prophesied it shall fall again.

Its first overthrow is now matter of distant history; the time has come when it can be discussed with calmness and impartiality. The cabals which brought about its fall have been dissolved; the storm of angry passions that forced its condemnation from the Supreme Pontiff have either subsided or taken a new direction. The world, if it deigns to occupy itself with the matter at all, may now contemplate, without prejudice, the causes to which that event was due and the effects which it produced. As for those who suffered most from the disaster, they, too, can now bring themselves to study it more calmly. They have, in a measure, recovered from it. The Society of Jesus has risen again. Since its second birth, it has had to encounter hardships much resembling those which preceded its downfall. Half its members are again in exile, proscribed by the legislatures of the free states of Europe and Southern America. By long experience it has now become familiar with misfortune; it can, therefore, look back without exasperation to its old wrongs, and take a more judicial view of the circumstances under which they were inflicted. This consideration would, of itself, give us confidence in Father Weld's impartiality.

But Father Weld can dispense with motives of credibility such as this. Throughout his work he appeals to the evidence of genuine documents, and asks belief only for those statements which he can support by this kind of proof. He writes what may be called the first chapter of the history of the "Fall of the Society of Jesus," namely, its suppression within the Portuguese dominions. The conclusion at which he aims throughout, and which, we think, he has fairly established is, that this event was mainly due to one man, Sebastian Joseph Carvalho, ennobled in his fortunate days with the titles Count of Deiras and Marquis of Pombal.

In these days of ministerial responsibility, and public cross-examinations of Home and Foreign Secretaries, it seems difficult to believe that a single man could effect momentous changes in the State unsupported by, and often in the teeth of public opinion. Yet there is every reason to believe that Carvalho can claim the credit of having achieved a feat of this kind. That he crushed the Society of Jesus in every dependency of the Portuguese crown would not, of itself, establish his right to this renown. It would still remain to be shown that in this he did not act in harmony with public feeling and give expression to the popular wish. But when we find him—Sebastian Corvalho, an obscure country gentleman of Coimbra, who had been admitted to court favour at the prayer of a Jesuit priest—subjecting to mortifying

humiliations the great ecclesiastics of the kingdom, breaking down the pride of the haughtiest nobles of the realm, and causing them to expiate by a degrading death in the public thoroughfare a trivial disrespect to himself, gorging the dungeons of the state prisons with an army of distinguished captives, we may dismiss as irrelevant the question whether in his hostility to the Society of Jesus Pombal was backed by public opinion. It is evident that, if such a power existed at all in Portugal, its influence for good or evil was, for the time, inappreciable. The accounts that have come down to us of Pombal's government represent it as hateful to the people. They wept and groaned beneath his tyranny, devoutly called upon all the saints to come to their aid, and, when the dreaded minister had fallen, they cordially cursed and reviled him in his disgrace. But they never ventured on a more vigorous manifestation of their disapproval. They cursed or prayed, but paid their taxes regularly; they shed floods of tears, and raised a storm of sobs as the heads of Carvalho's victims rolled upon the street pavement, but they took care not to miss the spectacle of the execution; the *auto da fé* was quite as numerously attended when a gray-haired Jesuit in a harlequin's dress, and with a gag in his mouth, was committed to the flames, as when the spectacle was given at the expense of less orthodox victims.

This is not the place to inquire into the political plans which Carvalho strove to realise. His career falls in with the time when the democratic forces of Europe were gathering strength and giving indications of a formidable outburst to come. His general policy was an embodiment of the spirit which had already found expression in various forms in other states of Europe, a spirit of rebellion against the aristocratic order, and against the religious institutions which, from various causes, popular prejudices had identified with the order they were beginning to hate. Carvalho was in every respect a fitting agent for the mission he undertook. Servile and cringing towards those above him, he was rich in all those resources of flattery which could secure the favour of an imbecile king; haughty and contemptuous to those below him, he could impose his will on a people unaccustomed to dispute the claims of public authority; keenly sensitive to contempt, he was ready to be offended by any symptom of disrespect exhibited by a proud and ancient nobility to him an upstart, an intruder into their ranks. Unforgiving in his resentment, and unscrupulous in his vengeance, he pursued to death all who incurred his enmity. His talent for government was not of a high order, but his talent for the lower forms of intrigue was unrivalled. He could lie with audacity and address, could compose a libel with cunning, had a short memory for services rendered, and readily sacrificed his friends to further his own interests. He was ambitious of power, and recklessly indifferent to the means by which he rid himself of a rival. Calumny,

hypocrisy, murder, he was ever ready to employ where less innocent means were ineffectual. It is undeniable that he rendered many useful services to his country, but it is difficult to point out one of the benefits thus conferred which was not fraught with some advantage to himself. With all these passports to success, his early career was far from brilliant. He became a soldier, but failed of promotion; he then tried the diplomatic service, but was again unsuccessful. After several ignominious disappointments at Court, he was at last enabled to gain the favour of Joseph I.—thanks to the friendly intercession of a Jesuit—and this favour he held without a rival till the death of that worthless monarch. For twenty-seven years he ruled Portugal and its dependencies.

It is not easy to assign distinct and satisfactory causes for Carvalho's hatred of the Society of Jesus. The Society was, no doubt, a bulwark of the Church which he had set himself to humble; it was the declared enemy of the Jansenist faction with which he had made an alliance; in its distant missions it sometimes crossed his heartless and mercenary plans, and refused to sacrifice to his ambition or his avarice the savages it had rescued from degradation at the cost of much blood and toil; and in the Court of Portugal its members helped to mar some of the pet plans by which he sought to extend his own influence at the expense of the dignity of the Portuguese crown and the interests of the national religion. Any of these offences would have been enough to provoke Carvalho's dangerous enmity; which of them it was that determined him to destroy the Society it is not now easy to decide. But his resentment once roused, his determination to ruin the Society taken, he pursued his purpose with an energy, an astuteness, and, unhappily, a success, which have obtained for his name a celebrity that could never have been the reward of his statesmanlike virtues. When he began his quarrel with the Society, he had at his command the whole strength of the Portuguese home executive, and he controlled the entire staff of colonial officials; furthermore, he could reckon on the steady support of staunch allies among the non-Jesuit ecclesiastics of the kingdom. When we have examined how he used this threefold power, we shall have learned how he compassed the overthrow of the Jesuits.

The first blow was delivered in the missions of Southern America, where there had long been a struggle between the missionaries and the merchants and ministers of Portugal. A wild enthusiast named Pereira, whose brain was filled with distorted visions of gold and silver mines, had long been haunted with the craze that the precious metals abounded in the *Reductions* or settlements which the missionaries had established in Paraguay. These colonies, however, belonged to the Spanish Crown, and were closed to Portuguese adventurers. The enthusiast found a patron of his schemes in Don Gomez Freire d'Andrada, the Governor of Brazil. Carvalho was tempted by the hopes of enormous wealth

which the gold-seekers held out to him. He offered the Spaniards the rich colony of San Sacramento in exchange for the seven Reductions which lay to the east of the Uruguay. The offer was at once accepted, and the combined troops of Spain and Portugal were sent to dislodge the thirty thousand Indians who had settled down to a life of civilisation on the tract of land in which the gold fields were supposed to lie. The Jesuit missionaries were considerably allowed a space of three months to transfer their thirty thousand neophytes to new settlements, two hundred leagues distant, to which they should hew their way through impassable forests. The villages they had built, the lands they had cleared, were to be given up; the civilisation they had established was to be undone. They might begin again all the toil these things had cost, if they felt so minded, but the bargain between the ministers of Spain and Portugal was not to be interfered with. In a spirit of loyalty, which many men will pronounce mistaken, the missionaries yielded to the order of the European Courts. They made an attempt to convey, through the untrodden forests of these wild regions, the luckless Indians with their wives and children, their flocks, and their implements of agriculture. Of course the attempt broke down. The Indians returned to their settlements, and, in spite of the entreaties of their unfortunate guardians, prepared for war. Badly armed, without a single piece of artillery, they were no match for the mercenaries of Spain and Portugal. In the first encounter four hundred Indians were shot down. The rest gave up the contest in despair, returned to their wild life in the forests, and left the Portuguese to seek for imaginary gold mines among the ruins of their settlements.

Carvalho, to put this matter in its true light before Europe, published *A short Account of the Republic which the Jesuits have established in the Spanish and Portuguese dominions of the New World, and of the War which they have carried on against the armies of the two Crowns, all extracted from the Registers of the Commissaries and Plenipotentiaries, and other authentic documents*. It was printed in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese, and gave a graphic description of the strategy of the Jesuit armies, the carrying of their fortified camps, the capture of their banners, cannon, and munitions of war, with a variety of other interesting information which did much credit to the inventive faculties of the Portuguese minister. Europe laughed at the story. D'Alembert cracked some clever jokes with Frederic of Prussia about the "Reverend Father Field-Marshal of Paraguay," but no champion of the "rights of man" raised a voice in favour of the Indians.

Farther north, on the banks of the Amazon, the Jesuits had established Christian settlements among the fierce cannibal tribes whose poisoned arrows had long kept the forces of Portugal at bay. These tribes had been subdued by the self-devotion of a Jesuit priest—Antony Vieira. He first converted the Indians, and then induced them

to submit themselves to Portuguese rule. By one treaty he added a hundred thousand subjects to the Crown of Portugal. He stipulated for the new converts that the Government should protect them from the clutches of the slave-hunters, and this display of humanity drew upon himself and his brethren the hostility of the Portuguese settlers who had hitherto profited by the traffic in Indian bone and sinew.

"The Fathers of the Society," wrote John de Maia, Supreme Governor of Maranhao, to John V., "are objects of enmity, and have always been held in hatred, for no other cause than their strenuous defence of the liberty of the unfortunate Indians, and because they have exerted all their force to oppose the tyrannical oppression of those who would reduce to a base and unjust slavery men whom nature has made free." Carvalho took advantage of the quarrel with the slave traders. He appointed his brother Governor of Maranhao, and commander-in-chief of all the Portuguese forces in South America. From the day of the landing of the new governor in 1753, the Jesuits and their neophytes felt that a fiercer struggle than they had yet known had begun. A servile prelate, who was anxious to exchange his bishopric *in partibus* for a see in Portugal, seconded the plans of the minister, and employed his spiritual authority so zealously against the Jesuits that he merited at length the reward he coveted. Censured by the ecclesiastical authority, and declared traitors by the governor, the chief members of the Society in the missions of Brazil were conveyed to the sea-coast, stowed away in the hold of some ship sailing to Portugal, and upon their arrival in Europe thrown into a fortress dungeon, where they could never trouble Carvalho more. A due and circumstantial narrative of their many crimes and misdemeanours was published, to inspire the Portuguese public with a horror of Jesuitical practices, and to prepare the way for the campaign which was soon to begin at home.

The country had hardly recovered from the panic caused by the great earthquake of 1755, when the war against the Jesuits, already begun in the missions of America, was carried into Portugal. Carvalho suddenly awoke to the fact that the spirit of religious discipline had decayed within the Society. He discovered that they were given to seditious machinations in all the courts of Europe, "that they had distinctly violated the canons of the Church by engaging in commerce, that they were guilty of horrible scandals which "no one could write or read without blushing." His religious zeal was thoroughly roused by these discoveries, and he determined that "the sons of so venerable a mother as the Society of Jesus" should be recalled from their "detestable excesses and incorrigible obstinacy." He invoked the aid of the Holy See to assist him in his work of purification. He addressed a long list of charges against the Jesuits to the Roman Pontiff, and backed up his accusations by the irrefragable proof contained in his

"Brief Account of the Jesuit Republic in Paraguay," a copy of which work he enclosed for the instruction of the Holy Father. These formidable documents were forwarded to Rome, and, pending a reply, Carvalho employed himself in building new prisons for the use of the dissolute Jesuits whom it might be found necessary to punish.

Benedict XIV., worn out by the labours of an active life of eighty-four years, lay on his death-bed when the Portuguese ambassador presented the petition of the Government of Lisbon. The arguments of Cardinal Passionei, Secretary of Briefs—a determined enemy of the Society—aided by a judiciously administered threat of a rupture between the Court of Portugal and the Holy See, overcame the hesitation of the dying Pope. An inquiry into the state of the Society in the Portuguese dominions was granted, and the man of Carvalho's choice, Cardinal Francis Saldanha, a man who owed his preferment to Carvalho's patronage, was appointed *Visitor*. He was commissioned to examine carefully the grounds for the charges preferred against the Society, and to refer everything of moment to the Holy See.

On May 31, the Cardinal, with much solemn ceremony, entered on his office. He took his seat on a throne in the sanctuary of the Jesuit Church of St. Rock, called the accused priests before him, and accorded them all the privilege of kissing his hand. He subjected them to no further scrutiny. Some days later he issued a document bearing date May 15 (*sic*) in which he declared the Jesuits guilty of several of the crimes laid to their charge. On June 6th, Carvalho had an interview with the Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon, and on the following morning, this notification was made by public placard to the citizens of the capital:—

"For just motives, for the service of God and his majesty, we consider it our duty to suspend from the sacred ministry of preaching and hearing confessions all the religious of the Society of Jesus in this patriarchate.

"G., Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon."

Within a month the Cardinal-Patriarch died. Carvalho ordered public prayers to secure the light of the Holy Ghost, in the choice of a successor, and appointed Saldanha to the vacant see. Uniting in himself the authority of delegate of the Holy See and Patriarch of Lisbon, Saldanha now possessed a fulness of spiritual power which left the luckless Society at his mercy. He used his advantage pitilessly, and even violently strained the canons of the Church to inflict ignominy and suffering on the enemies of his patron. The Archbishop of Bahia stoutly refused to be a party to the iniquity which was being done. He had been commissioned to subject to examination the Jesuits of his diocese; he found them innocent, and in the face of cardinal and minister refused either to suspend them from their functions or to confiscate their property. He was expelled from his palace,

his goods forfeited to the use of the Crown, and his see declared vacant.

Meantime a new Pope—Clement XIII.—had been elected to the Chair of St. Peter. In character he resembled much the Pontiff whose long reign has but just closed. According to Lalande, he was “a man of irreproachable morals, of edifying piety, and unalterable sweetness.” Lorenzo Ricci, the Jesuit-General, who had been elected to his dangerous post three months before Clement mounted the papal throne, was terrified by the storm that on all sides was gathering over the Society. He appealed to the Pontiff himself from the decrees of Saldanha and Carvalho; he asked no favour, no mercy: he begged for simple, stern justice, for a fair hearing, for a trial before being condemned. His modest request could not be granted at once. The tide of prejudice ran high against the Jesuits, and it was impolitic to make them any concession whatever. They had made enemies in the dissolute courts of Europe; the rival Jansenist faction was pushing its way into the “high places;” the strength of the diplomatic influence was against them; in Rome itself, within the palaces of the foreign ambassadors, printing presses were at work, striking off reams of foul calumny and fierce invective against the hated Society; the Portuguese Government appeared disposed for schism, and influential members of the Sacred College counselled the Pope to let justice, as administered by Saldanha, take its course. The Pontiff hesitated, but his sense of right at last overcame his timidity. He appointed a commission to examine the affairs of the Portuguese Jesuits. It did its work, and its report was favourable to the accused. The Portuguese ambassador caused a falsified version of the report of the commission to be published; the forgery was condemned by the Roman press authorities, and was burned by the public executioner. The breach between the courts of Rome and Lisbon grew wider; before two years had passed a royal decree, expelling all members of the Society of Jesus from the Portuguese dominions, was placarded on the walls of the Portuguese capital, and the Papal Nuncio was conducted by a detachment of soldiers to the Portuguese frontier.

It is painful, even at this distance, to read the circumstances of cruelty with which the decree against the Jesuits was executed. In the distant missions of America and Asia they were sought out in their homes amongst the savages or the infidels. They were marched in gangs to the shore, and packed into the hold of some vessel sailing for home, as slaves are crushed into the hold of a slave-ship. They crouched in their foul lair during the tedious months of the voyage from China, Malabar, or the mouth of the Amazon, blessed with a breath of fresh air when the hatches were opened to fling them food, or to draw forth a corpse which it was necessary to throw overboard. At the mouth of the Tagus they were met by the sentence which

consigned them to the vaults of a Portuguese fortress, or ordered them to be flung on the shore of the Papal States to punish by their numbers and their misery the stubbornness of their champion, the Pope. The minister's method of dealing with the Jesuits at home was equally effectual. Their colleges were beset with soldiers; the inmates were offered liberty and preferment if they would abandon their profession; in case of refusal they were hurried to a dungeon, or shipped for Cività Vecchia.

The prison system of Portugal was not of the most humane. The Jesuits had to bear its rigours to the full. They did not complain overmuch. They had committed themselves to a life which they knew might have to be lived in a palace, or might have to be lived in a garret or a dungeon. The latter eventuality was realised for them; they accepted the consequences of their first choice without unmanly lamentation. How much this meant will appear from an extract I here insert. It is portion of a letter written from the fortress prison of St. Julian by the tenant of a cell which lay below the tide-level of the Tagus. The writer was one of a hundred and twenty-five Jesuits to whom this prison gave accommodation:—

"It is from one of these prisons that I am writing, Rev. Father. They are much damper than those we left; they are a kind of case-mate, deep, dark, and infected. No light enters here except through slits three fingers in width. A little oil is given us for a lamp, which serves us to recite the Divine Office. Our food is disgusting and very scanty, and we have nothing to drink but water which is full of insects. Our allowance consists of a pound of bread a day. . . . The prisons are full of insects, and their decomposed bodies, mixed with the seawater which filters through the walls, produce an insupportable stench. Everything rots here very quickly, and all the clothes that we had have perished."

There was ignominy and pain beyond what St. Julian could inflict, and of this, too, the Society had to taste. In his war against the aristocracy Carvalho had set himself to ruin the noble house of De Tavora. It had haughtily rejected an alliance with the family of Carvalho, and this circumstance has been alleged as the motive of his enmity. He trumped up against it a charge of conspiracy which a royal commission, issued in the succeeding reign, declared to be utterly unfounded. Under the eyes of the population of Lisbon, and with an indecent mockery of the forms of justice, a noble matron of Portugal was butchered, and her aged husband and her sons strangled and broken on the rack. The Jesuits were, of course, included in the charges against the house of De Tavora. But the king's soul sickened after the first execution, and he had energy enough to refuse his consent to further murders.

Carvalho, however, was not to be baulked in his vengeance. There

was one tribunal in Portugal which the king could not control, and that, the minister resolved, should serve his purpose.

Amongst the prisoners charged with a share in the imaginary conspiracy was Gabriel Malagrida—the most distinguished member of the Portuguese Society. He was seventy-two years of age, and half of this life he had spent among the savage tribes of the Amazon. He had been summoned from his mission in Brazil by the mother of the reigning sovereign to assist her in her last hours. This one fact will show what was his repute for saintliness of life. He was arrested for complicity in the conspiracy for which the Marquis de Tavora suffered. At the end of two years' confinement he was brought to trial. But before what tribunal, and for what crime? He was arraigned before the judges of the Sacred Inquisition, and the indictment accused him of having, during his captivity, written an unorthodox "Life of St. Anne." The brother of the minister—Paul Carvalho—who had been appointed Grand Inquisitor for this special service, presided at the trial. Malagrida was convicted of heresy, "degraded from his orders, according to the disposition and form of the Sacred Canons," and consigned to the "secular power" with a recommendation "to treat the criminal with kindness and mercy, and not to proceed to the penalty of death or the shedding of blood." The "secular power" ordained that Gabriel Malagrida "is condemned to be conducted through the public streets of this city, with a rope about his neck, and preceded by a crier, to the square called Do Rocio, and there to be strangled by the executioner, and after he is dead to have his body burned and reduced to ashes, that no memory of him or his sepulchre may remain." On September 20, 1761, an *auto da fé* was given to the pious citizens of Lisbon. Gagged, and wearing a fool's cap, the old Jesuit tottered along the streets, a warning to contumacious heretics. Arrived at the square Do Rocio, he was strangled, as the law directed, his body was burned, and his ashes scattered to the winds.

With this scene we may close our account of "Pombal and the Society of Jesus." The great minister fell at last. When the prison doors were opened, eight hundred of the four thousand innocent men whom he had imprisoned during his term of power, came forth to the light. Amongst the rest came fifty or sixty emaciated, half naked priests. But for these deliverance had come too late; the cause for which they had suffered was no more. A greater power than Carvalho's had struck the Society of Jesus, and it existed no longer.

T. A. F.

A PLEA FOR THE IRISH ADULT BLIND.

BY A FEMALE RATEPAYER.

THE pages in which I wish these remarks to appear have done such good service for the poor little waifs of humanity who get healed in soul and body in St. Joseph's House in Buckingham-street, Dublin, that I am induced to invoke the aid of the same journal on behalf of a class only a shade less helpless than maimed and crippled children. I seek no subscriptions; I ask no one for a penny; I am not a lady patroness of a bazaar, or of any charitable device that ever was started. But the death of father and husband has made me a rated occupier; I pay rates in more places than one on my own account or as guardian to my little son, and I have thus had my attention called to matters which women more happily placed need not trouble themselves about.

So very few of the denizens of cities, or of the wealthy and influential anywhere, worry their heads with the dry details of Acts of Parliament, that most readers are sure to be ignorant of the harsh limitations of the present Irish Poor Law Act. Boys and girls under eighteen years of age can, if dumb, blind, or crippled, be placed in a proper institute at the cost of the ratepayers, thus giving the afflicted creatures some chance of being useful, or, at all events, placing them in the most favourable situation for developing their imperfect faculties and providing such alleviations of their hard lot as the most ingenious charity can devise. So far so good. But the poor *adult* blind or dumb must not be helped. If they be homeless and friendless, nothing remains for them but to go to the Workhouse, there to drag out a wretched and purposeless existence at the cost of the owners and tillers of the soil in the country, and of the householder in the city. God forbid that we should grudge these poor souls such cold comfort as the law provides in the poorhouse. What I deplore is the life of enforced idleness to which they are condemned, and the very bad value (looking at the matter from an economical point of view) which we ratepayers get for our money, whereas a smaller and more judicious outlay might enable those whom we help to help themselves. In 1862, an Act of Parliament was passed for England, providing that persons afflicted in the manner I have described may, irrespectively of age, be placed in suitable asylums. This Act has produced in England the happiest results. Why should not we seek to share in its advantages in this country?

It was only the other day that chance brought under my notice the special hardship of which I am complaining. A good young lady asked me to interest certain Poor Law Guardians on behalf of a blind who wished to obtain a refuge in a Catholic Blind Asylum. Never was Board more unanimous; never were Irish Guardians more

chivalrously desirous of "obliging those benevolent ladies." But the Local Government Board was superior to such considerations, and our poor young woman was rejected as being over eighteen years of age.

Hers is a hard case. She is an orphan alone in the world, educated beyond her class, and now, while working as the teacher of a National School, stricken with blindness. As is often the case with the blind, she is painfully and even morbidly refined, and with a craving for intellectual activity. But, instead of being placed in an institution where she might acquire the new key to learning which the printed alphabet gave to her before, she is now a denizen of the long, white ward of a workhouse hospital. It was kindness, indeed, to put her there, where she has more warmth and better food than she could have in the main body of the establishment, and where, besides, she is under the care of our good Nuns. But these last have quite as much as they can do in nursing the sick, and they have neither time nor special training for the care of the blind. And so the intelligent, active-minded young schoolmistress, must needs eat her heart out amongst those rows of narrow beds filled with the aged and infirm—helpless old crones who have had their struggle through life and have there been run to earth. Nothing to do, nothing to hope for, no variety but the chance visit of some kind lady; and I should very much like to meet the amateur Lady Bountiful who has the least idea what to do for a blind person. I flatter myself with possessing a wide experience and deep sympathy with the poor; I have inspected the first teeth of babies, looked wisely at the sore legs of old age, and been intelligently sympathetic over the "rheumatics," the "impressions," and the "complaints," into which rural ailments mostly divide themselves; but I confess that, in the case which I have put before you, my pleasant sense of knowing at once what to do in every possible emergency broke down utterly. A bright-cheeked young nun could only suggest the purchasing of some wool, but neither she nor I could settle satisfactorily the further question, how to enable the poor girl to work up the wool in the terrible darkness which had come upon her.

Can nothing, then, be done for our adult Irish Blind? The clause in the Act of Parliament excluding those whose age exceeds eighteen years is peculiarly hard on account of the fact that the deaf and dumb are generally so from childhood, whereas, loss of sight is an affliction which frequently occurs later on in life. Mr. John Lentaigne, C. B., brought this matter forward at a meeting of the Statistical Society, but I am not aware that any action has yet been taken on it.

For my own part—to conclude with the "ratepaying" view of the question, as I began with it—I pledge myself to become a fearful bore to ex-officio and elective guardians, and to make myself a name of terror to my friends if I can induce a few more to join with me in

working up the cause which I have at heart, knowing its urgency as I do far better than any town-bred ladies possibly can. This amelioration of an afflicted class will, as I have said more than once, possess the additional advantage of giving us ratepayers better value for our money. To Mammon, therefore, and to blessed Charity, I appeal on behalf of our adult Irish Blind.

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Select Works of the Venerable Father Nicholas Lancicius, S.J.* Translated from the Latin. Vol. I. The Yearly Eight Days' Retreat and how to profit by it. With a Preface by Father GALLWEY, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

THIS is another of the very many valuable additions to English ascetic literature which we owe to the indefatigable Manresa Press. The reputation of Father Lancicius for unction and solidity is among the very highest of all spiritual writers. No one can read the brief biographical sketch which forms Father Gallwey's preface without being disposed to receive with reverence everything coming from so saintly a man as Nicholas Lancicius. The present work, consisting of some three hundred and fifty excellently printed octavo pages, is a very practical treatise on every point connected with the proper performance of the annual retreat of eight days which is usual in religious houses. No one can even peruse hurriedly the principal chapters, which are adapted, however, for sincere and practical study, rather than for hurried perusal, without seeing how thoroughly justified Father Gallwey is in saying, that "there is every reason to hope that this volume will prove of very great value both to religious communities, and to priests, and to the laity of both sexes who have adopted the pious practice of giving every year some days to holy retirement and spiritual exercises."

- II. *The Master's Field.* A series of Sonnets. By JOHN CHARLES EARLE. (London: Kolckmann. 1878.)

SAVAGE LANDOR called the book which was meant to be his farewell to literature, "Last Leaves from an Old Tree." Recently we have had from Mr. Matthew Arnold, "Last Essays in Religion"—and there the epithet was a welcome addition to the title-page. When Mr. Earle gives to the world, at (we trust) some distant date in the future, his book of "Last Sonnets," what number shall he have reached? Already he has outstripped, we believe, all competitors in this department of poetry, as far as the English language is concerned; and we think that the figure mentioned with wonder in the notes to Camoens, or some other poet in the *Parnaso Lusitano*, is left far behind by Mr. Earle, while Petrarch, whose name is identified with the sonnet, wrote only 317 of

those little masterpieces. We may add, on excellent authority, as items in this census of sonneteers, that Goethe's sonnets number 17, Milton's 18, Keats' 20, Shakspeare's 154, Wordsworth's about 400, while the present hundred brings Mr. Earle's addition to the stock of sonnet literature up to 429—an achievement the more remarkable on account of his having, for the most part, imposed on himself the most rigid conformity with the true Petrarchan type. There are few who will not consider Mr. Earle exaggerated in his devotion to this “cameo of composition;” but his devotion, besides being its own reward, has given us many very beautiful sonnets, as we might prove by selections from the little volume under notice, and still more its predecessors. We regret that a portion of it refers to some doctrine about a “spiritual body,” which, if new, cannot be true, and which seems to find favour with sundry critics whose praise in such a matter is blame.

III. *Life of St. Wenefred, Virgin Martyr and Abbess.* By the Rev. THOMAS MEYRICK, M. A. (London: Washbourne. 1878.)

“THE spider which gave comfort to Bruce scarcely attempted oftener to spin its web than the author to publish the ‘Life of St. Wenefred.’” Thus Father Meyrick begins the preface to the biography which he has woven with loving diligence from the scanty materials extant concerning the Patroness of Wales. St. Winefride, or (as her latest biographer spells her name) St. Wenefred, is a popular saint; her fame is as fresh as the miraculous fountain which still gushes from the spot sanctified by her blood at Holywell, and of which it is here said that there is scarcely such another in the world, except the fount of the Jordan, for volume and purity of water. Her clients will be glad to possess this record of almost the only one of the ancient British saints whose memory remains alive.

IV. *Daily Meditations on the Mysteries of our Holy Faith.* Part II. Translated from the Spanish of ALONSO DE ANDRADE, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

THE present instalment of this work contains meditations for Lent. It ought, therefore, to have been recommended to our readers last month or before; but it is probably another instance of books which are intended to appear exactly in time for certain special occasions, and which, in fact, just miss them. However, this book will never be out of date. The meditations are brief and solid, and they are well translated.

V. *The Church and Civilisation.* Part II. Being a Pastoral Letter for Lent, 1878. By CARDINAL PECCI (now Leo XIII.). Translated by a Priest. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

WE need only call attention to the above as being the Second of the beautiful Pastoral Letters on the Church and Civilisation, the first of which we noticed in our last number.

SKETCHES FROM THE HISTORY OF VICTORIA.*

THE FIRST MELBOURNE PARLIAMENT AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE GOLD-FIELDS.

BY THE HON. SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, K.C.M.G.

WHILE the settlers of Port Phillip were still engaged in the Separation movement, news came across the Pacific, before which their patriotic labours were for a time dwarfed into significance. In California the fabulous and incredible had suddenly been accomplished. The maddening vision which inspired Columbus to explore unknown seas, and which drew Cortez, Pizarro, and Raleigh in his adventurous track, was realised in a land seamed and sown with virgin gold. The effect of such a discovery on a settlement lying on the opposite coast of the same ocean, though separated by a thousand leagues of unfamiliar waters, was necessarily considerable. Vessels were immediately announced sailing direct from Port Phillip to the land of promise, and there was a perceptible movement in the population of the new colony; for men who have left their first home are generally easily tempted to leave the second. The flight to California, however, never reached dangerous proportions, and by the time separation was accomplished, fear on this score was forgotten. To have broken away from the grasp of New South Wales was regarded as a compensation for worse losses. The public rejoicings, however, had barely subsided, and the exultant colonists were still employed in the task of distributing the offices and functions of self-government among the victors, when other news arrived, calculated to disturb their self-confidence more formidably. Gold was discovered, not on the other side of the ocean, in California, but on the other side of an imaginary line, in New South Wales. A returned colonist, familiar with the geological character of the auriferous country in America, recognised identical strata in Australia, and had followed up the clue to a splendid success. How, it was asked on all hands, would the discovery affect the new colony? Had the gallant efforts to break free from a state of pupillage only resulted in separation from a fortunate partner on the eve of his prosperity? If distant California had seduced away an appreciable proportion of the population, what

* An earlier "chapter in the political history of Victoria," from the pen of the Speaker of the Victorian Parliament, appeared in this Magazine in October and November, 1877. In a second line of the second part of that article—"Port Phillip," *IBID.* MONTHLY, vol. v., p. 663—there is an obvious misprint of *temporal* for *tempered*. The sentence should run thus: "New South Wales, originally ruled by a Governor, with absolute power tempered only by a right of appeal to the Colonial Office twelve thousand miles away, had long claimed from the Imperial Parliament some form of self-government."

might be feared from a gold-field within a week's journey? It was soon plain that much was to be feared; an emigration to New South Wales began on the moment, large enough to affect in a few weeks the rate of wages and the price of provisions in Melbourne, and even the value of personal and real property; and this was but the beginning of an unknown end, which few were bold enough to forecast.

What to do in these circumstances was a problem to test the capacity of the leading spirits in the community, and it must be acknowledged that they faced it with promptitude and decision. The new Parliament was not yet elected, and the new Government had not learned to walk alone; but the most energetic citizens acted in lieu of Government and Parliament. According to the British precedent in difficulties, a committee was chosen; and as a political separation from New South Wales did not include a geological separation, and there was reason to hope that the gold region was not bounded by the river on the North, or the arbitrary line on the East, which marked the new frontiers, the committee offered a reward for the discovery of a gold-field "within the boundaries of Victoria."

Under the influence of this stimulant, and still more of the general belief that their soil was not less fortunately endowed than that of their neighbours, several parties commenced simultaneously the search; and before many months, gold in small quantities was brought to the committee from four separate districts. Early in September, however, a field was opened on a muddy creek in that part of the forest land of Buninyong, now called Ballarat, which eclipsed not only the gold-fields of the neighbouring colony, but eclipsed all that had been reported of California, or feigned of El Dorado. Gold was found on the surface, and a few inches or a few feet under the surface; sometimes in solid lumps of immense value (which the miners, after the Californian example, called "nuggets") sometimes in "pockets," where a number of smaller nuggets lay close together; sometimes in scattered particles mixed with the soil but easily separated by sluicing the earth in water. And beneath these alluvial fields stretched huge masses of basalt, deep underneath which enterprise and science were destined to discover a new subterranean treasury of auriferous deposits practically inexhaustible. With this good fortune came, like its shadow, attendant responsibilities. The new Legislature, created to regulate the simple interests of graziers and farmers, would soon (it was plain) find itself called upon to rule the turbulent population of a gold country, and to face large and unexpected problems of policy and government.

The first question was how to save the community from immediate and fatal disorganisation. The tranquil population of the chief towns were seized with the mania for gold-hunting. When two men brought into the quiet village of Geelong half a cwt. of gold which

they had found within five feet of the surface, and another party carried to Melbourne a basketful of specimens like a nest of golden eggs, the excitement broke all bounds. Tradesmen abandoned their shops, professional men their clients, servants their masters, fathers their families; the whole manhood of these towns seemed about to be precipitated on the latest "rushes." Many of the civil servants resigned their employment under Government, and the bulk of the police had anticipated them. The ships in the bay were nearly all deserted by their crews, and as new ships arrived, rewards or punishments proved insufficient to retain the sailors. The mania spread to the rural and pastoral districts; it was feared for a time that the land tilled for human food would be allowed to fall out of cultivation, and the flocks of the colony become ruined by disease or scattered from neglect. It spread to the neighbouring colonies. The peaceful and industrious farmers of South Australia deserted their homesteads, and the workmen on the famous Burra Burra copper mine, more lucrative to its owners than a lead of gold, gave up service to adventure for themselves in more dazzling fields.

This motley multitude swarmed and scrambled by unknown tracks where food was difficult to obtain and shelter nearly unattainable, to settle on the banks of a scanty stream in the midst of a country where nature yielded nothing but firewood and unwholesome water. This army of industry was soon followed by the usual retinue of idlers and camp followers, led by the hopes of plunder or the love of dissipation. All the shops and stores in Melbourne were quickly exhausted, and the neighbouring colonies were ransacked for articles necessary for their equipment or sustenance. A pick, a spade, a tin dish to wash the golden soil, a pannikin to boil tea, a coil of blankets for shelter, and a weapon for defence, formed the simple equipment of the new pioneers. The ordinary mode in which gold was found, in the first instance, was by turning over the surface and washing the soil, which left a deposit of gold dust. This was called surface digging. Then men, with a little guidance from science, took to sinking in pursuit of the lead in which the vein of gold ran, and it was told with wonder that shafts had penetrated forty feet deep. At present there are many shafts deeper than St. Paul's is high, and on some fields stone enough has been taken from them, for the purpose of extracting the gold, to build many St. Pauls. In the midst of this multitude, delirious with sudden prosperity or exaggerated hope, there soon appeared a more dangerous class. It was little more than ten years since New South Wales had ceased to receive convicts, and many of the original prisoners were in their vigour; and Van Diemen's Land was still a penal settlement. Convicts with tickets of leave, or whose servitude had expired (known as *expirées*), convicts who had broken bounds, and, it was believed, convicts whose keepers had connived at their escape to be rid

of the cost and danger of such a charge, swarmed to the gold-fields. Robberies and other atrocities unknown in the first instance became common, and were uniformly traceable to one or other of these classes, known as Vandemonians, or Sydney-siders.* A community which had resolutely shut out a single cargo of prisoners was now, it seemed, in danger of becoming a common sewer, which "sucked in the dregs of each corrupted state."

Men had little hope that the ostensible leader of the new Government would grapple with these difficulties. While the quest of a gold-field within the territory of Victoria was still proceeding amid the feverish expectation of the people, a notice appeared from Captain Lonsdale (as his contribution to the undertaking), warning all whom it concerned, that searchers for gold "not authorised on that behalf by her Majesty's Colonial Government," would be proceeded against civilly and criminally. But the notice was disregarded. And when the great discovery was made, without the aid of her Majesty's Government, a fee at the rate of £18 a year, payable in advance, was imposed, not only on the diggers, but upon the men employed in cooking their food and guarding their tents. These impossible conditions were fiercely resisted, and in a couple of weeks it was ordered that persons not employed in gold-digging might be excused from paying a licence-fee; a necessary change, but the beginning of a system of uncertainty and vacillation which led to disastrous results in the end. The new Government sought to arrest the flight to the diggings by forbidding the issue of a licence to any person who could not produce a certificate of discharge from his last employment, or some equivalent evidence of good character; but the attempt wholly failed, and after a little no troublesome questions were asked. For a spurt the fee was doubled, but the experiment had to be speedily abandoned. This official fickleness was pleasantly quizzed in a mock translation of the Governor's decrees for the benefit of foreigners:—

"Il est défendu de chercher de l'or.

Il n'est pas défendu de chercher de l'or.

On ne demandera pas de l'impôt jusqu' à la fin de deux mois.

Il faut payer l'impôt sur le champ, ou les fers vous attendent.

Vive La Trobe!"

The Crown, from remote feudal times, claimed a royalty of all precious metals found in the Sovereign's dominions, and though a section of the community thought this claim unjust, and even illegal, in a country where the Crown or the Parliament had never expended a shilling, the majority regarded the gold as a proper object for taxation, but insisted that the produce of the tax ought to be applied to the purposes of the State under the direction of the Legislature. Meantime, it was reserved

* Convicts from the Sydney side of the Murray.

till the pleasure of the Secretary of State could be ascertained. One moiety of the fund derived from the sale and licence of public lands in the colony was still distributed at the discretion of the Lords of the Treasury; and colonial officials came to regard the expenditure of colonial funds by a distant authority as the natural rule, their expenditure by the Colonial Legislature as the anomalous exception. Two graver mistakes produced permanent mischief. The use of intoxicating liquors was forbidden on the gold-fields, presumably at the instance of Mr. Latrobe, who had imported the sentimental theories of Exeter Hall; and the inevitable consequence was a systematic violation of the order. Sly grog selling became a practice wherever there were diggers; for men will not drink unwholesome water, after exhausting labour, even at the bidding of a proclamation. The other mistake was more serious. While the gold was claimed for the Crown, an exclusive right was recognised in the owners of land in fee to mine on their freehold, an exception to the rule and practice of England, which it took more than a quarter of a century to reverse. One useful measure, however, the Executive originated: a Government escort was established, which carried the diggers' gold securely to Melbourne, and lodged it in the strong room of a local bank or (at a later period) in the Treasury, under guard. Police were despatched to preserve order, and a beginning made of a systematic Government of the mining population. But these measures found but limited approval, falling so far short of what was urgently necessary to preserve life and property. Subsequent experience, however, of how inadequately an old and organised Government met a difficulty somewhat similar in its novelty and suddenness in the Crimea, admonishes us to be more considerate of Mr. Latrobe's shortcomings than his contemporaries were disposed to be.

The elections for the new legislature, in which the people hoped to find more effectual aid and counsel than in the Government, divided public interest with the gold-fields. They awoke the political passions which always arise where the prizes of power and personal distinction are to be won. The Convict System and the Separation Movement had already trained a few men in public business, and the tenure and possession of the Crown Lands were sure to produce closer alliances and fiercer contests.

It was during the first delirium of the gold fever that the new Legislature met. It consisted of thirty members, of whom ten were nominated by the Crown through its local representative (but subject to the approval of the distant Colonial Office), and twenty elected by the people, or more strictly, by a section of the people, for the franchise was restricted to holders of a freehold estate worth £100, or a leasehold estate worth £10 per annum, not having less than three years to run; to £10 householders resident for six months previous to the

election; and licensees of Crown lands (or squatters). The nominees consisted of five Government officers and five private gentlemen, of whom four were squatters. And these nominees, united to the tenants of the Crown, elected by pastoral constituencies, constituted a clear majority of the Legislature. It must be admitted, however, that this Legislature, modified as it was by additions and alterations within the ensuing year, included, or came speedily to include, the persons fittest for public affairs in the colony.

It was the middle of November (1851), the beginning of the Australian summer, or, to fix the period in the reader's mind by the picture alphabet of contemporary events, it was while Louis Napoleon was still President of the French Republic, and Louis Kossuth was fighting his last battle in Hungary, and while the first Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was closing its doors after a successful exhibition, that the new Legislature of this new State met for the first time. The task before them was to organise chaos. The city where they met was without gas, water supply, or a regular *pavé*. The one bridge which spanned the Yarra was only lately opened for traffic; a single Supreme Court judge went on circuit barely to one town, and justice was administered in country districts by an unpaid and unskilled magistracy. Crowds of dangerous immigrants were arriving daily from the neighbouring colonies, and hosts might be expected from Europe and America in a few months. The clamorous strangers had their letters distributed from two panes in the little window of a little post-office, and the newspapers were filled with lists of unclaimed letters which probably had been demanded at the post-office in vain. Half the Government officers and police exchanged their official costume for the red shirt of the digger; as many as thirty constables were defaulters from the night watch of the city in a single night, and there were no recruits to fill their places.

For men so unfamiliar with the business of legislation, few of whom had probably ever seen a Parliament, the members applied themselves with great promptitude to the most urgent affairs. They demanded to be furnished with returns showing the produce and population, the expenditure and income of the gold-fields, and the police and other appointments made in reference to them, with a view, no doubt, to make the gold bear the expenditure which it had caused. They also asked for copies of all correspondence with the Government of Van Diemen's Land on the manumission and dispersion of convicts with a view to restrain, if it were possible, that aggression. But on the threshold of their labours, a fatal defect in the system of Government bestowed upon them, began to disclose itself. A machinery had been created for ascertaining the wishes of the people through their representatives; but their wishes being ascertained, there was no security that the Executive would not proceed to do the exact reverse. The Governor could

not venture to gratify them in respect to charging the new expenditure on the Gold Fund, unless the Colonial Office assented, and he was unwilling to meddle with such high matters of imperial policy as the management of Penal Settlements.

Much, however, was done. Before closing the first session, which ended in the beginning of January, 1852, measures were taken to initiate a steam communication with Europe, to lay the basis of a scheme of public education, and to create an uniform system of postage. Resolutions were proposed and discussed for an address to the Queen to transfer to the Colonial Legislature the control of the public lands and the revenue arising from them, on guaranteeing the whole cost of internal Government and an adequate civil list; but the squatting and official members would not countenance so strong a proposal, and the resolutions had to be withdrawn. The idea, however, was germinating.

The gold fever still continued. The first discovery at Ballarat was followed in the course of a month by another at Mount Alexander, and again by a third at Bendigo. The diggers, with a passion for change which still distinguishes them, immediately deserted Ballarat—to this day one of the richest gold-fields in Australia—for the new “rushes.” In the opening of the new year (1852), the monthly returns transmitted to Government gave twelve thousand diggers at Mount Alexander, and only three hundred and twenty-three at Ballarat. From the new diggings the Government escort carried, in two months, gold to the value of £328,350; from the original gold-field, an amount under £2,000. A few months later, Bendigo took the lead; and the digger, “like a child at a feast,” rushed from one exciting dainty to another.

The sudden gains, by means which seemed as the gaming-table to the lucky tyro, easy and inexhaustible, produced its natural effects. The bulk of the miners were industrious and steady, but many became intoxicated with prosperity. Any exceptional good luck was an excuse for an excursion to Melbourne to “knock down” their gains. The town was overrun by the “new aristocracy,” as some advertising tradesmen denominated them. Drunkenness was their ordinary enjoyment, and the public-houses swarmed at all hours of the day and night with roaring or maudlin toppers. The mad recklessness of that time exceeds belief. I have heard from eye-witnesses stories of diggers ordering the entire stock of champagne in a public-house to be decanted into a washing tub, and stopping every passer-by with an invitation to swill; of one frantic toper when he had made all comers drunk, insisting upon having the bar-counters washed with claret; of pier-glasses smashed with a stock-whip, in order to make an item worth the attention of a millionaire; of diggers throwing down nuggets to pay for a dram, and declining to accept change; of pipes lighted with a cheque; of sandwiches lined with bank notes. A favourite recreation of the digger on his pleasure

trip was to get married. A bride was not difficult to discover, who permitted herself upon short notice to be adorned with showy silks and driven in an equipage as conspicuous as the circumstances permitted, to a bridal which, in many cases, bound them together only during good pleasure. The facility of cheating the digger inflamed the greed it fed; and it is said that some publicans, impatient of the slow process of intoxication, had no scruples in stupifying them with drugs into an insensibility which made robbery easy. It will surprise no one that these hordes of reckless strangers were looked upon with some alarm and distrust by many of the original colonists, and especially by the official class. The phrase "lucky vagabond" escaped a leading member of the Executive in relation to them, and gave bitter offence to the whole body of miners, and became long a by-word of political warfare.

The means of preserving order among this population was altogether inadequate. A detachment of the 11th regiment, under a subaltern, formed the whole military strength of the State, and was barely sufficient to guard the deposit of gold and provide for the security of prisoners. The police, sufficient for a small and peaceful settlement, were totally insufficient for this tumultuous and constantly increasing multitude, and many of the original police, as we know, had resigned. Application was made to the Government of Van Diemen's Land for a body of enrolled pensioners, and a hundred and thirty were procured, but no sufficient supply of clothing, arms, or accoutrements could be obtained in the colonies, and it was soon found that intemperance and the seduction of the gold-fields rendered them at best an unsafe reliance.

In this condition of the public defences the Treasury and the banks were stored with gold; there were forty-seven full-rigged vessels in the Bay almost without crews, in a port totally destitute of naval defence, and where even the handful of Water Police had fallen into disorganisation. Many of these ships had large sums of gold on board, some vessels carrying as much as 40,000 ounces. Robberies were, of course, frequent, and robbers were caught here and there; but sometimes caught only that they might be induced to purchase their freedom. Early in 1852, a man named Cope, a convict from Van Diemen's Land, who, though only a few months in the colony, had contrived to accumulate £900 of plunder, and like a prudent man of business lodged it in a bank, was arrested for highway robbery, and effected his escape by bribing the constable in whose custody he was lodged. Mr. Sturt, in reporting the case to the Government, says, in the mild official mode of indicating a wide-spread evil: "Such has been the disorganisation of the police that I fear this is not a solitary instance of immunity purchased through the wealth of the convict, and the venality of the police." In a subsequent report, he details a case which illustrates in a more remarkable

manner the rapid profits of felony at that time. William Hatfield, ticket-of-leave man from England, was convicted of robbery in the colony, and having completed his sentence and been discharged was, three months afterwards, caught in a burglary, and sentenced to ten years' hard labour. The history of these three months constitutes a strange chapter in the romance of robbery.

"It appears (says Mr. Sturt, in an official report) that he stayed but a short time in Melbourne after his discharge from prison, and after supplying himself with numbers of rings and other trinkets, he proceeded to the gold-fields. In selling these rings at night to the gold-diggers, in their tents, he observed where they deposited their money and gold, thereby knowing in what direction to make his incision into the tent to abstract the same. For an offence of this nature he was soon apprehended, committed, and now convicted. On his person at Mount Alexander was found about £700 worth of gold, besides notes, altogether, I believe, to the amount of near £900. He effected his escape from Gisborne on the road down to town, by breaking through the watch-house, and made his way into Melbourne. On the second night after I again effected his apprehension. On his person was a large nugget of gold weighing 11b 3oz. 12dwt., and about £175 in cash (obtained in 48 hours). He subsequently requested to see me privately, when he informed me that he had a "plant" which he would make over to me, as it might be "sprung" whilst he was in gaol, and he would sooner that I had it than anyone else. I subsequently proceeded with him and some police to the heaps of broken stones prepared for the roads lying in front of the Government offices, one of which he proceeded to turn over, and abstracted three bags of gold, in weight nineteen pounds. Thus was taken from this man somewhat about £2,000 worth of property, collected in two or three months."

Highway robbery was manifestly a prosperous profession in those days. Even this adventure, however, was transcended by the successful audacity of a gang of thieves, who went on board the ship "Nelson," in broad daylight, and got clear off with upwards of eight thousand ounces of gold—a prize worth £30,000. Two dozen men, armed to the teeth, mustered at Sandridge, took possession of a couple of boats on the beach, pushed out to the ship lying off the lighthouse at Williamstown, got on board without alarming the crew, and transacted the remainder of their business with consummate coolness and success.

In reducing this confusion to the semblance of order, the new Executive, it must be confessed, had a task to perform which would try more experienced administrators. They took several measures of precaution: on each gold-field a commissioner, or assistant-commissioner was appointed, to whom the police and all other officers were subject. The commissioners issued licences, took charge of gold intended to be forwarded by escort, giving the miners a receipt which enabled them to regain it in Melbourne, decided disputes on boundaries of claims, administered justice as magistrates, and looked after the collection of the licence fee. A Crown lands surveyor or two, a coroner, and an inspector of weights and measures, performed the duties which these titles indicate. Special police magistrates, in addition to the

commissioners, administered justice in the two principal districts. Some of the new officials were mere youths, and nearly all without previous training or discipline.

After a little, a chief commissioner, sitting in Melbourne, took charge of the general management of the gold-fields, and aid was afforded to the principal religious bodies to station resident clergymen among the diggers. Sunday had always been observed as a day of rest, but it was only by degrees it came to be observed as a day of religious exercises. Finally, a guard-ship was stationed in the bay, and two prison ships moored there for the safe keeping of the more dangerous class of criminals, and circuit courts were multiplied to bring home justice to the outlying districts. For the rest they prayed hard for help and guidance from Downing-street. A few companies of soldiers were asked for, and the trifling expenditure made for public purposes out of a teeming fund arising from the land and gold of the colony was explained and excused, lest they might be considered as guilty of waste on what seemed to be regarded as the hereditary estate of the Colonial Office. These measures, if not completely effective, were perhaps as good as could fairly be expected in the suddenness and newness of the emergency, and from an Executive designed for work so different.

The yield of gold still went on increasing. It was at first largely retained in their own hands by diggers or buyers, but the quantity carried by escort and the quantity exported is known. In the two last months of 1851 there went to England a hundred and forty-five thousand ounces; in the first month of the new year, a hundred and sixty thousand ounces; in February, which was shorter by two days, a hundred and fifty-one thousand ounces. But the great average yield produced less impression upon the popular mind than the exceptional good fortune of individuals. Early in 1852, forty-four pounds weight of gold were found by one mining party in a locality where a nugget of twenty-seven pounds weight had been found shortly before. Another party, at Fryer's Creek (now Castlemaine), obtained two pounds weight of gold every day for six weeks, and Ballarat had led the way in these marvels.

The effect of the gold on the rate of wages and the price of necessities had been two-fold. They were increased because of the scarcity which ensued on the unexpected demand; and again, because of the plentifulness of gold, which operates to raise prices. In the beginning of 1852, journeymen bakers and butchers and the artisans most in request were receiving £1 a day in Melbourne, with rations and lodgings; forty shillings a week were the highest wages before the gold discovery. House-servants were receiving £50 to £100, with board and lodgings, in lieu of £25 formerly paid. Unskilled labourers, whose wages had averaged nine or ten shillings a week, now received £2 10s. with rations; and wharfingers' labourers as much as

three or four pounds. The *employés* in mercantile and professional houses obtained an increase varying from seventy-five to a hundred per cent. on their former salaries. The prime necessities of life had risen proportionately. Beef and mutton had trebled in price, and firewood quadrupled; forage had mounted from £2 to £14 a ton. House rent had risen two or three hundred per cent. Cartage to the diggings had already reached £45 a ton, and was mounting higher and higher.* On the gold-fields the rate of wages and necessities was in general twenty per cent. more than in Melbourne. In the face of these circumstances a second increase in the pay of public officers became necessary, and after a time a large special allowance for house-rent was made, and what began in parsimony seemed likely to end in prodigality.

The first result on commercial affairs had been to clear out, at high prices, the entire stock of merchants and shopkeepers throughout the Australian colonies. The market for every species of property was a constantly rising one; so that it was said you could not buy anything to-day without being able to sell it at a profit to-morrow. New supplies were ordered from Europe. Those who understood the market best, or had the best connection in England, obtained the necessary quantity at the right moment; others followed when it was too late. Persons of loose principles and strong imagination gave munificent orders upon limited resources; shippers were prepared to carry, and commission agents to take charge of home manufactures without limit. And the madness of the times seems to have extended by a sort of moral contagion to the sober circle of English merchants and manufactures. Exporters who got orders often executed them without caution or discrimination, and those who got none strove to compete with their more lucky rivals by ventures on their own account. Almost every class in England who had anything portable to sell seems to have sent it to the gold-country. There were no wharves and no stores ready for such an expanded commerce; thousands of bales and cases were lost for want of shelter, or sold at a nominal price, or sacrificed to pay extravagant storage-fees and the commission of adventurous agents. But the export merchants still poured in fresh supplies. They made their experiments, however, more discreetly, selecting the refuse of their stock to discharge into this new and not too fastidious market. No country in the world was so plentifully supplied with luxuries, which civilisation has rendered necessities of life, as Victoria from this period, or supplied with articles of so execrable a quality. In the poorest parts of Ireland, Scotland, or Switzerland, tea, wine, sugar, and the condiments of the table were ordinarily superior to those sent

* It may be convenient to state here that all statistics of this nature respecting the gold fields are based on the monthly returns made by the Gold-field Commissioners to the Government, unless some other authority is cited.

in exchange for the gold of Australia. Well-informed persons doubted whether one pound of tea in a hundred, or one bottle of wine in a thousand drunk in the colony, was tea grown in China or wine of the vintage of France, Germany, or the Spanish Peninsula.

The house accommodation of Melbourne was painfully insufficient for the multitude of arrivals. After crowding had reached the utmost limits to which the avarice of men with accommodation to hire could push it, there were still thousands without shelter, and only the singular salubrity of the climate saved them from some contagious disease. Men of gentle birth and training, and delicate ladies, still tell how they wandered about at this period, seeking in vain for any roof to cover them. A swampy tract of unoccupied land, now a suburban park, was assigned by the Government as camping-ground for the new arrivals, at an inhospitably high rent, and there speedily sprung up a strange assemblage of tents of all colours and materials, which came to be named Canvas Town. Six thousand persons found temporary shelter here. At length a public meeting was held, at which members of the Executive mixed with other citizens, a liberal subscription was made, and with large aid from the Legislature, temporary buildings were erected to shelter the houseless.

Exorbitant rents encouraged building; but building had become a hazardous undertaking, for land had risen in Melbourne and its suburbs to prices rivalling those of the great cities of Europe. Allotments purchased at £80 an acre sold in favourite positions at £200 a foot; and the Government, who had an abundant supply in reserve, so little understood the policy and duty of their positions as to dole it out in quantities which maintained the undue price. Building materials imported from Europe had risen prodigiously in cost, and those made in the colony had fallen off prodigiously in value. The public paid three or four times as much for articles, which were not half as good as before. For a time rents yielded a high interest on the highest expenditure; but this was not destined to last. They still show you in Melbourne men who had once a noble income from stores and villas, which now barely pay the interest on money borrowed to complete them; and others more sagacious, now great capitalists, whose first success dates from the sale of a house or a few building allotments which they had the good luck to purchase, when Melbourne was still a thriving village in a pastoral country.

When the news of these events reached England, a high tide of emigration set for Australia. The English newspapers, though crowded with details, were insufficient to satisfy the public curiosity, and several journals came into existence expressly to supply this demand. The class for whom there was now an opening was no longer, as at an earlier period, men of small capital, but men of strong sinews or trained skill. Every class, however, sent its contingent to the

general movement. It used to be said in Australia that if you met a red-shirted digger emerging from his hole, the chances were that he was a graduate of a university, the younger son of a good family, or a member of the learned professions. I fear the chances were that he was none of these; but there was a notable contingent of gentlemen among the new population, and some of them became conspicuously successful diggers. Many of the educated class, however, were unfit, by habit or temperament, for a life of daily toil, and grew discontented with hardships which they might have foreseen. But still the tide poured on with increasing volume. During the year, which was now beginning, the arrivals in the colony averaged nearly three hundred a day.*

The first session of the first Legislature of Victoria produced one notable result. The attempt to conduct the affairs of a country in the throes of a social revolution, by a legislature which had no power to control the Executive, and an Executive which submitted itself to the guidance of an authority whose instructions could be obtained only after six months' delay, had palpably broken down. Thoughtful men began to speak of a Government responsible to the local Parliament as the only alternative to chaos.

APRIL, 1878.

BY M. LA TOUCHE.

HER gracious footsteps, that we love to trace
 By light of springing flowers, are set in snow; .
 And all the cruel winds of winter blow
 Against her, till the childhood of her face
 Grows wan and sad, because her playing-place
 Is not made lovely with the tender glow
 Of primrose stars, nor can her grasses grow,
 Nor her bright creatures break from Death's embrace.

Poor thwarted April! not a ray for her
 Pierces the veil of snow-cloud dense and gray:
 She cannot feel how all things strive and stir
 With pain of hopeful life and stern delay,
 Although for us, God's vernal messenger,
 She brings eternal Hope with Easter Day.

* 1852.—Unassisted immigrants, 79,183.
 Assisted immigrants, 14,578.

NELLIE'S PROPOSALS.

BY MRS. CHARLES MARTIN.

AUTHOR OF "PETITE'S ROMANCE," "TWO LOVES," &c.

CHAPTER III.

BLIND BRIDGET.

NELLIE, however, did not laugh the next day, nor for many days afterwards. She was not laughing on the afternoon of a certain day, about a week later, when, looking out of the window of her room across Ballyglum lake towards the wooded heights upon which the castle was picturesquely situated, she remembered with a swelling heart that this very night the grand ball, which for weeks had been the talk of the country for miles around, was to take place.

It is one thing, as we all well know, to make a heroic resolve, and another to keep it. It is one thing to look at a dreary future boldly in the face, and quite another to live through that future as day by day it becomes the present, and to taste in little doses the bitterness of each fresh mortification; to feel the secret ache, the weary pain of each hour, as it drags slowly by.

It had, in truth, been a trying week for Nellie. First of all, she had the weight of her own special heart-breaking to endure, without sympathy, without help, without a gleam of hope; for of Ballyglum Castle and its inhabitants she had heard nothing save what the eager gossips of the neighbourhood had to tell—that young Bernard Gore had quarrelled with his father, and was leaving the country for a prolonged tour abroad; that the magnificent dress, in which Mrs. Gore was to appear at the ball, had already arrived from Paris; and that the castle was thronged with gay and fashionable guests, who had assembled from all parts to enjoy the *fête*, which was to be the most exciting event that had ever taken place in the county.

Nellie heard other things too—saw them, rather, and felt them. She felt that people talked of her, pointed and smiled at her, and, what was a thousand times more intolerable, pitied her. Her encounter with the Squire was public property now, and the poor child's little romance with its disastrous conclusion, was, she was painfully aware, the last *bonne-bouche* for all the cackling newsmongers of Ballyglum. This was, we may be sure, a terrible trial for a person of her proud and sensitive disposition. But it was not the only one which she had to endure. Dr. Magill's suit was an additional aggravation to her position. The good doctor had not accepted, nay, seemed quite determined not to accept, the first impulsive, hasty

refusal which she had given him. He had insisted upon consideration and reflection, which, he hardly doubted, viewing the matter with the eyes of common-sense, would produce a result favourable to his wishes. Her aunts made no secret that they were of the same opinion, and Nellie, though firmly resolved in her heart that she would never consent to what was taken for granted on all sides, grew fairly bewildered, and now and then lost courage entirely.

"You know, child, that you have not a penny in the world, and that we can leave you nothing. As it is, we have submitted to privation and eked out our small life-annuity to the utmost in our attempts to educate and maintain you," Miss Deborah had, not unkindly, but with sad candour, told her for the hundredth time, not half an hour ago; adding, with pointed severity: "Your recent unfortunate acquaintance with Mr. Bernard Gore has not, I need not remind you, Nellie, been of service to your prospects. If we were to die, and you were obliged to look for a situation as governess, you might find that many mothers might hesitate to entrust their children to a young person whose conduct has been——"

"Aunt Deborah!"

"Well—we will say, *perhaps* a little giddy, Nellie. And then, in a matrimonial way," and she coughed discreetly, "we consider that Dr. Magill is behaving most handsomely, and that you are a fortunate girl in having attracted his regard," she concluded, with a significant and most impressive nod.

Nellie was reflecting now, as she had done pretty often during the past week, upon these words of Aunt Deborah's, and feeling, as it comes into most of our lives now and then to feel, as though fate were a harsh stepmother to her. She did not doubt young Gore's affection for her, but she saw clearly enough that to marry her, in the face of his father's obstinate and stern opposition, would entail a sacrifice of his worldly prospects such as she could not accept from him. She had told him this over and over again, and had pledged herself, even though it should break her heart, to keep the resolution she had announced in the eventful interview with his father. To go back upon that was impossible, and she was slowly and bitterly learning to realise that her short dream of happiness was over. To relieve her aunts of the burden of maintaining her, and to go out into the world to earn her bread, was the single alternative which remained of a marriage with the doctor. It was an alternative which, though difficult (for her aunt's pride had, so far, point-blank refused to listen to such a proposition), was at least, Nellie had resolved, possible. How to execute it was now the question; but that last sting of Aunt Deborah's, disdainfully as she had received it, in reality terrified her, and seemed to her inexperience to increase the difficulties of the undertaking a hundred-fold.

It was in the midst of these melancholy and utterly bewildering meditations that Nellie heard a sound in the garden, and, looking down, perceived a small child, who was evidently patiently awaiting her notice, and with solemn eyes gazing at her. Nellie's own eyes were not quite dry, and, a little ashamed of being caught, she inquired with some confusion what Sally's errand was.

"It's Bridget, Miss, please," the child explained. "She has been sick all the week, and she's pining to see you. She says as you've forgotten her. But it's too late now, maybe," she added, with a doubtful look at the darkening sky.

Nellie's conscience smote her. Bridget was a poor, blind girl who lived in a wretched cabin about a mile and a half from Ballyglum, and one of her special *protégées*. This week, however, she had, if not forgotten, at least neglected her; and, engrossed with her own troubles, she had omitted her usual visits. The first touch of sorrow makes us all a little selfish; and now Nellie remembered, with a sudden pang, that this poor creature had been for many days left in her dark solitude without, perhaps, hearing a kind word, or having had a prayer said to comfort her. Now, however, she at once resolved to repair her neglect. Her aunts, determined to prove how indifferent they were to the slight Ballyglum Castle and its masters had inflicted upon them, had sallied forth in their best bonnets to pay return visits, and also, we may surmise, to drop mysterious hints concerning the approaching happy event which was likely to take place in their family. Nellie, therefore, had nobody to consult with or to ask leave from, and so, leaving a message with Rose that Bridget Moore had sent for her, and that she would be back to tea, she was quickly on the road to her dwelling.

It was a very different kind of evening from that upon which this little tale opened. Then the autumn sun was gilding the world, and bidding it farewell in a dying blaze of colour; but now winter seemed to have silently and suddenly come, and to have enveloped it in a dull gray mantle, which hid all its beauty away. Earth and sky were this evening alike colourless. The bleak, dreary bog which extended for miles around in an unbroken expanse, looked like a gloomy, spell-bound sea, across which the wind swept in low, sudden gusts, so chill and damp, that it required all Nellie's determination to hold on her way and to reach her destination. But she was a brave girl and a kind one, and the thought that her poor friend was "pining" to see her, gave her courage—a courage which she had to exercise to its utmost, when she at last reached the cabin, or rather hovel, in which Bridget dwelt.

Nellie knew the place well, but she had never entered it except in broad daylight; and now, as she found herself before the wretched mud-walls, which stood in pools of grimy water, and peeped through

the low hole which served as doorway, into the grim darkness beyond, a sudden fear and repulsion possessed her, and she could hardly call out the blind girl's name. Bridget's sharp ears, however, had already detected her presence, and she was impatiently calling on her to enter. She had half risen from the heap of rags which served her as a bed, and was fumbling for a light which, when kindled, revealed a spectacle of such abject misery that it seemed impossible for human beings to dwell in the midst of it. Yet here Bridget spent her life with her brother, one of the most irreclaimably bad characters of all the country, whose wild conduct had more than once landed him inside the county jail. Bill Moore had, however, like most black sheep, one redeeming quality, and that was his love, or, at least, his respect for his sister. Even in his fits of intoxication he never maltreated her. On the rare occasions when he did earn a shilling, if he did not drink it at once, he generally shared it with her, and the two had clung to one another through ill fame and poverty with a tenacious affection which was the one bright spot of their miserable lives.

Nellie was not an instant in the cabin before she perceived that something even more than usually wrong was the matter. Bridget's face was livid, and the burning, eager clasp with which she clutched her hands terrified her.

"Oh! thank God and the Blessed Virgin Mary you're come," she cried, straining her sightless eyes towards her with a painful effort. "I thought I'd have died here in the dark and cold without the priest or a soul to comfort me; and then what would have become of me?" And she sighed and moaned as though she were about to die on the spot.

"Oh! Bridget, don't say such dreadful things," Nellie said, much alarmed. "I am afraid that you are indeed very ill. What has happened? What new trouble has come?"

But it was some minutes before Bridget would speak at all, for she was a wild, capricious sort of girl, and, as the neighbours said, "dark" in other ways than her sight; and when she did speak, the story was so confused and rambling that Nellie could, with difficulty, follow it. Trouble enough, indeed! The week had been a bad one. Bill had been on some of his larks. Not a day's work had he done, and the drink had been at him so bad that four men could not hold him. And Bridget herself was bad with the rheumatiz, and the doctor said it was a kind of fever that would make short work with her; and, oh! *that* wasn't the worst, "not nearly," the girl said, pausing to take breath.

"And what is the worst?" Nellie asked, compassionately. "Bill is not here, is he?" and she gave a timid glance around.

"No, no. That he's not. Bill is at other work this night." And she gave such a wild, peculiar laugh that Nellie started back frightened.

"Bridget," she said, as steadily as she could, for she was already

trembling from head to foot with some nameless dread, "I think you really are very ill. Have you seen the priest yet?"

"The priest! What good would he do me? Sure I'm beyant any good in this world or the next. He was here this morning, but I couldn't spake with him—and he said as he'd come back to-morrow, but it'll be the same then. I'll not spake one word to him, for sure it's not a lie I could tell the priest now and——"

"A lie!" exclaimed Nellie, aghast. "Bridget, why should you tell him a lie?"

Bridget shook her head and groaned. "And is it the truth I'd tell him. I—and me own brother? Listen!" she went on, dropping her voice so low that Nellie had to bend her head to hear. "The masther has turned us out—given us notice. The old place is to be desthroyed—just levelled to the ground—leastways *he* says so. But it'll not be Mr. Gore that'll make houseless wanderers of us for all that," she added, with suppressed passion.

Nellie looked at her with silent compassion. She knew that this threat had been for long hanging over the unfortunate Bill's head; and though Mr. Gore was anything but a popular landlord, and had been more than once accused of tyranny in his dealings with his tenants, she suspected that in the case of Bill Moore he had more than fair grounds for making an example of him.

"Poor Bridget!" she said softly, after a pause. "It is too bad, and I am very sorry for you, but we will manage to look after you somehow, and Bill can go to America."

"Amerikay! You want to tear him away from me, do ye!" Bridget blazed out in sudden excitement; and then, in wild, impassioned accents she poured forth a lament as mournful and pathetic as though the grimy walls of the cabin which she called her "home" were those of a palace from which she was to be ruthlessly torn. But in the midst she broke off abruptly. "Gore is a hard, cruel man! He'll only get his deservings if they carry him home feet foremost into his house this night!" she said, with sudden vindictiveness.

"What?" Nellie almost screamed with fright. "Bridget, what are you saying? Tell me at once what you are saying?" for the blind girl was laughing and muttering to herself, and had become completely unintelligible.

Nellie stood for a moment or two in the middle of the cabin, bewildered, terrified, shrinking with violent repulsion from this half-crazed and now wicked-looking girl, and combating an almost irresistible inclination to run away. One moment she fancied that Bridget was raving with fever, and unconscious of her words, but the next, the revengeful expression of her face filled her with a dread and horror which were overpowering. "Bridget," she said at last, at her wit's end, with fear and dismay, "speak out. You must! Do you hear

me? If you know that harm is coming to Squire Gore this evening, and you don't tell me all about it this very minute, and try to prevent it, you are guilty of murder—murder, do you hear? that will ruin you for ever and ever! What! you won't speak then? Well, very well. In less than half an hour I'll have informed on Bill, and the police will be after him!" And true to her words, she turned sharply away to leave the cabin. But in an instant she was caught from behind with a grip like that of a vice. It was Bridget who had sprung from the floor and held her fast.

"That you'll not do, Miss Nellie!" she cried. "Not a foot will you move from this. Back to Ballyglum, indeed, to fetch the polis and set them on the track!" and she laughed wildly. "But you'd be too late, Miss Nellie, a deal too late! It's nearer than Ballyglum just where the three roads meet that the boys are waiting, and at six o'clock when the Squire is driving past on the car——"

"Six o'clock! Where the three roads meet!" Nellie heard no more. At once a strong, irresistible conviction, which seemed like a direct revelation from heaven itself that Bridget's words were not the mere wanderings of a diseased mind, took possession of her, and with this conviction there came to her a sudden calmness, a clear consciousness that she was called upon to do something, she, Nellie O'Connor, to put out all her strength, to tax all her resources to avert some fearful evil and to prevent a terrible crime. Six o'clock! And the fading light warned her that it could not be very far from that now, that every instant she allowed herself to be clutched and rendered powerless by this mad girl's embrace might possibly be of priceless value—the very instant upon which everything depended. Bridget was a much larger woman than Nellie, and fever had given her a momentary strength; but Nellie was young, healthy, and lithe. She waited for a second or two, collecting her senses, watching her opportunity, then with a quick, sudden movement she wrested one arm from Bridget's grasp, and, raising her hand, dealt her a sharp, stinging blow on the temple. Bridget, thrown off her guard by the sudden pain, relaxed her hold, and raised her hands to her forehead, while Nellie, quick as lightning, made a bound away. "God forgive you, Bridget," she cried, "God forgive you!" And in another instant she was outside the cabin door.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE CROSS ROADS.

NELLIE was free. She was breathing the pure, chill air, and gazing with dazed eyes at the darkening world which lay in peaceful stillness around her. Bridget's voice calling to her was the only sound which

broke the silence, and that sound served as wings to the girl's feet, so rapidly did they carry her beyond its reach. Not for more than an instant did she pause or hesitate. The dark, ominous clouds which had filled the sky half an hour ago had been wafted away. The moon had risen, and by the aid of her serene light she was enabled to discover a pathway, or rather a track across the bog, which led, as she well knew, by a short cut to the spot about half a mile away where the roads of which Bridget had spoken met. In winter this track was often impassable; but the autumn had been fine, and she hoped to find it dry. It was a risk, she was aware, and she might be compelled to retrace her steps; but if she was not dreaming, or Bridget raving, and the three roads were a real and dreadful trysting-place, it was the only chance left her to reach it in time, as to do so by any other road would involve a circuit of at least two miles. And so, with a brave heart, on she went, now and then splashing nearly ankle-deep through water—her lips mechanically uttering a prayer, her soul filled with a great, terrible awe. The bare possibility that this dreadful thing was true, that Mr. Gore was even now unsuspectingly rushing on to his fate, that his house, filled with guests and gaiety, might in an hour be plunged into mourning and woe, that a soul so unprepared should be in this awful manner summoned to judgment—all this well-nigh overwhelmed Nellie, and left no room for a single personal consideration. Her own hopes and fears, her own wrongs and regrets were all forgotten. To save the life of the man whose cruel disdain she had believed it almost impossible to forgive, and who had stood between her and happiness, was the one idea which possessed her, the imperious necessity of the moment. Whether she would succeed, or how to do it, she hardly knew, and, indeed, hardly thought. She could only trust, as all her life she had been taught to trust, that God would send her help at the moment she required it, and that meanwhile she must do the best thing she could, which was to make the greatest haste possible. And so, on she flew, and sooner than she had dared to believe it possible, she had reached the spot upon which her imagination had fastened—a spot where the high road from the market-town of — to Ballyglum was joined by two other roads, one of which, turning a sharp corner, led up to the gate of Ballyglum Castle. A rather steep ascent began here, and it was just the place where a horse would slacken his pace before beginning to mount the hill.

Nellie sprang across the low ditch which separated the bog from the road, and there, for the first time since she had left Bridget's cottage, paused to recover breath and to think. That was, perhaps, the most trying moment through which the girl had yet lived. Again the clouds had gathered and had hidden the moon away. All was dim and dark around her, the brown expanse of bog meeting a gray, lowering sky, no living object visible, no sound audible save the sighing

of the wind, as it swept by, striking chill terror into Nellie's very heart. Yes, for the first time the girl was frightened, nay, terrified, standing there alone in that vast solitude, yet suddenly and vividly realising the terrible possibility that she might not be alone—that, perhaps, close to her, within a few steps of her, a man intent upon the destruction of a fellow-creature might be concealed, that perhaps through this awful darkness eager eyes were watching her, ears listening to her breathings, that a hand, perhaps, might be raised to injure her. Yes, even that was possible, she remembered with a pang, for if Mr. Gore's life was threatened, surely hers was, too; and the would-be murderer of one man would not hesitate, if it served his purpose, to commit a second crime in order to attain his end. And then to this anguish of fear there succeeded a painful moment of bewilderment and doubt. Was she really wide awake and in her right senses, or was she the victim of some extraordinary dream or delusion? What was she doing, and what had brought her here? Already Bridget's wild words and mysterious threats had somewhat faded from her mind, and she was half tempted to think that she had embarked in some wild-goose adventure which would expose her to the ridicule of all her friends and acquaintances in Ballyglum should they ever hear of it. What should she do next? With difficulty she managed to distinguish the hands of her watch, which told her that it was nearly half-past six o'clock, already long past the hour of which Bridget had spoken; and yet there was no sign or sound of Mr. Gore's return. That he had gone to attend some meeting at — that day, she was aware, for one of the gossips of Ballyglum had mentioned the fact at Laurel Villa; and that he had not yet returned she surmised; for they kept late hours at the Castle, and its master would probably return there only in time for dinner. There was but the one road by which he could travel; but still, of course, it was quite possible that he might have already passed by, and be now safe and sound at home, while she, poor child, was out here all alone, shaking and shivering in the dark and cold.

It was just at this moment that Nellie's heart gave a great bound, and that her feet, which would have fled, remained rooted to the earth. Two things had happened simultaneously. A sound like that of approaching wheels had reached her ears, and she had become conscious of a movement like that of a stealthy step behind her. With a desperate effort she turned round. Nothing, however, was visible—nothing, that is, save the clump of fir-trees which formed a little plantation at the angle of the road, and which stood stark and stiff against the pale sky in which, towards the west, the sun had left an uncertain streak of light.

It might have been the creaking of the branches which had disturbed her, or the passage of some belated bird, or the low sobbing of the breeze. But no. There it was again—at least, there was a

dark object, even two, she fancied, which flitted like shadows before her startled eyes and quickly disappeared again. In vain Nellie looked and peered. She could distinguish nothing. In vain she tried to call out. Her voice was dry and toneless, and would not pass her lips. For one or two dreadful moments her feet refused to move, and she stood still in the middle of the road like a statue upon which the moon, bursting again through a bank of clouds, shed a ghastly light. How long this panic of fear had possession of her she never knew; but she was suddenly and sharply roused from it by the noise of the car, which, concealed from her till now by a bend in the road, came within view at a very short distance. The sight gave Nellie her senses again. With a warning cry she darted forward, waving her arms, to meet the quickly approaching vehicle. But too late. At the same instant a loud report rang through the air, followed by a shout, a plunge, and a blinding smoke, through which she felt her arm roughly seized, and heard a voice, not over gently demanding, "What in the world she was doing there?" But no time was given her for reply, even had she been able to make one. In an instant she found herself lifted up and carried swiftly through the air; and when, a moment or two later, she opened her eyes, which truth compels us to record she had instinctively closed, she was seated upon Mr. Gore's car, which was rolling along quickly in the direction of Ballyglum, while he was urging the horse forward at his swiftest pace.

It was not for fully a hundred yards, and till the plantation of which we have spoken above was quite cleared, that Mr. Gore, who had seized the reins from the servant's hands, relaxed the speed at which he was driving, and turning round to Nellie as she sat beside him, repeated, but this time in a gentler voice, his question as to what had brought her out on the lonely road at this hour of the night. And, as she did not at once reply, he went on gravely: "That shot which we heard just now was probably intended for me, and but for you, Miss O'Connor, I am inclined to think that it might have hit me too."

As calmly and as coherently as she could, Nellie told her story. It was a very short and simple story, and told in the fewest possible words. The chance which had brought her to Bridget's cottage that evening, the dark threats and hints which the blind girl had let fall, and the imperious duty which had compelled her, if possible, to warn Mr. Gore in time of the danger in which he was—all this was related by Nellie in a low but steady voice, which did not betray the quick beating of her heart, and the immense effort which it cost her to preserve her self-command.

"Ah, yes, I guessed as much," Mr. Gore observed, when she had concluded. "I knew that scoundrel Bill Moore was up to mischief, and if I were only armed——" and he broke off with a regretful look over his shoulder towards the plantation.

"Oh, Mr. Gore!" exclaimed Nellie, much distressed, "I should be very unhappy if through me anything happened to the Moores. My poor friend Bridget would never forgive herself or me. And then we don't know who it was. We saw nobody. And the story may have been partly the poor creature's excitement and terror. But at any rate, she had confidence in me, and you won't let harm come to them from it. I promise to do all that I can with Bridget, and even with her unfortunate brother, if you have mercy and give him another chance. Bridget cannot last long, and you will let her die in her wretched home."

Mr. Gore made no reply to this appeal; but he turned round in his seat, and gave her a long, searching glance. "You are a very earnest pleader, Miss O'Connor," he said, after a brief pause and with a half smile, "and you have in all probability saved my life, and I hardly know how to refuse you. But—are there no other means by which I may prove my gratitude to you? Have you no other request to make?" he inquired, suddenly and significantly.

There was, indeed, no mistaking his meaning, and Nellie's cheeks crimsoned violently, and her eyes became suddenly dim. But all the pride of the O'Connors and Macartneys rushed to her rescue, and with a simple dignity, which even Miss Deborah would have envied, she raised her eyes bravely to his and shook her head. "No other, thank you, Mr. Gore. No other, except, perhaps—please—will you be so kind as to leave me now at home? It has got so dark, and I think I should be a little afraid of going by myself," she confessed, with a little quake of her voice at last, and a sudden blanching of her cheeks.

Meanwhile, Laurel Villa was in a state of profound commotion and gradually increasing consternation. The aunts had long since returned from their round of visits, and were impatiently awaiting Nellie's reappearance for tea. As the moments passed, and she did not arrive, wonder gave way to alarm, and both ladies' nerves were excited to the utmost. "The times are as bad as bad can be," Miss Deborah observed with gloomy emphasis. "Who knows what has happened? Nellie may have fallen into a bog-hole and be drowned, or malefactors may have seized upon her, and mur——"

"Oh, Deb, don't say such awful things!" Miss Priscilla implored, with tears in her eyes. "God is good, and He would not let harm come to the child. I tell you what it is," she exclaimed, with a sudden inspiration, "Nellie has eloped!"

"Eloped! *Our* niece! Pris, you are mad!" Miss Deborah exclaimed, severely.

"It would be better than drowned or murdered any how," Priscilla protested, meekly. "You know that our great grandmother did it, Deb—eloped, I mean, with Lord Graystone's son; and though, to be

sure, Mr. Gore is not a nobleman, still—yes, I am sure, that she has eloped in a carriage with four white horses,” she concluded, in a tone of the profoundest conviction.

“Pris, I must request you not to talk such nonsense,” Miss Deborah interrupted, austere. “Nelly is a well-brought-up girl. Giddy as she is, she would not utterly disgrace her family by such an act as that. Seven o’clock! What *can* have occurred? We must give notice to the police, and send for Dr. Magill, and have the lake dragged, and——”

“Oh, Deb, oh!”

Poor Miss Priscilla was shaking from head to foot, and weeping hysterically; and strong-minded as Miss Deborah was, she had grown white as a sheet, and her lips were twitching nervously. “We shall wait five minutes longer,” she said, fixing her eyes with a desperate steadiness upon the clock. The words were hardly out of her mouth, when a joyful sound was heard—the sound of a gay, young voice, and of a light, quick step, and Nellie burst into the little room which her presence seemed to fill with a sudden brightness.

“Oh, aunties, here I am at last! You have not been frightened, have you? It was not my fault. I——”

“Nellie, this unpunctuality is very blamable,” began Miss Deborah, severely.

“We thought you had eloped!” exclaimed Miss Priscilla, breathlessly, and perhaps a shade regretfully.

“Eloped!” cried Nellie, with a merry laugh. But her laugh was suddenly checked, and she gave her aunts a warning glance; while they, good ladies, changed colour, drew themselves up, and looked as thunderstruck as though a ghost had appeared at their niece’s elbow.

It was, however, no ghost, but Mr. Gore of Ballyglum Castle, who was standing there before them, hat in hand, and looking a little bewildered and embarrassed. Some years ago, during his first wife’s life, and before certain family events had occurred, which had been the cause of his long absence from home, Mr. Gore and the Misses Macartney had been on friendly terms, which had not since, as we have seen, be renewed. He remembered this now with some confusion, and, man of the world as he was, he felt himself for a moment or two a little at a loss to explain his presence. Soon, however, words were found, and he poured into their amazed ears the wonderful narrative of the evening’s adventure. “Miss O’Connor behaved most courageously—I may say most generously,” he concluded, warmly. “I could not leave your door without expressing my feelings to you in person.”

Miss Deborah acknowledged this speech with a dignified bow, while Miss Priscilla caught hold of Nellie’s hands and gently patted them. Mr. Gore stood for a second or two (nobody had offered him a seat) in the middle of the room, looking at the young girl with thoughtful and

rather curious eyes. Then he said, somewhat abruptly and hesitatingly: "By the way, the young people are going to have a little dance up at the Castle to-night. Perhaps Miss O'Connor will join them. I will send the carriage to fetch her, and Mrs. Gore will be so pleased to see her."

There was a brief pause. Nellie's eyes had suddenly brightened, and her feet had instinctively begun to dance. But only for an instant. The next was the moment of Miss Deborah's triumph, that in which all the wrongs and insults which the Macartneys and O'Connors had ever endured at the hands of the owners of Ballyglum Castle were avenged and blotted out in an exquisite expiation.

"We have not the pleasure of Mrs. Gore's acquaintance," Miss Deborah replied, with her most magnificent and condescending air; "and, under the circumstances, we think that Miss O'Connor must decline your kind invitation."

It was the second rebuff Mr. Gore had got that evening. But though he looked a little disconcerted and surprised, he bore it serenely and good-humouredly enough, his thoughts, indeed, at the moment being occupied with graver concerns than the Misses Macartney's piques and pets.

"Mrs. Gore will do herself the pleasure of calling upon you tomorrow, ladies," he said, with a smile and a bow. And then he took his departure; not, however, before he had once more shaken Nellie's hand very warmly, though, we may be sure, that he attempted no such familiarity with either of her aunts.

Is it necessary to tell the end of this story? or may it not be guessed, from what we have seen of Mr. Gore, that though, perhaps, not a very kind man, he was yet a man capable of gratitude and justice, and that Nellie had succeeded in awaking both those feelings in his breast? True to his promise, Mrs. Gore did call at Laurel Villa on the following day, and in due form made the acquaintance of the Misses Macartney. Other visits succeeded, one of which must be particularly recorded, for, indeed, it became celebrated in the annals of Ballyglum, when Mr. Gore himself drove up to the Villa in his handsome carriage and with his prancing horses, and with proper ceremony asked Nellie to give her hand to his son. That she did not say "No," and that Dr. Magill consoled himself in the most sensible fashion by promptly finding another wife, we may take for granted.

But what we must not forget to mention is that Mr. Gore kept his first promise as well as his second. Bridget Moore lived but a very short time longer, but so long as she was alive, no further attempt at eviction was made, and at her death her brother, through Nellie's influence, was induced to leave the country and try to begin a new life in a new land.

A ROSE AND A ROSEBUD.

BY EDWARD MEW.

A WHITE Rose opened her leaves to the sun—
 A creamy, velvety, dewy thing—
 When the birds perched near her, every one
 Was sure his sweetest song to sing.
 Her delicate fragrance thrilled the air
 That breathed around her sheltered nook—
 Tended with care in a garden fair
 Hard by the field of the brook.

A stranger strolled to the garden gate,
 Liltng a tune with mellow throat.
 Quoth the Rose so fair : " I must declare
 That I've never heard a sweeter note."
 But the stranger mused : " I have journeyed far,
 And here full gladly I'd repose ;"
 And when he espied the Rose, he cried :
 " Never saw I so sweet a rose !"

Well, this rhyming's a curious craft—
 Fancy me saying all this in prose !
 Many, no doubt, will deem me daft,
 But *they* never saw my wee white Rose.
 Anyhow, soon the stranger felt
 In that sunny garden quite at home :
 With grateful heart near the Rose he knelt
 And vowed that further he ne'er would roam.

There's a rosebud now on the Rose's breast,
 Whose dainty perfume seems to be
 A blending of scents the purest and best,
 Such as sweetwilliam and rosemary.
 God guard the Rose and the Rosebud both
 From ev'ry breeze that harshly blows !
 As the months advance, this bud perchance
 May bloom into a rich red rose.

NOTES ON NORTH ITALY.

BY NATHANAEL COLGAN.

II.—FLORENCE.*

*The Duomo—Florence by night—Cellini's Perseus—The Uffizi Gallery—
Raphael's Madonna del Cardellino—The Viale dei Colli.*

WITHIN the limits of a single magazine paper, such as this, it would be folly to attempt even to fully catalogue all the beauties of Florence. These few pages, then, will contain nothing more than a collection of disjointed notes, a mere gleaning from among the more vivid recollections which a few days' visit to the city has left behind in my memory.

To those about to visit Florence for the first time, without having previously made a special study of Italian art and history, I would venture to give this word of advice: Avoid the weighty volumes of Guicciardini and Sismondi; and read up simply these three books—Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," Benvenuto Cellini's "Autobiography," and George Eliot's "Romola." From the study of these works alone, one may gain rapidly and pleasantly a wonderful degree of familiarity with the inner life of the old Florentine republic, with the subtle plottings of her political factions, and the bitter rivalries and generous emulations of her famous artists. To the stranger who has read these books, Florence, when he visits it for the first time, seems almost like an old acquaintance; and the interest he takes in her world-renowned buildings and art treasures is intensified by the feeling that they are not absolutely strange to him.

Arriving in Florence from Pisa on the afternoon of the 13th September, my first anxiety, of course, was to visit the famous Duomo, or Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, with Brunelleschi's cupola, the pride and glory of the Florentines. I was, on the whole, disappointed with the exterior of the Duomo. The building depends for its effect, externally, almost altogether on its great mass and rich colour. It has nothing of the grace of the pure Gothic, nothing of its aspect of combined strength and delicacy, nothing of its rich complexity of sculptured

*In the introduction to these papers an implied promise was given that neither Florence nor Venice should be touched on in the course of the series. Taking into consideration, however, the vastness of the subject, I thought it possible to pick out from among my impressions of Florence a few points of sufficient freshness to interest the readers of the IRISH MONTHLY. And so—whether wisely or foolishly, readers must decide for themselves—I have selected Florence as the subject of this second paper of the series.—N. C.

ornament. The walls of the Duomo are, in fact, but great dead walls, unpierced by windows and relieved only by a casing of coloured marbles arranged wainscot-like in panels of various patterns—a species of decoration which is effective only by its richness of colour, and cannot break the monotonous plane of the wall which it covers. The famous octagonal dome or cupola, too, is not on the whole a pleasing feature, nor, with all its vastness, is it by any means so impressive, viewed from the Piazza below, as is the dome of St. Paul's in London, seen from the end of Cannon-street. It is covered with a roofing of coarse, red tiles, and a hideous hiatus of unfinished brick-work left exposed at the point where the cupola springs from the supporting octagon, sadly impairs the effect of the cupola itself, and serves to show at the same time that the rich marble exterior of the Duomo is not genuine, but only meretricious mosaic-work laid on over vulgar brick and mortar. It may be safely laid down as a maxim in architecture, that nothing can be truly satisfying which is not, or at least does not appear, durable and genuine. Anything in the nature of false-seeming in a great edifice must be displeasing, and so the effect of the exterior of the Duomo of Florence, in spite of its rich shell of many-coloured marbles, falls very far short of that of the old Gothic cathedrals of France and Belgium, with their solid masses of honest carved stone-work. No amount of skill in the workmanship of the Italian churches can conceal the fact that their richly-tinted marble façades are but deceptions. When ages have passed away, the minsters of Strasburg and Cologne, with their solid, chiselled stone-work, will remain venerable in their ruins while one stone of them stands on another. The Duomo of Florence, in its decrepitude, will be nothing but an unlovable pile of crumbling brick and mortar, to which the remnants of its marble facing will cling like scraps of faded tawdry finery. But if there is much to disappoint in the exterior of the Duomo, no one can fail to be deeply impressed with the simple grandeur of its interior. It is with a sense of relief one turns into its vast, dim, solemn nave, supported on its massive columns, and contrasts its simple dignity with the palling gorgeousness of Italian churches in general.

A stranger's first ramble after nightfall through the streets of a foreign city is always most enjoyable. So, at least, I found my wanderings this night through the streets of Florence. Starting from the Via Porta Rossa just after dark, I turned my steps once more towards the Duomo along the busy Via Calzajoli. Florence by night is certainly the noisiest and most feverishly active city in all North Italy. The vigour and variety of its street cries is amazing, the hum of conversation from the groups thronging the carriage-ways is incessant. All Florence seems to be out of doors, chatting and gesticulating, and displaying in general an intensity of life and enjoyment which would be considered childish and indecorous in any capital a few degrees of

latitude farther north. The scene in the Piazza del Duomo was most picturesque. Round the base of the huge, dark mass of the cathedral were ranged the movable booths of dealers in resplendent mock jewellery, bright haberdashery, flashing Brummagem cutlery, beads, mosaics, rosaries, and a thousand nameless odds and ends designed to catch the longing eyes of country-folk and servant-maids. These booths were lit up by rude paraffin lamps, whose broad, naked flames flapped and flared like torches in the evening breeze. Behind the stands stood the merchants, each with solemn face and brazen throat, chanting in tones alternately beseeching and passionate the inestimable excellence and cheapness of their goods. The fervid eloquence of these traders, the deep solemnity of their countenances, their frantic suicidal determination to sell at any price, made the scene irresistibly comical to an idle on-looker.

Returning from the Duomo along the Via Calzajoli, I passed into the Calimara, a narrow street leading to the Via Porta Rossa, and lined on both sides with fruit and vegetable-stalls; and here was another focus of deafening turmoil. Everyone here was intent on business, each little group of buyers and sellers chaffering and expostulating with a fervid, high-pitched eloquence not to be surpassed in the stormiest sittings of the French Assembly. One handsome, half-dressed, bare-legged fellow, who sat on the flags with his back against a wall, cracking and arranging his walnuts to the best advantage in the flat basket on his knees, was a deeply amusing study. While the crowd went swarming up and down the narrow Calimara, and eddying round him as he sat with his bronzed legs sprawling across the pavement, he kept on solemnly cracking his nuts with a concentration of energy and singleness of purpose as intense as if the chief end and aim of human existence had been the sale of walnuts. Now and then he would lay down his nutcrackers for a moment to make a speaking-trumpet of his two hands, and breathe out through it in plaintive, wailing cadence, which rose high above the din of the market: "*Bianche le noce, oh, Signori! Bianche le noce!*"—"White are the nuts, Oh, gentlemen! white are the nuts!" Even after I had gone to rest at ten o'clock in my room on the third floor of the Hotel Porta Rossa, the wailings of the peach-sellers and other strolling merchants, giving voice to the swan-song of their day's trading in the street below, kept me awake for a whole hour.

At early morning next day I turned my steps to the Piazza della Signoria, that most striking square lying between the Arno and the Piazza del Duomo, where stands the grim, solid mass of the Palazzo Vecchio, or old municipal hall of Florence, with its lofty castellated tower, and the beautiful open arcade known as the Loggia dei Lanzi. Beneath the groined roof of this loggia, designed by Andrea Orgagna, the painter of the frescos in the Pisan Campo Santo, and visible from

the street without, is ranged a noble collection of statuary, including the famous bronze Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini. This grand work is peculiarly fortunate in having its history told by its author himself in one of the most remarkable autobiographies ever written. It is with quite a peculiar interest one looks on the work after reading its chequered history: how, after more than two years of anxious toil, harassed by the jealousy of rivals and the want of means, when the finished mould was at last safely lodged in the casting-pit and the furnace kindled, Cellini was struck down by a fever, caught from exposure to wind and rain, while working in an open shed; how he was obliged to lie down on his sick-bed and leave the last and most critical stage of the work in the hands of his unskilled workmen; how, while he tossed on his bed in a fever of mind and body, one of his assistants rushed in breathless from the melting-house to tell him that the fire was failing, and the molten bronze, just at the casting point, was fast cooling and thickening; how, in spite of all remonstrances, he leaped up in the height of his fever, and, half dressed, rushed out to the furnace, raved and stormed at his terrified underlings like a madman, sent for fresh supplies of wood and fanned the furnace once more to such a furious heat that the roof of the shed took fire and the cover of the furnace was blown off with a noise like thunder; how, when at length the mould was opened and the plugs which kept in the molten bronze were withdrawn, he saw to his dismay that the fluid metal was too sluggish in its flow; how he frantically rushed into his house, and carrying out all his pewter plates and dishes, flung them into the molten mass to give it the proper degree of fluidity; and, at last, with ineffable satisfaction, saw the metal flow briskly down the channels into the mould and fill it, as by a miracle, just to the very top of the Medusa's head which Perseus holds in his uplifted hand. All this is told in most graphic style by the pen of Cellini himself, that strange compound of the artist and the swashbuckler. And he tells us, too, in one of his frequent bursts of undisguised vanity, what a fever of excitement and universal chorus of admiration the finished work excited when first unveiled at the corner of the Loggia dei Lanzi, where it still stands, on that Thursday morning of April, 1554. With its story fresh in the mind, one looks with increased interest on the completed work, the grand figure of the young hero grasping his falchion in the right hand and holding aloft in his left the hideous severed head of the medusa, with its snaky locks and distorted, agonizing features, while his feet proudly trample on her writhing body.

When one thinks of the jealous way our art treasures are hoarded at home in closed galleries, it is strange to see these grand sculptures exposed in the open Loggia at Florence, under whose groined roof of evenings the floating street population of gamins and porters assemble to loll on the stone seats by the wall, or sprawl on the pavement

beneath, with their backs against the marble pedestals and clustered Gothic columns. And yet, with the perfect freedom of access granted to all classes of Florentines, there is no defacement of the statues, no scratching of names or chipping of marble.

I must pass over in silence the other works of art assembled inside this beautiful Loggia, and also the wealth of statuary grouped round the Palazzo Vecchio; for a few words must be said of the vast collection of art treasures brought together within the walls of the great Royal Gallery of the Uffizi.

The focus of attraction in this famous gallery is the small, central room known as the Tribuna, in which are hung the finest paintings in the whole collection, and where stands the world-renowned Venus de' Medici, whose praises have been sung by legions of critics, and whose form, by almost universal consent, has been set up as the paragon of female beauty. It will, I suppose, be deemed nothing short of rank heresy to say aught to the detriment of this famous statue, this marble divinity whom all art connoisseurs are bound to fall down and worship. Beyond all cavil, the proportions of the statue are faultless; but neither form nor face conveys any distinct expression whether of pathos, dignity, tenderness, or vivacity. The face is the perfection of beauty in so far as beauty lies in regularity and perfect symmetry of features; but, like the faces of many faultless living beauties, it is a calm, passionless mask, pervaded by an air of characterless elegance.

Just beside the Venus stands another celebrated antique sculpture—the group known as *The Wrestlers*. Here, at least, there is no lack of expression. Every limb and feature is expressive. Stern resolve is stamped on the faces of the two young athletes, one of whom lies crushed to the ground beneath the weight of his opponent who leans over him with his clenched hand raised to strike. The play of every sinew in the straining bodies of the youths is brought out most vividly, the momentary crisis in the struggle being caught and fixed everlastingly in the enduring marble, where the iron muscles are seen starting from the flesh as the two firmly-knit young frames struggle grimly for the mastery.

It would be quite hopeless to attempt here by a rapid summary to convey any just idea of the grand collection of paintings in the Uffizi Gallery; but I must say a few words of one picture which attracted me by its perfect beauty in all points. The picture was Raphael's *Madonna del Cardellino*, or *Madonna with the Goldfinch*, as it is generally called. It hangs in the Tribuna, where it is not often easy to examine it closely from the crowd of copyists always at work around it. The picture, like all Raphael's easel-pictures, has nothing striking about it at a first glance. Its beauty steals gradually on the mind, and cannot be fully appreciated except by comparison with similar works from the hands of great masters second only to Raphael himself. The picture

is distinguished from the majority of Italian sacred pictures by its lovely landscape setting. In their devotion to the study of the human form, and their efforts to express the mysterious manifestation of the Divinity in that form as the highest exercise of their art, the old Italian painters were accustomed to neglect almost altogether the study of inanimate Nature. The varying tints of the heavens, the fickle massing of the clouds, the magic play of light and shade on woods and streams, on softly-swelling green hills and rocky fastnesses of the mountains, all this was held unworthy of serious study by the early Italian painters in their devotion to sacred art. But in this picture of Raphael, the landscape setting to the three figures in the foreground—the Virgin Mother and the Infant Saviour and St. John—is perfect in its truth to Nature, its clear yet mellow colouring, and its subordination to the main idea of the work. The Madonna is seated on a rock, in a softly undulating mead, dotted with a few feathery trees, and bounded in the distance by a winding stream spanned by a high-arched bridge. On the other side of this stream the landscape stretches away to a range of hills, at whose feet, in the dim distance, are seen the shadowy domes and towers of a great city. The tints of the pure, tender herbage, of the sky flecked with fleecy clouds, of the hazy hills far off, and the flowers of the field, which spring up in all their fresh, modest beauty at the feet of the Infant Saviour, are marvellously clear and soft. In front of the Madonna, as she sits with an open book in her left hand—the book of the Old Scriptures, doubtless, in whose pages she has been reading, perhaps, the foreshadowings of the great mystery of the Incarnation in the words of the Hebrew prophet—stand the young St. John and the Infant Jesus. St. John, the future wanderer in the wilderness, the austere herald of the coming Messiah, he who was to dress in camel's hair and feed on locusts and wild honey, has just come back from a boyish ramble in the woods and fields, and holds out gleefully to the Saviour a bright goldfinch he has made captive. The Infant Saviour leans against the Virgin's knee with his naked foot resting lovingly on hers, and with an upward glance from eyes in whose sad, tender earnestness the consciousness of his solemn mission and prescience of future suffering are plainly shown, he half reproves the thoughtless eagerness of the Baptist, and stretching his right hand protectingly over the gentle bird, seems to enjoin on St. John the duty of loving and caring for even the meanest object of his creation. The face of the Virgin Mother as she looks down on the Baptist, with her right hand lightly clasping his little-naked body, is inexpressibly beautiful. The soft, golden hair is drawn back gently from the clear brow, the pure, youthful face, with its downcast eyes and faintly smiling mouth, has its beauty lightly chastened and solemnised by the dignity of young maternity and the consciousness of being favoured of heaven as never woman had been favoured. Everything about the marvellous

picture is harmonious. The pure, bright tints of the Virgin's modest drapery, the union of human beauty and spiritual radiance in her face, of divine love and foreshadowed sadness in that of the Divine Infant, contrasting with the purely mundane gladness of the young St. John, the soft beauty of the landscape setting, all combine to make the picture a miracle of sacred art, a work on which no one can look long and not turn from it with thoughts purified and solemnised.*

From the Uffizi Gallery a long, covered passage leads across the Arno to the second great picture gallery of Florence in the Pitti Palace. This connecting passage is carried over the Ponte Vecchio, behind one of the rows of rude goldsmith's booths, which for three centuries have lined both sides of the venerable bridge; and from the windows one catches glimpses as he passes along of the green Arno outside, and the old houses projecting over the river. The walls all along on both sides of the corridor—a distance of more than a quarter of a mile—are hung with the original drawings and etchings of famous artists. Peculiarly interesting is the series of quaint allegorical woodcuts of Albrecht Dürer, and the beautiful etchings of Rembrandt, where full-bodied, dogmatical burgomasters and sordid-looking Dutch merchants are glorified into the region of romance by the mysterious, suggestive lights and shadows which play around them as they sit in their high-backed, oaken chairs.

The collection of paintings in the Pitti Palace is, perhaps, even more interesting than that in the Uffizi. Here one sees the originals of many a picture which has gained a reputation all over Christendom, notably Raphael's lovely Madonna della Seggiola, which, next to Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, has, perhaps, been more widely spread by copies in every form, engravings, oil-paintings, lithographs, and oleographs, than any picture in Europe. The face of the Virgin in this picture, though drawn from the most perfect type of Italian beauty, altogether lacks the spirituality of the Madonna with the Goldfinch in the Uffizi Gallery. Among the host of other pictures which fix themselves in the memory, I can only just allude here to Fra Bartolommeo's Pietà and Raphael's Madonnas del Baldacchino and dell'Impannata.

No one should leave Florence without having taken a stroll by the Viale dei Colli, or hill-road, following the winding of the hills which

* It is hard to believe that this painting, fresh and perfect as it seems, was shattered by an accident soon after it had been finished, and was carefully restored afterwards to its present condition. Yet Vasari (*Vita di Raffaello*) relates circumstantially how the picture was broken in pieces by the fall of its owner's, Lorenzo Nasi's house, at Florence, on the 17th November, 1548; and how Lorenzo's son, having found the fragments among the ruins, caused them to be put together the best way possible—*[. . . ritrovati i pezzi di essa fra i calcinacci della rovina, furono da Batista figlinolo d'esso Lorenzo . . . fatti rimettere insieme in quel miglior modo che si potette.]*¹

hem in the city on the south. About noonday, I started from the Porta Romana, and walked round by this road to the old hill church of San Miniato al Monte. The hills were deserted and silent in the full glare of the mid-day sun. Not a leaf quivered on the trees; and their shadows on the dusty road were almost as dark and sharp-edged as if cast by the full moon. The only sign of life to be seen was at long intervals some servant of the Florentine municipality road-mending, with that placid deliberation which always and everywhere distinguishes the labour of men working for a corporate body—by the hour. Though, no doubt, a vast amount of rhapsody has been written on the aspect of Florence seen from the heights, the view of the city from the hill of San Miniato is very striking. The cupola of the Duomo is seen rising majestically into the clear sky from the monotonous, arid expanse of red-tiled roofs; beside it shoots up the graceful, isolated Gothic shaft of the Campanile, encrusted with coloured marbles from basement to summit; and, closer to the eye, comes in the grim, feudal mass of the Palazzo Vecchio, surmounted by its strange tower. Seen from this hill, the Duomo is incomparably more impressive than seen from the Piazza itself.

The Florence of to-day seems almost as self-contained as when girdled by its belt of walls in the days of the Medici. It has no wide-spreading suburbs, no gradual fading off of town into country. The city's bounds are still sharply defined, and the Florentines, it would seem, have not yet shaken off the constitutional distrust of the country bequeathed to them by their mediæval ancestors. Whatever the reason may be, the heights around Florence, which, were they surrounding an English or Irish city would be covered with trim villas and terraces, are here comparatively bare of houses. Passing over the hill of San Miniato, one finds himself absolutely in the country before the hum of the city has ceased sounding in his ears.

A LAST WORD ABOUT MOORE AND REBOUL.

SOME of our readers may have memories long enough to recollect the question, "Is Moore the Thief?" proposed in the January Number of this Magazine with reference to one of his "Sacred Songs." We had discovered among the poems of Jean Reboul a piece entitled, "Soupir vers le Ciel," which was given as original, but which evidently was the same as Moore's "This world is all a fleeting show."

We referred the question, as we promised in that paper, to the editor of "Notes and Queries." Our query was not thrown into the general arena, but worked up by "D. N." into a rather long note, which referred only incidentally to the *IRISH MONTHLY* and did not throw much light on the subject. Meanwhile, a much more competent authority, "M," was kind enough to contribute to our own pages a paper full of very minute bibliographical learning which showed clearly how early in the century Moore had written the hymn in question, how specially well pleased he was with it, and how utterly impossible it was for him to have borrowed it in any form from young Reboul, who had not even begun at the time his apprenticeship as a baker, and had no pretensions as yet to be a poet.

But, on the other hand, how did Reboul lay hold of the English verses? In proposing the question originally we threw out the conjecture* that he might have simply versified a prose translation which he met somewhere; for French writers are fond of turning into peculiar French prose the lyrics of foreign countries, as may be seen in almost any number of the *Journal des Demoiselles*. The latest correspondent who discusses the matter in "Notes and Queries" (March 23, 1878)—Mr. William Bates of Birmingham—proves that our conjecture was correct, quoting the actual prose version from "*Les Amour des Anges et les Mélodies Irlandaises, de Thomas Moore. Traduction de l'Anglais. Par Madame Louise Sw. Belloc. Paris, 1823.*" Some of our readers may like to compare this prose with the metrical version given in our first paper by Reboul, who, however he may have omitted to refer to Moore, does not deserve to be called by Mr. Bates a "pistorial poetaster."

"Ce monde entier n'est qu'une ombre fugitive, où les illusions se succèdent rapidement; les sourires de la joie, les larmes de la douleur, sont de faux semblans, qui brillent aux yeux de l'homme pour le tromper, pour l'attendrir. Il n'est rien de vrai que le Ciel!

"L'éclat des ailes de la Gloire est faux et passager, comme les teintes pâlisantes du soir; les fleurs de l'Amour, de l'Espérance, de la Beauté, s'épanouissent pour la tombe. Il n'est rien de brillant que le Ciel!

"Pauvres voyageurs d'un jour orageux, chassés de vague en vague! l'éclair de l'imagination, le rayon plus calme de la Raison, ne font que nous montrer les dangers de la route. Il n'est rien de calme que le Ciel!"

In Moore's Journals and Correspondence there is more than one reference to his French translator, Madame Swanton Belloc, under the date of July 15, 1823, and July 19-30, 1824, and in other places. Probably, in the flattering letter which he speaks of having received from

her, Madame Belloc mentioned the circumstance which gave the "Irish Melodies" an additional charm in her eyes. Her father, Colonel Swanton, was an Irishman who had served in Berwick's Regiment before the break-up of the Irish Brigade, and who is frequently mentioned in the "Memoirs of Myles Byrne." Of this distinguished lady herself, who is still living and of whom a slight sketch is given in "Men of the Time," more may be said hereafter. But we must not omit to mention that her son's widow is the gifted convert, the intimate friend and ally of Adelaide Procter and Anna Jameson, who as Bessie Rayner Parkes published "Essays on Woman's Work," a tasteful book of "Ballads and Songs," and a set of charming little biographies of good women called "Vignettes," and who as Madame Parkes Belloc, though retiring too much from literary work, has given us, under the title of *La Belle France*, a thoroughly delightful volume of sketches of French places and people.

M. R.

ST. BERNARD'S HYMN.*

JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. ARTHUR RYAN.

JESUS, to those who think on Thee,
 The thought brings true felicity;
 But sweeter far their joy must be
 Who face to face thy beauty see.

No sweeter song can charm the ear,
 No gladsome music ring so clear,
 No thought can bring us half such cheer,
 As Thou my God, my Saviour dear.

Jesus! of penitents the stay,
 A bounteous hand to those who pray,
 To those who seek, the one sure way—
 To those who find, ah! who can say?

* This translation aims at copying closely the form of the original, in which the four lines of each stanza rhyme with one another. Those who wish to compare it with the Latin, or with some other English version, should remember that here there are only eleven stanzas, whereas the hymn contains in Daniel's collection forty-eight, in Mone's twenty-one. In abridging this *Jubilus de Nomine Jesu*, compilers of prayer-books have selected different verses. Hence, the discrepancy between some English translations.

Jesus, of Thee our hearts ne'er tire,
Thou fount of love, thou beacon-fire
Lighting the way to joys far higher
Than joys of earth, than earth's desire.

Of what avail are heart and brain?
Both pen and tongue alike are vain:
Let those who love and know explain
The peace of souls where Christ doth reign.

With Mary, ere 'tis light, I'll haste
To seek where He is laid to rest:
With love, not sight, I'll make my quest—
The search, my tears; the tomb, my breast.

Jesus! those tears shall flow apace,
My sobs shall fill thy burial-place,
As prostrate there before thy face
I clasp thy feet in warm embrace.

Jesus! thy path my path shall be,
I'll have no other guide but Thee;
One grace I'll ask, one only plea,
The grace of thy society.

Jesus, Thou strong, victorious King!
Thy praise should have a martial ring,
Yet harp I on a sweeter string—
'Tis Love, not Victory, I sing.

While Thou dost deign to be our guest,
We know the right and love the best;
Earth's joys and follies lose their zest,
When love for Thee inflames the breast.

Remain with us, dear Lord, remain!
Thy peaceful light can render plain
The darkest doubts that rack the brain—
Can soothe all sorrow, ease all pain.

Jesus, vouchsafe thy aid to lend
To us, whose falt'ring footsteps tend
To Thee our God, to Thee our Friend,
To Thee our glory without end. Amen.

St. Patrick's College, Thurles.

ABOUT VISITING THE POOR.

BY A LADY.

THERE is one reproach which has been so often made by Protestants, and occasionally even by their fellow-Catholics against the Catholic ladies of Dublin, that it may be useful and interesting to inquire, in a very brief manner, upon what grounds the reproach is founded and in how far it is justified. It is a sad one, and, when one comes to think of it, a strange one, to be made in a city like Dublin and a country like Ireland, which are, we may confidently assert, renowned for their open-handed and ceaseless generosity and charity. It is this, in plain words, that Catholic ladies, unlike their Protestant sisters, do not make the visiting of the poor, whether in their own houses, or in hospitals, institutions and poorhouses, we will not say *the* business (for that would be too much), but at least *a* business of their lives. That the assertion is not devoid of some colouring of truth, will not, we fancy, take much trouble to prove, at least if visitors' books at the various charitable institutions of Dublin give anything like a fair record of the facts. Those which are solely Catholic are, for the most part, under the care of one or other of the religious orders, and, as such, do not come within the scope of the present inquiry; for of these religious is verified with a blessed literalness our Lord's saying: "The poor ye have always with you," and they provide for the objects of their charity all and a great deal more than all that could be done by occasional visits. But those institutions in which all religions are indiscriminately received, such as the South Dublin Union, the City of Dublin Hospital, the Incurable Hospital, &c. &c., may be mentioned as tests of whether in this matter charity takes a more active form amongst Catholics or Protestants. And as there is not the least use in blinking disagreeable facts, and as, moreover, a great deal of good may result from the truth being fairly acknowledged, let it be at once said, that for one Catholic lady visiting at such institutions, there are, on an average, twenty Protestant. This is true. * It is also undeniably a pity; and now the question is—why should it be so? To this question the following answers may be given:

In the first place, our Convents draught away from the world most of those whose natural disposition and piety would, had they remained at home, have inclined them to devote at least part of their time to the poor. In the second place, Catholics have, as a rule, so many peremptory demands on their purses, that but little money remains for what may be called the luxury of charity. In the third place, young Irish Catholic girls are not brought up to the task, which is, indeed, often entirely left out of their education, and they have neither the energy

nor the knowledge to undertake it for themselves when they have reached an age to do so. And fourthly and lastly, they have not, or at least they say they have not, time to undertake it.*

Now to answer these excuses categorically. The first has some force, for it is true that many actively charitable Protestant ladies would, were they Catholics, enter convents. The second, likewise, is to a certain extent true, for, undoubtedly, Protestants being richer and having fewer poor of their own to look after, can afford a larger generosity than we can. The third excuse, if true, should not be allowed to remain so, and the fourth—well, we shall look into the fourth presently, and see how far it is tenable.

But to return to the first for a moment, viz., that our convents monopolise so much of our active charity, let us see whether amongst our good people, whose virtue does not quite reach to the standard of conventual life, there might not be found some who could easily, as a matter of course, and without any fuss at all, go weekly or daily to some hospital or poorhouse ward, and there sit and read, or chat, and bring some ray of comfort, some cheering influence, some (to put it at the very lowest) little momentary distraction to the poor, forlorn creatures who lie there from morning till night, with perhaps no other break in their long, dreary day but this welcome visit. Indeed there are, and not a few. At this very moment in Dublin there is many a Catholic lady who is wearily, and with considerable misgiving, wondering how she will get through the tiresome monotony of the long day before her, so painfully like yesterday as it is sure to be, while within a mile of her there are sick beds by the dozen, where her visit would be hailed with a gratitude and eagerness that would be a refreshing surprise to her jaded spirits, while to their occupants her opportune presence would, perhaps, with God's help, bring the very sympathy and succour needed to enable them to bear with patience and courage the dark moments of their visitation.

This is really true—a plain, sober fact, and we cannot help thinking that amongst some of us a mistaken notion exists, which is the very root of the evil under discussion, viz., that to visit the poor is, in the first place, a necessarily odious task, and in the second place, an extraordinary work of supererogation. True, it requires an exertion to begin, as to get up in the morning, to say one's prayers, to be civil to some welcome visitor, to bear with unruffled countenance some social rebuff, nay, even to order dinner every morning of our lives, requires

[* Perhaps another reason may be found in the fact, which is, we believe, undoubted, that Catholics, while contributing to a great many charities and religious objects, do not often give to hospitals and similar institutions those larger sums which constitute the donors "governors." Hence, they have not that active part in the appointment of officers and in the practical management of these institutions which would give to themselves and their families a sense of ownership therein.—*Ed. I. M.*]

an exertion. But we do these things as matters of course, simply because they are the right things to do, and there is an end of it. But to soften the hard fate of the poor, and of the sick poor above all, to prevent them feeling themselves ostracised and forgotten just because they are poor, to realise ourselves, and to make them realise, that whatever differences may exist in this world between them and us, the very same heaven is, we hope, awaiting us both in the next; surely this is the right thing to do also, and, when we once have made the experience of it, by no means such a disagreeable and distasteful duty either. No—this we boldly assert—to mix now and then at least with the Irish poor, who, so far as manners and good breeding go, are, for the most part, born gentlemen and ladies, would not be found to be half so disagreeable and wearisome a task as the fulfilment of the monotonous routine of our social duties which, without a murmur, we accomplish day after day. And though—to come to the second excuse, viz., the impossibility of meeting every demand, and of perpetually opening one's purse—it is certainly pleasanter to feel one's way amongst the poor by the means of gifts, let it be remembered that a *very* little often goes a long way, that a bunch of grapes left after dinner, a few biscuits or oranges, or pictures, or newspapers, or books—in short, one or other of our own discarded luxuries, will suffice to break the ice, and make acquaintance with some whose friendship may, later on, turn out to be not only most precious to us in a spiritual way, but even interesting and entertaining in a temporal sense. For this is what we would insist upon, that the intelligence, grace, and tact to be found amongst the Irish poor, should render the duty of visiting them, comparatively speaking, a pleasant one, and that, had we no future reward or blessing to hope for from it, the widening of our sympathies which it would infallibly cause, the eloquent and convincing lessons it would teach us of contentment with our own lots, the distraction and variety which it would afford us, would in themselves be of incalculable benefit.

Let us not be misunderstood. This duty is, we know, performed, and efficaciously performed, by many quiet and unobtrusive workers belonging to St. Vincent de Paul's and other charitable societies of the city; but what we wish to remind our readers of is this, that it is a work which might be participated in by many who, because they belong to a world and a society, of which amusement, pleasure, and frivolity are the principal components, should not, therefore, consider themselves debarred from the high privilege which they would, sooner or later, discover it to be, of joining their more fervent and more earnest sisters in the easy task of visiting the poor.

And now one little word more concerning the two last pleas which were put forward at the beginning of this paper. Catholic mothers and mistresses of families may, it is very true, amongst their multifarious

duties and anxieties, have neither time nor strength to do more themselves than to fulfil the appointed task of each day, which comes to their doors, and to their hands, and which it is their clear business not to neglect for out-of-door calls, whatever they may be. But surely they might, at least, bring up their young and strong daughters to fill the gap which they cannot fill themselves, and to draw down a blessing upon their homes by active ministration amongst the poor. They might remind them that, just as important as a finished education, or the acquirement of accomplishments, or, later on, the achievement of ball-room successes and triumphs, is a real, practical, *intelligent*, and tender charity towards those whom Providence has placed in a lower social scale than themselves. We say *intelligent* charity, because to be really charitable it is not enough to give, so far as our means will permit. Ah! no. Something more than this is necessary. We must try to feel, know, and realise that sorrow, suffering, and poverty are real things, not mere names, and to do this before our own time has come to experience them—to prevent, we might almost say, God's visitation on ourselves, to believe, while we are still young, strong, healthy, and prosperous, that life means something more than a mere race after pleasure and evanescent triumphs. Surely, nothing can teach us this half so well as actual contact with the suffering poor, the actual spectacle of their patient endurance, the mysteriousness of their vivid faith and marvellous submission to the will of God.

And then as to time. But this is hardly a serious excuse. Now-a-days, with our awakened intellects, our precocious youth, our ever-craving and excited fancies, the question is rather, how to pass away our time than how to economise it. In most households there are at least one or two unoccupied or scantily employed lives; in most lives there are at least some spare hours. How to employ them, and, in some cases, how to fritter them away, is the trouble of the day. Some have eagerly turned to education and culture as a refuge from the shallow trivialities of their daily lives, and in attempting to fill up the many gaps which they find that their schoolroom curriculum has left, they have discovered a sensible and satisfying means of employing their spare time. Others again—but these are necessarily few—possess an accomplishment in which they really excel, and in the cultivation of which, and the incense which it may procure them, have the satisfaction of feeling that the gifts with which they are favoured are bearing their due fruits, and receiving their just meed of appreciation. But even supposing that the pursuit of knowledge, or the excelling in any particular accomplishment were, in itself, a sufficient satisfaction for a Christian mind and heart, how few, how miserably few, could ever hope to attain—we will not say happiness—but even contentment, and solid peace by those means. In the first place, a genuine love of knowledge for its own sake is, we fear, a rare quality to be found.

amongst women, for which they are not, perhaps, so much to be blamed, when we consider the low standard of education which passes muster in society at present; and in the second place, to excel in anything—in music, painting, wood-carving, even in needlework—demands an energy, a determination, a preparation, to say nothing of the actual talents and ability which most of the young ladies of our acquaintance do not, we may safely say, possess. The majority of women will not work unless they are forced to it, and excellence in any single branch of art, science, or culture is, as everybody knows, rarely, very rarely, to be found amongst amateurs of either sex. Men of average, or even inferior abilities are, however, as a rule, forced to work for their bread, or, failing everything else, to seek their fortunes in foreign lands. The young men of a family are not compelled by custom and social laws to cling to the paternal roof-tree year after year, as their sisters are, in impotent and, too often, idle, discontented waiting on the chances which fate may have in store for them. It is to these we would address ourselves. The sure, infallible means not to be discontented and unhappy is, to find employment for one's time, not mere perfunctory employment, such as the careless, indifferent prosecution of some third or fourth rate accomplishment, but an employment which will satisfy and interest both heart and mind. To visit the poor, to know them, to feel for them, to succour them, to be one with them at least in sympathy and compassion, will surely be found to be such a means, one perhaps amongst others, but certainly not the least important, not the least satisfying, not the least intelligent, and even, we will repeat over and over again, not the least easy or least delightful. At all events, let us make the trial of it. Whatever we are, or may be, we may be kind, considerate, thoughtful, charitable not only in our families, but let us say it boldly, with greater ease, sometimes out of them. One field need not, and certainly should not, interfere with the other. Let us, if we can, in a small way at least, make the trial in the humble field of the poor, of those who are lying, within a mile or two of our own doors, on beds of suffering, which are many of them the beds of dying saints, or of those whose only home is the dreary ward of the workhouse.

We will not dwell here on a future reward; on those words of St. James which say, that, "Religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep one's self unspotted from this world;" nor on the mysterious significance of that call which we all hope to hear on a future day, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry and you gave me to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in: naked and you covered me: sick and you visited me: I was in prison and you came to me." Here we will only speak of the actual present reward, the pure satisfaction, the

enlarged sympathies, the greater contentment, the generous sacrifice, the allaying of that vague but real craving for an unknown good which exists in all noble souls. At least let us try this simple means, and leave the results to God.

SAINT BRIGID.

'MID dewy pastures girdled with blue air,
Where ruddy kine the limpid waters drink,
Through violet-purpled woods of green Kildare,
'Neath rainbow skies, by tinkling rivulet's brink,
O Brigid, young, thy tender, snow-white feet
In days of old on breezy morns and eves
Wandered through labyrinths of sun and shade,
Thy face so innocent-sweet
Shining with love that neither joys nor grieves
Save as the angels, meek and holy maid!

With white fire in thy hand that burned no man
But cleansed and warmed where'er its ray might fall,
Nor ever wasted low nor needed fan,
Thou walk'dst at eve among the oak-trees tall.
There thou didst chant thy vespers while each star
Grew brighter listening through the leafy screen.
Then ceased the song-bird all his love-notes soft,
His music near or far,
Hushing his passion 'mid the sombre green
To let thy peaceful whispers float aloft.

And still from heavenly choirs thou steal'st by night
To tell sweet Avés in the woods unseen,
To tend the shrine-lamps with thy flambeau white
And set thy tender footprints in the green.
Thus sing our birds with holy note and pure
As though the loves of angels were their theme;
Thus burn to throbbing flame our sacred fires
With heats that still endure;
Thence hath our daffodil its golden gleam,
From thy dear mindfulness that never tires!

R. M.

NEW BOOKS.

I. *Emmanuel: a Book of Eucharistic Verses.* By the REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THOSE who are aware of the very close connection—if it can be called *only* a very close connection—which subsists between the author of this volume and the usual writer of these book-notices, may be surprised to see it mentioned in this place. But it will be quite easy to bestow on these “Eucharistic Verses” the very considerable service of this announcement without committing ourselves to any opinion whatsoever about their literary or other merits or demerits. Indeed, if any heed is to be paid to a remark of Sainte Beuve’s, when criticising Madame Swetchine’s writings—“*dés que la prière commence, la critique expire*”—even critics less fettered than the present writer will find their “occupation gone,” as far as this little tome is concerned; for it hardly does anything but pray from beginning to end. Every poem contained in it might be read on one’s knees before the altar. As far, therefore, as the holiness of his theme is concerned, the author of “Emmanuel” has striven to earn his share in what Dr. Johnson proposed as an epitaph for Parnell:—

“Qui sacerdos et poeta
Utramque partem ita implevit,
Ut neque sacerdoti suavitas poetæ,
Nec poetæ sacerdotis sanctitas deesset.”

Not, indeed, that either priest or poet should accept the division of labour suggested by Briseaux:—

“Au prêtre d’enseigner les choses immortelles—
Poète, ton devoir est de les rendre belles.”

“To teach the eternal truths, be this the priest’s grand duty—
O poet! be it thine to manifest their beauty.”

Surely priests ought in so far to strive to be poets as to feel intensely, and bring others to feel, the divine beauty of the Christian faith, and of every custom and ordinance of the Christian Church—making, like David, “God’s justifications the subject of their song in the days of their pilgrimage” (Ps. 118) and

“Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.”*

II. *Reliques of John K. Casey* (“Leo”). Collected and edited, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction, by Owen Roe, Author of “Hours with Irish Poets.” (Dublin: Richard Pigott. 1878.)

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY was born on the 22nd of August, 1846, at Mount Dalton, eight miles from Mullingar. He began so early to write

* Keble’s “Christian Year,”—Hymn for the Feast of St. Matthew.

verses, and he printed so many of them in *The Nation* and other Irish newspapers, that before his twentieth year he published by subscription, with considerable success, a collection of his poems under the title of "A Wreath of Shamrocks," of which the *Saturday Review* remarked that, "with all its taint of treason it was not an unpleasant little work." After the Fenian Rising, in March, 1867, the young poet was confined for some months in Mountjoy Prison in Dublin; but he was released without being brought to trial. He then married, wrote prose and verse, and delivered lectures, broke down in health, and, after rallying once or twice, died on St. Patrick's Day, 1870.

The gentleman who has collected these "Reliques" has discharged his duties as editor with much zeal; but he would, we think, have exercised a wiser discretion in making a selection rather than giving us everything. But this is a mistake committed by poets themselves when they are their own editors.

The collection is divided into Patriotic, Legendary, Amatory, and Miscellaneous Poems. Most of those in the first division deserve the second even better than the first of the two epithets applied by Moore to Dr. Drennan's famous song. If we could give specimens, our choice would rather fall on the milder lyrics. Mr. Casey is, we think, seen at his best in such poems as the very pathetic ballad of the penal days, which borrows its name, but nothing else, from Banim's "Soggarth Aroon." Very graceful, too, and more carefully finished than most of these compositions, are the stanzas entitled, "The Work of a Life," addressed to the Rev. C. P. Meehan on the completion of his great monograph, "The Flight of the Earls."

III. *Bible History, comprising the most remarkable events of the Old and the New Testaments.* By the Rev. JOSEPH REEVE. New Edition. Revised and edited, with copious notes, by the Rev. W. J. WALSH, D.D., Professor of Theology, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THE statement which we have just transcribed from the title-page before us, namely, that this book has been revised by Dr. Walsh and enriched by him, with copious notes, will be for many of our readers quite enough to convince them of the special excellence and accuracy of this new edition of a standard work. A further recommendation of the most cogent kind may be found in the letters which the publishers have received from the four archbishops and from fifteen of the bishops of Ireland, thanking them and the learned editor for what is substantially a new and most useful work.

IV. *The True Love of God.* By the Rev. JAMES A. MALTUS, O.S.D. (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

THIS pious little book consists of very brief and very devout prayers, chiefly aiming at increasing in the soul the true love of God. It has

the approval of Cardinal Manning, and is dedicated by permission to the Bishop of Birmingham.

Another still smaller book of piety is "Ye Lytel Boke for Ye Maryemonth," which reached us too late to be recommended in time for the Month of Mary. In spite of the archaic spelling of the title, it is only a new "Mois de Marie" written in plain English by a former "Prefect of the Sodality" at Stonyhurst, with special reference to the old English shrines of the Blessed Virgin.

- V. *Questions and Objections concerning Catholic Doctrine and Practices:* Answered by JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, Archbishop of Toronto. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THIS compendious Catechism of Controversy is admirably conceived and executed by an American prelate who, during a missionary career of thirty years from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Ontario, has had great experience in dealing with the inquiries of well-disposed Protestants, and who, as he tells us, has "put the questions and objections concerning the Catholic Church, as nearly as he could recollect, in the very words used by his Protestant interrogators." Many Catholics will find this sixpenny tract very useful for their own instruction as well as for the information of any candid and sincere inquirers they may meet with.

- VI. *The Irish School Magazine and Junior Teachers' Assistant*, April, 1878. (Dublin: 4 Ormond-quay.)

THIS periodical publication has reached its sixteenth Monthly Part, and has, no doubt, been of service to the very important and very deserving class whom it addresses. The conductors ought, we think, to aim at infusing more originality and more also of an Irish spirit into the literary portion of their pages, and at making young Irish teachers take a personal interest in the Magazine.

- VII. *The Precious Pearl of Hope in the Mercy of God.* Translated from the Italian by K. G., with a Preface by FATHER GALLWEY, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

AMONG the books which Father Gallwey mentions in his preface as helping to keep alive holy hope in our hearts, he has not named his own beautiful discourses against despondency which have been published under the title of "The Angelus Bell." The present treatise contains solid theological "answers to certain difficulties which are a hindrance to hope," difficulties drawn chiefly from texts of scripture and sayings of the saints which have been wrongly used to excite terror and discouragement. These are discussed with fulness, and in an exact, methodical, satisfying way, with no vague declamation. At the foot of almost every page are given, with full references, the passages

cited from the Sacred Scriptures and the works of the saints and other holy writers.

VIII. *Practical Hints on the Education of the Sons of Gentlemen.* By an EDUCATOR. (London: Burns & Oates.)

THESE "Hints" are not, we think, nearly so "practical" as the "Educator" intended them to be. Acquainted as he is with the nature of the discussion to which he here contributes his quota, it was his duty to bring out more clearly what he confesses as an afterthought in his preface and in one other passage that "every one of these remarks applies as well to the universities and great public schools as to the Catholic Colleges." A great deal of the pamphlet seems to be written in quite a different spirit. It is certain that many who have been viciously and incorrigibly dull and idle as schoolboys may, when some such crisis arrives as a competitive examination—with the prizes of life before them or else starvation and disgrace—display their latent powers under the care of a "grinder" or "educator." But Mr. Feeder, B.A., ought not forthwith to denounce as "radically bad and corrupt" the system of education of which his two or three pupils had previously been the "victims" at the celebrated Dash College.

IX. *A Spiritual Bouquet to the Heart of Jesus; or, the Little Month of the Sacred Heart.* A.M.D.G. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

WE are delighted that this little book has fallen under our notice just in time to say a word for it here which may procure for it the opportunity of speaking to many hearts during the ensuing month. The original, published by a French Jesuit in 1870, has gone already through twenty-one editions. An Irish Carmelite has here given us a very pleasing translation, adding two or three very devout and effective pages of his own. Those who use this little book day by day during the month of the Sacred Heart, or in any other way at any other time, cannot but have many a pious thought suggested to their minds and many a pious feeling excited in their hearts.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

IN the first sentence of an unwritten set of Notes it is dangerous to speak of them as a series; for many a proposed series has ended with (or before) the publication of the first number thereof. Human undertakings are often begun and not completed—like a certain Pery

Square which, after the lapse of half a century, consists still of only half a side. The present writer is, however, profoundly convinced that to give any undertaking a chance of being completed, one of the first steps is to begin it; and therefore he begins this series of Pigeonhole Paragraphs. They have had a narrow escape from being classed under the general heading of Pigeonhole Pie. If you consult your dictionary, you will find that a pigeonhole, besides being the opening to the nest of a pigeon, is also one of a number of small openings in a case or box-frame for the storing of papers, letters, &c. And again you will find that "pie" not only means a crust of baked flour with something under it, such as apples, but, moreover, it is a printer's term for a confused mass of type. Now the editorial sanctum contains an alphabetically pigeonholed receptacle like that described above, and out of divers scraps that have accumulated therein and elsewhere it is proposed to make from time to time a pie with (I trust) something in it.

* *

Paragraphs are in fashion at present. Those divisions of written composition which group together a set of sentences bearing on one branch of a subject, and at the end of which the writer, by beginning afresh from the margin, indicates that that branch of the subject is supposed to be finished—these short sections of a chapter or subdivisions of a section are now-a-days frequently treated as separate entities, and articles are begun and ended in a single paragraph. Witness the "Occasional Notes" in the *Pall Mall*, the "Topics of the Week" in the *Spectator*, the fry of subleaders which follow in the wake of the leading whales in the *Freeman*, and those long columns of personal paragraphs which "Atlas" bears on his shoulders in the *World*—a heavy burden, to which in the good old times a blackthorn stick or a stout cane would have been added occasionally. A clever writer* in *Fraser*, probably its Irish editor who once sang such a genial "adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding shores of Erne," being a little vexed at sundry criticisms in the *Spectator*, said: "Suppose we were to retort by saying that those snipt paragraphs which occupy the first pages of the *Spectator* hold out to the eye the promise of brevity, pregnant or pointed, but are in reality only discontinuous dullness, small beer served in liqueur-glasses." Even so—the other might have rejoined, but did not—dullness in paragraphs is not so bad as long dissertations of dullness; and, if I must take poison, I prefer it in homœopathic doses. And so people take kindly to paragraphs. Articles, well reasoned out with a beginning, middle, and end—readers have been known to fall asleep over these, but not over a mere paragraph. *Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire*. "I fancy," said Dr. Johnson,

* His own "Ivy Leaves" are the best current specimen of the sort of paragraphical *olla podrida* under discussion.

"that mankind may come in time to write all aphoristically, except in narrative—grow weary of preparation, and connexion, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made. If a man is to wait till he weaves anecdotes into a system, we may be long in getting them and get but few in comparison of what we might get."

* *

St. Peter exhorted Christian women, converts to the faith, so to live, "that if the husbands of any believe not the word, they may be won without the word, by the conversation [that is, the conduct and manner of life] of the wives, considering your chaste conversation with fear" (1 *Pet.* iii. 2). This holy awe was inspired by St. Cecilia to her heathen husband and his brother, who could not but exclaim: "Christ must indeed be true God, since He has chosen for Himself such a handmaid." St. Monica inspired her husband, Patricius, with a similar fear, which brought him at last to the faith. There are many such examples recorded in saints' lives and renewed in the experience of our own days.

But the most beautiful commentary we know of upon St. Peter's words has been written by Lord Byron, and that, too, quite unconsciously. The lines occur in a book so generally shunned by Catholics that they will be new to most. Moore has described the poem in question as "the most powerful and, in many respects, painful display of the versatility of genius that has ever been left for succeeding ages to wonder at and deplore." The strangest, though by no means most deplorable instance of Byron's versatility occurs near the end of the poem in the fifteenth canto. The noble poet has been describing at great length, and with more sarcasm than wit, the company gathered at an English nobleman's mansion, when all at once his tone changes, and he speaks of a young Catholic orphan whom he calls Aurora Raby. The lines are as follows:—

"Early in years, and yet more infantine
In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraph's shine.
All youth—but with an aspect beyond time;
Radiant and grave, as pitying man's decline;
Mournful—but mournful of another's crime.
She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no more.

"She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere,
As far as her own gentle heart allow'd;
And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear
Perhaps because 'twas fallen; her sires were proud
Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the ear
Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd
To novel power; and as she was the last,
She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

"She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew
 As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
 As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew
 And kept her heart serene within its zone.
 There was awe in the homage which she drew.
 Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne
 Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
 In its own strength—most strange in one so young!"

Can any one doubt that this beautiful picture was drawn from life? Byron must have met a young Catholic lady who neither thought it necessary to conceal her religion, nor to apologise for it by fast talk and worldly manners. She was a contrast to all around her, and the result was, not sneers or contempt, but respectful admiration. "Considering your chaste conversation with fear," said St. Peter. "There was awe in the homage which she drew," says Lord Byron.

* *

The preceding paragraph I owe to a friend to whom I owe much, but so much less than I should like to owe, that, in a spirit of revenge, I will put into print a little scrap which the writer has probably long ago forgotten:

"Give me a resting-point beyond Earth's sphere,
 And from its place Earth's mighty bulk I'll rear.
 What Archimedes asked to thee is given,
 O Christian priest, to lift the world to heaven.
 That spot unearthly is God's altar-stone:
 Place there thy lever—men thy power will own."

Probably my friend has never come across a somewhat similar application of the old story made by Father Lacordaire in one of his sermons at Notre Dame. "Archimedes asked but a lever and a fulcrum to move the world; but in his time this lever and this fulcrum were unknown. They are known now: faith is the lever, and the point of support is the Heart of Jesus."

* *

The *Saturday Review* is not generally classed among ascetic authors. It may be useful to have the judgment of the world on the world's amusements. The *Saturday Review* of April 14, 1877, in a notice of Miss Yonge's "Womankind," says that she "most justly" objects to the rink on the ground that "it is too often attended with circumstances not favourable to a quiet, modest tone among the girls who amuse themselves in very mixed company and in an unguarded manner, making themselves a public spectacle, with no host or hostess, no one of authority to select the company or act as a check, no one to be accountable."

* *

An engagement was given last month that the answer to the Charades at page 283 should be furnished in these Pigeonhole Paragraphs. How many have already cracked the nuts for themselves? The third of the charades is, perhaps, more ingenious than ingenuous: for could any one guess it without being warned that the three things described are words similar in sound to the three letters composing the "whole," which is in fact *bit*, cleverly adumbrated by descriptions of *bee*, *eye*, and *tea*? How skilful is the reference to the eye of reason and the eye of faith; and was the prosaic process of "wetting the tea" ever described more poetically? *Bookcase* is the subject of the first charade, and *pleasure* of the second. Old Père Gurly, who dearly loved a joke, would have relished the allusion to his favourite "cases of conscience."

* *

In the next pigeonhole I find three little fancies by the author of the foregoing charades. He thus translates a certain wayside inscription to be met with somewhere in Italy:—

"Di chi mi fido, guardami, Dio!
Di chi non mi fido, mi guardero io."

"From him I trust protect me, gracious Lord!
From him I trust not I myself will guard."

And here is the rosemary's pretty little autobiography:—

"My first adorns the earth,
My second graces heaven:
I shed around the cottage hearth
The perfumed breath of Even."

Finally, the poet treats the word *libel* as if made up of *lie* and *bell*, and then makes it give this oracular account of itself:—

"My second from my first has art to borrow
A joyless jubilee, a tearless sorrow.
The two connected form a sordid thing
That stings the statesman, patriot, and king:
Beneath its fangs perish the good and wise,
And Christian charity decays and dies."

* *

Molière read his comedies over to his cook, and any joke which proved unintelligible to her he tried to make plainer and more unmistakable. The foregoing has had the advantage of being submitted to a very stupid person who was not quite sure how a *bell* borrows from a *lie* "its joyless jubilee, its tearless sorrow." But he was quite satisfied when informed that the bell's falsehood consists in "playing a merry peal for a wedding, or tolling for a funeral, for hire and without experiencing the emotion of joy or sorrow. Its jubilee is false and joyless; its funeral toll is hollow, and without grief."

To the second of the two words used in the preceding charade our sphynx adds the second of the vowels and produces the following:—

“My *first* is sordid, mean, and base,
 A shame, a scandal, a disgrace,
 A tangled web of fraud and vice,
 Of weakness born and cowardice.
 Hence, avaunt! come not so nigh
 My *second's* artless purity;
 Sully not with poisoned breath
 Her innocence and spotless faith,
 Nor stain with falsehood and dishonour
 The graces nature pours upon her.
 She comes, she comes: her golden hair
 Wreathed with flowers. Beware, beware,
 Ye who meet the glad sunrise
 Of those tender, flashing eyes,
 Eyes so servid, deep, and true,
 Eyes to be wooed, and eyes to woo.

My first so mean, my next so sweet,
 In a portentous union meet,
 And, strange to say, produce a *whole*
 Which as my first is false and foul,
 Preys on the great, the good, the wise,
 My second dares to sacrifice,
 Till scorned by man, and banned by heaven,
 It dies unpitied, unforgiven.

* *

A critic has found fault with another of our poets for saying at page 251 of our May Number that “all was peace on lone Gethsemane,” while in the same breath she spoke of the night-birds assailing the holy silence. It chances that this objection occurred to the present writer also; and the poet's answer is worth the space it will occupy:—

“My reason for mixing up ‘night birds’ and ‘peace’ is that to my sense of external things a monotonous, occasional sound does *not* disturb, but rather deepens the feeling of peace and quiet, as the beating of the rain outside increases the feeling of tranquillity within. There is a stream across our lawn here, and to me it makes the silence of night more silent. A cornerake or any *monotonous* song-bird has the same effect. Are you satisfied with this reason?”

“*Sum* decidedly,” as the disguised cleric in a foreign railway carriage replied to the question, “*Esne sacerdos?*”

* *

The “Pery Square” mentioned in the first of these paragraphs derives its name from that Lord Pery whose correspondence with Burke, Grattan, and other distinguished men was for the first time published by Lord Emly in the April number of this Magazine.

The brief biographical note appended thereto contains some mistakes, for which Lord Emly is not responsible, and which Mr. Healy Thompson has been so good as to point out to me. "Lord Pery's name was Edmond Sexten, not Edmund Sexton, and his second daughter (Frances) married Nicolson (not Nicholas) Calvert, of Hunsdon in Hertfordshire, not Herefordshire. This is the same Hunsdon House, near Ware, which required an historical celebrity in the Tudor reigns. You will perceive that I speak from personal knowledge when I say that my wife is a daughter of the said Nicolson Calvert and consequently grand-daughter of Lord Pery. His portrait is looking down upon me as I write. When we thought of giving his name to our house here, we were warned that people would call it Peery and write it Perry: all which has come true. You are right as to the pronunciation,"—namely, in making "Pery" rhyme with *cherry*, and not with *cheery*.

* *

Dr. Newman recently addressed to Mr. Heneage Dering a letter of consolation on the death of his wife, Lady Chatterton, from which the following is an extract:—

"There are wounds of the spirit which never close and are intended in God's mercy to bring us nearer to Him and to prevent us leaving Him by their perpetuity. Such wounds, then, may almost be taken as a pledge, or at least as a ground for humble trust, that God will give us the great gift of perseverance to the end. As *she* has now passed the awful stream which we all have to ford and is safe, so, in the fact of having been taken from you, she seems to give you an intimation that you are to pass it safely also, when your time comes, and are to meet her again then for ever. Your losing her here is thus the condition of your meeting her hereafter. This is how I comfort myself in my own great bereavement. I lost last year my dearest friend unexpectedly. I never had so great a loss. He had been my life, under God, for thirty-two years. I don't expect the wound will ever heal. From my heart I bless God and would not have it otherwise, for I am sure that the bereavement is one of those Divine Providences necessary for my attaining that heavenly rest which he, through God's mercy, has already secured. So cheer up and try to do God's will in all things according to the day, as I pray to be able to do myself."

* *

A reader, who was amused with the schoolboy blunders recorded in one of Mr. Isaac Tuxton's papers on Wit, has sent us from the other side of the world some authentic ones to match: such as a girl arguing that pride was a substantive noun because "she could *see* it in the wag of Mary Turley's skirts," and another (a denizen of a garrison town), who in a catechism class gave as the definition of an Indulgence, "lave to have your wife in the barracks."

ON THE STAGES OF A TEMPTATION.

BY THE PRESENT WRITER.

THE present writer knows next to nothing about the philosophical doctrine of continuity or conservation of force; but he feels profoundly impressed with the moral continuity between the various series of feelings and actions that make up our lives, and with the influence which our employment of each passing moment may exercise on many other moments of our lives here, and so upon our everlasting lot hereafter, for good as well as for evil; but the title of this paper shows that the writer is going to dwell rather on the darker aspects of the subject. The subject has been borne in upon his mind while reading a book which, though chiefly concerned about children, and intended for the pleasure and profit of children, may be read with some interest and edification by children of a larger growth. "A York and a Lancaster Rose"—that is its name, not a very happy name, perhaps, for it portends something of a misty, historical flavour, whereas these two Roses are very bright and good young people of that name flourishing at the present day. It is written by Miss A. Keary, whose "Castle Daly," and "Oldbury," have been before* commended to our readers with warm approval of their general spirit and their style. The present is a slighter and more childish work; but the feeling that runs through all is such as to incline one to apply to this conscientious Protestant writer the often quoted words (why quoted in Latin?) of King Agesilaus to the Persian General, Pharnabazus: "Talis cūm sis, utinam [nostra] esses."

It is neither the white nor the red Rose that has suggested the idea of writing this little essay on the progress of a temptation, but something which happens, in the course of the story, to Rose Ingram's sister, Florence. She is the most disagreeable of the characters, and inclined to be black and discontented. While giving way to an attack of crossness, "she thought it was only the comfort of one afternoon her discontent was robbing her of, and did not know how many other temptations this one, yielded to, would bring in its train." And so, in our temptations, we say, "only the loss of one evening's study, only the loss of one morning's prayer!" Yes, but think, with terror, of all the mornings and evenings that may be lost or worse than lost if you let yourself sink into a distaste for study and a disuse of prayer. The one morning or evening does not stand alone. However, it will be better to reserve our wider moral applications and

* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. iii., p. 650.

developments for the end—which arrangement has the advantage of making it possible that we may never reach those applications and developments at all.

Like many other people in dark, sullen, unhappy moods, poor Florence wants to fling herself into some pleasure that may lift her, for the moment at least, out of the heavy, monotonous dullness. This is the *rationale* of drunkenness (before it becomes chronic, for then it ceases to have any *rationale* at all, being a mere brutish, irrational custom and foul disease). This, too, is the *rationale* of worse sins than drunkenness—for there *are* worse. The tempting pleasure came to her in the shape of a book, not vile or disreputable, but which was, at any rate, not fit reading for a little girl like her. It was in a bookcase in which the children were supposed never to rummage. One day, long before this time, Florence had been told to “put the bookcase tidy,” and in restoring one of the volumes to its place, she had taken a peep at a sentence or two on the second page. It seemed to be something very interesting about a clever little girl, called Jane Eyre, who, like herself, was not a particular favourite with any one. Florence had often wondered how the story went on. Well, she contrived to get this book secretly. At first she intended only to turn over a few pages and find out enough to take the edge off her curiosity, so that the temptation might never come upon her again. Ah! that is the devil’s prescription for curing a temptation—to yield to it, at least in part, and have done with it. But thus the devil lures us on and on; and so it was with Florence—every new page she turned over suggested a new curiosity that must be satisfied. She is called away, and then the good spirit gets an opportunity of suggesting to her to go and tell her whole fault to her mother, and get the book put out of her way. But the bad spirit argued *per contra* that, if she told, she would have to promise not to touch it again, and she wanted so much to know how the story goes on when the girl grows up. “One more look at the book before I tell!” Here we have witness borne by a conscientious thoughtful Protestant to the blessed potency of confession, even unsacramental, in strengthening the will against relapse. Our young friend did not adopt this means of securing her half-hearted resolve, but, while pretending to learn her lessons and “do her practising,” she was going over and over every incident of the story, as far as she had read, and wondering about the end. “She did not say in so many words that she would look out for opportunities of repeating her disobedience before she confessed it; but she dwelt on the pleasure she had had, and prepared herself to find the next temptation overwhelming when it came.” I fear that this last stroke paints to the life the attitude of many a one under the spell of temptations much more dreadful than there is here question of. And in more serious temptations also there are parallels for that state of mind

which this writer goes on to attribute to our little friend, Florence Ingram: how, at her next opportunity, "she read on and on, sometimes growing really absorbed, but oftenest feeling, all through the reading, an uneasy sense of discomfort and a gnawing anxiety that took all zest from the pleasure and made it so nearly pain that it was wonderful she continued to impose it on herself."

The child is again interrupted, again sleeps upon it, and wakes up to a new day, and has a new chance to set the matter all right. But no: "once in the room by herself, with the book in her hand, it seemed impossible not to go further. She opened at the place where she had left off last night, and stood for nearly half an hour turning page after page, while hardly acknowledging to herself that she was reading. At last, coming to a point of absorbing interest, she abandoned all pretence of intending to leave off in a minute, and seating herself on the table, made up her mind to hurry on to the end and set her curiosity at rest. It seemed a very bad thing to do, yet somehow or other she went on. There remained only five chapters to the end of the book. Florence said to herself it would be best, surely, to finish it and get the wonder about the end fairly out of her head, so that she might forget the whole matter and make up for one act of disobedience by scrupulous attention in the future. She hurried on, therefore, turning over the leaves breathlessly, but all enjoyment was over. * * * When she had turned the last leaf and read the last sentence, a terrible feeling of disenchantment and flatness came. The latter half of the book had really been beyond her comprehension, and now that there was nothing more to come, she wondered how she could have cared to read it, burdening herself with so much remorse for such a short-lived, doubtful pleasure."

Ah! yes—just so. "A terrible feeling of disenchantment and flatness" comes after most temptations when yielded to, and we wonder how such a thing ever had power over us.

I cannot go on to tell of the consequences which followed from Florence's false step. Very serious consequences, but very naturally managed; and Florence turns out far better than you might expect.

Now is there not a great deal of similarity between the different stages of this child's temptation and those to which we have been exposed, and probably have often yielded in small things or in great? The true wisdom is to turn resolutely and instantly from every small suggestion of what is evil or less good—of whatever tends to take us away from the thing that God will at any given moment be pleased to see us engaged in. We must not parley with the tempter, no matter what form he takes; we must not dally, or loiter, or give any heed to his overtures. "What harm in turning these leaves for a moment?" Not much, perhaps; but the smallness of the matter makes your obedience to the slightest of God's behests, seen only by Him, very

pleasing in his sight. Besides, would it only be for a moment? Have you not often said so, and moment after moment passed, and you failed to give yourself to that particular thing which was at that moment wanted from you by God's will, announcing itself to you by the routine of your daily duties or in some other way? The blessed security, the wise policy which we can never possibly come to regret—as we may and must come to regret the other loose, unmortified, unmanly, scrambling manner of acting—the only wise and blessed security is to give ourselves, heart and soul, at each moment to that thing at which we should be glad to be found employing our last moment if at that moment God were to send his last messenger for us, as He may send him at any moment.

Let us double back on some of the points already hinted at: for instance, that phase of temptation, "It is as well to have it over at once." This may occur with reference to things which are not quite sins and about which one can talk more freely. Persons have been beset ere now, during a time of serious study, by some vivid thought on a subject on which (let us say) they were preparing to write an essay or a set of verses. The weak-kneed, flabby policy which we are denouncing would have such a one get this vivid thought out of his way by putting it down on paper. This fritters away time, and tends to form a loose, irresolute character. The more conscientious student will say: "No, this time is set apart for something else—that distraction would take up far more than the minute or two which it pretends to be content with—if it comes back at the proper time, well and good, but at the present moment God wishes me to be at something else, and to that something else I will try and give myself with all my mind."

But, above all, where there is question of sin, we must spurn that suggestion of the tempter: "Better give in at once, as you must very soon." No, no! every moment of struggle strengthens you for future combats, and in itself is a merit gained which can never be lost finally, except for the soul that is lost for ever. God is looking on. *Clamor meus ad Te veniat!* Heaven takes more interest in such a struggle than in all the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," if those also did not mightily concern the fate of many souls. Fight to the death, then, or fight to victory, for in this combat death is for him only who yields. Do not parley with the individual temptation, but rather rise high above it and cling to the clear, strengthening truths of God. Persevere! The sailors mutinied against Columbus when within three days' sail of an undiscovered world; but Columbus persevered. Persevere! God who is helping you may intervene with more powerful grace, may rebuke the winds, and after the storm there may come a great calm. When this, indeed, has through the divine mercy come to pass, let us not perish in the moment of victory. Let not the vanquished temp-

tation treat us like the pretended corpse that rose from the battlefield and stabbed its enemy while he was stripping the slain. Let us rather imitate a certain virgin anchorite, of whom holy writers tell us that when she had successfully resisted some other temptation, the evil one wished to lead her into pride. "Sara, Sara, thou hast conquered me." "No, thou foul demon, I have not conquered thee, but Christ my Lord has conquered thee."

EVENING.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

THE pure, fresh morning passed out long ago,
And long since, too, the fervid noon went by ;
Lo ! there the shadows streak the evening sky,
And once eve comes, night follows fast, you know,
And then no man may till, or reap, or sow,
But through long darkness all in sleep will lie.
Oh ! pray for me. Your words will reach on high,
Where word or prayer of mine might never go.
The paths I chose led but through trackless sands,
Through barren wastes from earth to sky above,
Where never fruit would grow for toiling hands.
Ah me !—whatever in my life was fair,
Or good, or true, I owe it to your love :
And now, I hope for heaven through your prayer.

POWDERLY'S MILL

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERKEVIL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

TWO HONEST LOVERS.

POWDERLY'S Mill stood on the banks of a river which is broad and deep at many parts, and winds through a pretty country, by corn-fields and gardens, orchards and bits of woodland; here and there a mill in the way, with its wheel floundering in foam, or a bridge carrying the high-road on its shoulders. The mill was old, but not dilapidated, and the green-gray crust of age upon its walls contrasted pleasantly with the dark-red of the dwelling-house under their shadow. The pile lay close to the river, only the path and some wooden steps dividing the doorway of the dwelling-house from the water. On a summer's evening, when Pansy, the miller's daughter, took her knitting down the old brown steps to sit in the sunset, with the wheel splashing beside her and foaming the water at her feet; when the river took to its bosom the shadows of the mill, and became a dusky mirror reflecting gray old roofs, gables with ruddy peaks, and the gold-tipped foliage of the orchard trees; when the sun floated fires along the stream, and the shadows caught and quenched them; then one of the prettiest pictures in England was to be seen at Powderly's Mill.

Roger Endright was the son of a dead friend of old Jacob Powderly's, and was useful to the miller, who had not been always kind to him. Had it not been for little Pansy, Roger never had stood in the mill; but at the time this story opens, his coming was a thing of the past. He came now between Jacob Powderly and the heavy end of the toil: and the old man knew his value, though he did not care to tell him so. And Pansy also knew his value; but she thought she would like to tell him so, if ever he cared to know.

Jacob had come to this country a stranger about twenty years before, and had bought the mill and a farm, and married a pretty wife. No one knew much of his life before the time of his coming, for he was shy and self-absorbed, and did not like to be questioned. Neighbours did not love him much: he spoke better English than they, and kept himself at a distance from them. During his twenty years at the mill he had scarcely made a friend; even his wife's relations were not familiar in his house. After a few married years, the wife had died, leaving a child who grew up to his knee, his elbow, and past his

shoulder, and turned into a woman before the miller thought of it. She was the only creature who cared for him, there was no stint in her love, and the father's pride in her was monstrous ; or at least the people said so. He had taught her to speak English and to behave like a lady, and, of course, he would dower her well, and look high for a match for her. "Pansy" her mother had called her, and somehow the name suited her. There were soft, violet tinges about her liquid, dark eyes, and exquisite dusky tints warming her pale, olive cheeks, and there was a shade of naïve sentiment mixed up with the glow of her nature. The rose would have seemed too gaudy for her, and the lily all too pale. She was soft, and dark, and bloomy, and gay when the sun was shining. And up to the time that my story opens she had always stood in the sun.

There was a big, blooming garden which lay behind the dwelling-house, extending along by the river. A huge bank of acacia-trees shut it off from a meadow at the lower end, and a long hedge of sweet-brier fenced it in from the common road. Bees found their honey in it, and sweet-peas and cabbage-roses, honeysuckles, and gilly-flowers flaunted above the strawberry-beds, and made the air spicy and sweet. On a certain May-eve after sunset, Pansy was busy in the garden preparing supper under the acacia-trees. She had already spread the table, and was flitting and diving behind bushes and into flower-beds (as the swallows and butterflies had been doing all the day), when a girl came down the road and stopped and looked over the hedge.

"So Roger Endright is not going with you to-morrow?"

"Isn't he, Joan?" said Pansy.

"He's going with William Lily to propose for Susan Gray. To think that you should not know!"

Pansy picked a caterpillar out of a rose and laid it tenderly on the grass.

"Saucy little animal!" she said, "you must learn to be content with cabbages for your supper." Then she looked up at the new-comer. "Roger Endright will tell of his marriage when he wishes people to know," she said. "In the meantime, I don't see why we need talk about it."

Joan laughed and tossed her head. "Oh, as for that, I'm no more of a gossip than my neighbours," she said ; "though I'm not so sly as some. But people were saying that you had a liking for Roger yourself ; and I thought you might like to know. Good-night!"

And away she walked, leaving Pansy standing transfixed, her eyes flashing fire, and the nosegay she had been making tumbled on its fair face at her feet. People were saying that she liked him. The girl dropped her arms by her side, and stood gazing in the grass as if some wondrous thing therein had caught her eye.

"Roger going to be married!—and I—I thought—Oh, me! the people are right!—the people are right!"

She raised her eyes, with a wild look at nothing, which showed

her, however, the figure of Roger Endright striding rapidly towards the sweet-brier hedges. Her lips, her hands fluttered with anguish and uncertainty. She turned to fly; but turned again, and faced her difficulty, pouncing on the tumbled nosegay, and shaking from it a shower of dew and petals.

Roger came into the garden. He was a broad-shouldered, large man, with a brave, honest look about him, wide, dark eyes set in a great deal of shadow, carrying a spark of living fire down in their depths—fire sometimes fed with earnestness, and quite as often with mirth; for though a man built up for labour, there was not a pleasanter holiday-maker in the country.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked of Pansy, anxiously. "You look as pale—as pale as ——"

"A flour bag?" said Pansy.

"I was going to say something else," said Roger, smiling; "but what have you been doing to yourself?"

Pansy looked up in his face, and suddenly thought that she had been rather too hasty in believing Joan's news.

"I have been making you a nosegay to take out with you to-morrow."

A glow of delight sprang into the miller's sun-burnt face.

"Not for yourself; men ill-treat flowers, crush them to death in their strong hands, or leave them without water—or something. You must give them to a woman—the woman you love the best."

"Must I?" said Roger, turning a little pale.

Pansy glanced at him again, and thought that Joan's news was true. A little gleam of anguish shot into her eyes and out again.

"Yes," she said, tossing the flowers from side to side critically. "I know where you are going to-morrow. Joan has just been telling me. You shall take the flowers with you and give them to Susan Gray."

Roger started. "I thought you said to the woman I love the best," he said, trembling: and Pansy began to shake at her own boldness.

"Of course I did," she said.

"Give them to me," he said, and took the nosegay out of her hand. He held it in his own, looked at it, and kissed it, and then suddenly put it back into Pansy's fingers.

The girl retreated a step or two, and her head drooped, and a blush flew over her face and neck; then her mood changed, and the nosegay, with Roger's kiss, went whizzing over the currant-bushes.

The young man flushed, and knit his brows in pain. "Is this jest or earnest?" he asked.

"Jest," said Pansy, gaily. "I meant them for Susan Gray, and you thought I had a fancy for them myself. But it wasn't a very pretty one; I'll easily make you a better."

"I don't want any more," said Roger, turning away half angrily, half sadly. "I have already done your bidding, and you have had your jest."

"Roger!" said Pansy, following him, "what about Susan Gray?"

"There is nothing about Susan Gray that I know of, except that William Lily is going to ask her to marry him to-morrow. I don't think he'll be refused, for it's a very old love affair. He asked me to go with him, but I thought I was—engaged to some one else."

Pansy uttered a little cry, and clasped her hands. "Oh, that's the story, is it? Oh, that sly, ill-natured Joan!"

"What have you heard, Pansy?" said Roger, drawing nearer.

"Oh, nothing, nothing. It don't make any matter."

"Let it alone, then; for I have something to say that makes a deal of matter. I love you better than my life, Pansy, and between hoping and fearing my heart's pretty well worn out. I want you to be my wife. I want you very badly. If you think you'd rather not, why say it out at once—but I'll never ask another."

Pansy did not say it out, but stood with her head turned away, plucking at the heart of her favourite hollyhock.

"I know there's rich farmers will tell you the same thing," said Roger. "I haven't an acre of land, but I've a bigger heart than most of them; and I've loved you these seven long years, since the day when I came to here, a footsore traveller, begging your father's help for the son of his old friend. You were a small bit of a girl, Pansy, and you took the stick out of my hand, and gave me a seat at your fireside. You bathed my blistered feet, and gave me cakes and milk; and you never stopped from coaxing him till your father gave me a trial. And now he's breaking down, Pansy, and I'm able to work the mill."

"Yes, Roger, you work the mill bravely."

"And I mean to go on working it, as long as your father wants me—whether you love me or not. Only in case you can't——"

"It's not a possible case, Roger."

"You mean to say that you love me, Pansy? It's a terrible matter to me."

"I mean that I dearly love you; and this is the happiest moment of my life."

"Oh, my dear! my love!"

"Don't, Roger, please! The old donkey in the meadow is laughing at us!"

The daylight went, and the moonlight came with a flush of greenish glory. The lovers walked the garden-paths and talked about future difficulties.

"Father will be dreadfully angry," said Pansy. "We must prepare for that; but you keep on wanting me, and never fear you'll get me!"

"I'll not break down at wanting," said Roger; "but it's like bees stinging one all over—the thought of my own poverty and Jacob Powderly's wealth."

"Between ourselves," said Pansy, "I don't think the wealth is much. Haven't you noticed that father's dull lately. What can it be but money?"

"I could almost be selfish enough to wish it was money," said Roger, "but I cannot believe it—I know his affairs so well, you see. The mill is doing well, and I've wondered more than I can say to see your father so dull. Sometimes I have thought it is because that he suspects us—for of course he must have better hopes for you—and sometimes I think it's not that, and that the trouble comes to him in letters."

"Letters!"

"Yes; there's letters coming to him lately that are not the regular business sort. They're written in one hand, and he keeps them all to himself. He don't like to be asked about them, and his spirits are always the lowest of a day when one of them comes. There's one came this day week, and four or five before that. I never was fond of prying, but he's an old man to bear a trouble alone. I have thought and thought about asking him, but there's a look in your father's eye that sometimes warns a man off."

"If it isn't money, what can it be?" said Pansy, who thought she would rather like to fall into difficulties from which Roger, hero-like, should rescue her before the world.

"That I cannot guess," said Roger; "but the mill is doing well."

"He seems to have forgotten supper as well as ourselves," said Pansy, with a little, happy laugh, and a shy glance at the table which she had so carefully spread under the trees. Only two hours ago? Two days ago, at the least! She had long, long guessed that Roger loved her, but she had often feared that his pride might stand in the way of their happiness. Now he had spoken at last, and had changed the hue of her world. He had mixed magic with the moonlight; placed gleaming crowns on the heads of all her lilies; given a throbbing heart to the rose; and drawn gushes of subtle perfume, hitherto unperceived, from a thousand unseen, but love-breathing flower-witnesses. Even the old gable-peak had an air of triumph about it as it held up its head among the stars, and flung an ivy-wreath for mere frolic right in the moon's face. The solemn old mill had also a moonstruck glance in its windows, and seemed to gaze mildly down at its young mistress, who had arrived at a pitch of happiness such as mills are not permitted to know. The wheel stood still and reverent, as if it listened, in its unwonted quietude, for the rustle of lover's whispers, while the river flashed with joy as if a queen's dowry of diamonds had been flung into its breast. With all things sympathetic and newly-glorified around her, Pansy looked at her little supper-table through misty eyes of wonder. The Pansy who placed it there, a maiden full of stinging doubts and fluttering hopes, seemed very far removed from her into a dim and uneasy past.

A light winked from the dwelling with a knowing and pleasant ray, and the lovers owned that it was late, and that Roger had better depart.

"Father has fallen asleep," said Pansy, "and we shall not see him to-night."

"To-morrow is coming quickly," said Roger. "Never was a May holiday such as this will be for me!"

"For me!" echoed Pansy, leaning over the garden gate. And then the house-door opened in the distance, emitting a stream of light; a step came down the path, and Pansy returned through her rose-bushes alone.

An old woman appeared hobbling down the garden-path, house-keeper and servant of Jacob Powderly. Her cap was high and white, her face was very broad and wrinkled.

"It's time for you to come in," she said. "Roger Endright's gone, is he? Some day there'll be a wedding, and then we'll be saying, 'Master's gone, and master's coming back.' Jacob will not go and come a deal longer. Well, well, well! The young is always ready for the old one's shoes. Couldn't have a better master than Roger Endright."

Pansy had dived into a lavender-bush, and now rose out of it again, affecting not to have heard.

"Father is asleep, isn't he, Bab?"

"Asleep! Not he, indeed. He's crooning over the kitchen fire like an old woman these two hours with a letter spread on his knees. It seems to have made him ill, like. I thank God I cannot read, and nobody sends me letters. I never knew good come of one of them in my life."

"A letter, did you say, Bab? A letter that makes him ill?"

"Makes him bothered, anyhow. Come in to your bed, Pansy: this night-walking'll be your death."

The old woman hobbled towards the house, and the young one followed after, shivering with a sudden chill of fear. What was this shadow that had come upon her father, which Roger could not fathom, and which had nothing to do with business, nor yet with money? With her father in affliction, how could his daughter bear to be happy? Sad thoughts followed one another through her mind like birds crossing the sky. Some foreshadowing presentiment, a terror she had no name for, dropped on her from the stars, and brought before her mind the idea of an unseen hand parting her life from Roger's. Perhaps it was only that she had reason to think of her father as growing sterner under the tyranny of a hidden grief.

Pansy stepped into the kitchen, which was a pleasant room. There was a large, wide hearth-place, furnished with a cushioned bench, and a great arm-chair, a long table down the centre of the chamber,

various glittering implements upon the walls, and bunches of sweet herbs dangling aloft, making perfume in the place. The moon shone on the latticed windows, and the sleeping roses were dimly visible beyond them. There was no light but the firelight, a lamp lay on the floor as if it had fallen or been flung there, and there was the figure of an old man crouched up in the arm-chair. Pansy was quickly at his side. "Father! what is the matter?"

The old man looked up shrinkingly, and glanced around him. Seeing only Pansy, he raised his head.

"Matter!" he said. "Nothing!" But his face was dark and livid, and his eyes sunk in their sockets. "I've been thinking pleasant thoughts, Pansy, very pleasant thoughts. Sit down here and talk to me, Pansy; sit down and let us talk!"

Bab was fastening the doors, and now hobbled off to bed. Pansy picked up the lamp.

"Shall I get you some supper, father?"

"No! I won't have supper, and never mind the lamp. It fell down by accident; you might have heard the noise. Is Roger Endright gone, darling? I wanted to say a word to him."

"We waited for you, father, and you did not come," said Pansy, hanging her head. She thought she could not tell her news to-night. "He'll be here early in the morning; but I think you're not well, father, and we'll stay at home to-morrow."

"I shall stay at home, child, but you must get your pleasure. It's what I wanted to say—to say to Roger. I don't think I'm well, not extremely well, at least, though I never was in better spirits in all my life. Where is that—that—that—?" He looked around wildly, and felt about with his hand. "Ah, it is in my pocket. Only a little letter, my darling. Only a letter of business. As I was saying, you must go. Roger's a good fellow, and he'll take care of you. You won't object to trust yourself with Roger?"

"No, father." And then she got a sudden inspiration that the right moment for telling her tale was come. Forth fluttered her news from trembling lips: "Roger wants to take care of me all my life; I think you won't object, will you? I couldn't be in better hands."

Pansy expected anger, storm, a scene that might never be forgotten. The shock must surely come, and better sooner than later. She had nerved herself for it now; to bear the first and worst brunt of it all alone. The old man's passion would speak, and say terrible things, and it was well that his child, who knew how to forgive, should be the only living creature to hear his words. There was a pause before he answered, and the girl bowed her head and braced her heart, and told herself she could brave whatever might come.

When Jacob Powderly spoke at last it was in a low and broken voice. "Roger wants to marry you—heaven bless him! And here

have I been fretting about you—thinking of what you would do when I have to leave you. Yes, my dear, I'll give you to him—you and the old mill. When does he want to marry you, Pansy? I don't see why you need wait!"

Pansy was dumb with surprise and a little dismay. Joy had flooded her heart; yet she was not quite content. Why was her father so eager to give her away? Did he feel himself very ill? Did he think he was going to die?"

"You are very glad to get rid of me!" she whispered, half reproachfully.

The old man drew her head to his breast, and patted it with his horny hand. "Rid of you!" he said, "my ring-dove! But I want to have you safe, and you are not safe with me. I will not send you away, but some day I may have to leave you. Roger will take better care of you than ever I have done."

"Don't talk that way," said Pansy, seating herself on his knee, and caressing his withered cheeks. "We'll be three happy people, and that's the whole of it. But tell me the honest truth, father; you don't feel very ill? There's no reason at all why should talk in this way of leaving me?"

"No, no, no!" said Jacob, putting his hand into his breast, where the letter lay hidden. "No reason at all, my rosebud. Hurry off to your bed now, and be ready for to-morrow's fun!"

Next morning Roger was in the kitchen early. It was his custom to sleep up in a high chamber of the mill and to take his meals in Powderly's house. He appeared in gala costume—a suit of dark-blue cloth, knee-breeches, and gray stockings, a frill on his shirt, and a posy in his button-hole. Thus attired, he stood in the doorway, distracted with delight at a glimpse of Pansy's fair figure, also decked in holiday gear, which was hovering about the breakfast-table on the tip-toe of bewitching expectation. Her pleasuring garb was a kirtle of brilliant chintz, covered with birds, butterflies, and flowers, and a brown stuff petticoat of her own quilting, a snow-white kerchief with some old lace on the bosom, and a moss-rose glowing out of it just where the folds went into her bodice. She had a brighter blush than usual, and her hands were shaking so that she spilt the cream. Powderly rose from his chair and went to meet Roger on the threshold.

"Come in, lad!" he said, "come in. I'm going to put a precious charge in your hands. There's many a thing I've trusted you with since you first set foot in my mill. And you never put aught to the bad, Roger; you never put aught to the bad!"

He led him across the floor, gazing wistfully in the young man's honest face, put Pansy's hand in his, and turned away with a sob.

"My heart's so full of joy," he said, "that I don't know what to do."

Roger Endright was amazed. He had hoped to win Pansy in time, but had expected fierce denial through many a day to come. The young couple gazed wonderingly in each other's eyes. The old man's haggard face touched them strangely; his broken and troubled voice made them ashamed of their triumphant happiness.

"Father, I'll stay with you!" cried Pansy, running to his side. "I know you are not well. Don't ask me to go and leave you."

"But I will ask you, indeed!" said Jacob, eagerly. "You must go a-Maying with Roger. I am right well to-day, my dear, and I want to be left alone. There are reasons why I want to be left alone, Roger Endright. So take this cry-baby along with you, and let the old man have his way!"

The lovers were fain to go. Jacob watched them down the path by the river, and up the green lanes through fields to the high road. When they were quite out of sight, he took his solitary way to the mill. Everything there was at rest. The wheel stood still as a rock, and the water dripped from its sides; ducks ventured under its shadow, and the sparrows found it a fit thing to perch upon. Jacob wandered aimlessly from chamber to chamber, up and down the creaky stairs, staring at the cobwebs that hung in the rafters, and sitting down upon plump meal-bags to gaze through sunbeams and dust-drifts into vacancy. Sitting thus, he drew forth the letter which he had hidden from his daughter the night before, read it, and moaned over it, and hid it again. It was not a long letter. The writing merely said: "Don't think to escape me. I shall visit you to-morrow at noon, and we can talk the matter over."

So Powderly expected a visitor as he wandered aimlessly about his deserted mill, and that the visitor was not a welcome one even the mice that peeped from the crannies might have conjectured. This was why he had stayed at home from the merry-making, and why the gay summer holiday was to him the dreariest day that ever dawned. An enemy, as yet a secret one, was hunting the old man down—a foe who would give no quarter, and in whose clutches the heart-broken miller was powerless as a babe.

Thirty long years ago Jacob Powderly had committed a crime. He was then clerk in a merchant's counting-house in London, and in an hour of temptation and difficulty he had forged his employer's name upon a cheque. He escaped unsuspected, or had believed that such was the case. No one else had suffered for him, and the affair had remained a mystery. His master had continued to trust, and his companions to believe in him; but Jacob's peace was gone, and he gave himself up to remorse. He could not meet his master's eye, nor shake his fellows by the hand. Ill-doing had not prospered with him, and the money he had stolen had been lost as soon as touched. He threw up his situation and went to sea.

For ten thriftless years he had roamed about the world, haunted by the memory of this one crime of his life. At the end of that time, a relative, in dying, bequeathed him a little fortune, and he had then come back to England and bought his farm and mill. He had lived an honest life and made an unblemished name; and if the shadow upon his memory had rendered him gloomy and little liked, yet no one had ever a word to speak against him.

His mill had thriven well; his pretty daughter loved him; it seemed as though heaven ignored his sin, even as man had never suspected it. He tried to conquer a stern nature, and to be good to those around him; and sometimes his better angel whispered that the mercy which he had shown to Roger Endright would not be quite forgotten when the great reckoning day should come. He would dower his daughter well, and she should marry a rich farmer. And when this was quite secured he would provide for Roger Endright. The lad had stood by him well; he could no longer do without him. He would give him a share in the mill, a chance in the world. And when all these things were finished, and he was sure he could afford it, he would withdraw a sum from his capital and pay it back in secret to the firm which he had robbed so long ago. Such were Jacob's day-dreams six months before the date of this little history. Such was often the drift of his thoughts as he stood jingling the money in his pockets and listening to the clumsy music of his wheel.

But suddenly there had come a change. Shame and anguish and bitter, unspoken fear had risen around him like ghosts, and taken possession of his soul. Roger Endright had said truly that the trouble came to him in letters. They told him that a man lived in the world who knew the secret of his past, and who meant to use such knowledge for the ruin of Jacob Powderly. The enemy described himself as a son of Jacob's old employer, a prodigal son whom the world had treated badly. How he had gained his knowledge he did not choose to tell, but he knew every little circumstance of the commission of the crime as perfectly as though he had looked into the miller's soul. Money might keep him silent, and Jacob had sent him money; but now there had come a moment when he threatened not to keep silent any longer.

At the period of this story the penalty of forgery was death. Jacob had long lived the life of a just man, and it seemed hard to have to die the death of a felon. Hence his agony since his doom seemed drawing near. Hence his joy that his innocent child had found a protector before the coming blow should fall, and leave her friendless and dishonoured before the world.

The morning wore away, and noon was drawing near. The water dripped from the wheel, and the ducks clacked luxuriously under its shadow. The meal-dust danced in the sunbeams up and down the

chambers of the old mill. Pigeons flitted in and out of the place, and regaled themselves unmolested on the grains that strewed the floor. Everything was happy on this merry May-morning, except the sad old man who sat apart in his lonely corner among the cobwebs, waiting for the shadow of death, which was fast approaching to cover him.

CHAPTER II.

MAY-DAY.

IN the meantime, whilst her poor old father sat breaking his heart among the meal-bags, Pansy tripped along by her lover's side, the gayest and loveliest lassie that ever took her way to a May-day gathering. All the summer world was as busy as could be informing her of the delight it felt at her happiness. The little girl's breast swelled with pride as she walked along on tip-toe between the hedges, with broad-shouldered Roger carrying her cloak, and saw the country people noticing that she was walking with young Endright all alone. This fact was as good to them as an announcement of a betrothal, and kindly mothers smiled on the motherless girl, and friendly maidens congratulated her out of the corners of their laughing eyes. The envious or ill-natured shook their heads, and said it was a poor and silly match for Powderly's girl; but badly-conditioned people must have their say, and one unpleasant speech is as good as another. One or two sombre-tempered young men scowled at Roger, for Pansy was a prize whom many had coveted; but Endright was a favourite with his fellows, and, on the whole, there were but few who were not glad of his success. The girl had chosen for love; there could be no doubt about that; she had not bartered her beauty and her inheritance for a house with so many rooms and a farm of so many acres, as other girls had been known to do; and Pansy found herself a heroine before she reached the village-green.

The villagers of Maythorne prided themselves on the antiquity and prettiness of their village. It was built of dark-red brick, with gables turned every way, and gardens creeping up to the roofs. The trees from the common, elms and poplars, wandered about the street, and lounged unforbidden before the door-steps of some of the houses. The May, or hawthorn, was a speciality of the place, and at this moment its white bloom was seen frothing round upper windows and the dusky red crookedness of patched and ancient chimneys. The village-green was full of it, and one large and old patriarch of the tribe stood majestically on its verge, and gave the place its name. The heart of this honoured tree was withered with age, and the carpenter had mended its rugged sides where time had rent them; yet there was flush of life

in it somewhere, for its leaves had as fresh a green as the grass-blade under its shelter, and its hoary summer crown was of the richest and fairest bloom. On the bench round the famous tree the old folks were wont to sit, while the young people disported themselves; crutches would lie at its foot and knitting balls tumble near it; newspapers get read, and the gossips of the countryside discussed. On this particular festival the grandmothers appeared in new cap-ribbons, the grandfathers with a flower in the button-hole; babies sat on their knees and frolicked around them; tents were spread close by on the edge of the green, while a May-pole, wreathed with flowers, flaunted in the centre. The houses were deserted, people of all ages flocking hither and thither over the common. Two fiddlers from the nearest town had just arrived upon the scene, and drank cider, and wiped the dew from their heated brows, whilst children stood before them gazing with awe upon their fiddles.

The waiter at the village inn was one of the few people in the place who, at twelve o'clock in the day, still lingered within doors whilst the fun went on without. This was sorely against his will; but customers must be attended to even when they came at an awkward time. A traveller had arrived at the "Old Tree" late the night before, and though Jim the waiter had given him a hint of the morrow's festivities as he handed him his candlestick, yet the sluggish-souled stranger had forborne to rise with the lark. Poll, Sally, and the ostler had tripped off an hour ago towards the green and left Jim to slow torture, listening at the foot of the stairs for the sound of feet in an upper chamber, or gazing distractedly from the inn porch up and down the deserted street. It was not till almost noon that Jim's trial came to an end. Then the traveller had his breakfast, and asked a question about the coach.

"I want to go a couple of miles farther into the country," he said. "Does not the coach pass here soon?"

"Passes the green in an hour, sir. Much pleasanter to wait on the green for it, sir."

The traveller did not dissent from this view of the matter, as Jim had feared he might, only finished his breakfast as slowly as he could, paid his bill, and left the inn.

The stranger sauntered down the village street, smoking his pipe with slow, determined energy, his mind quite preoccupied with its own thoughts. The coach was hardly due for an hour yet to come, and the traveller turned his steps to the common and mingled with the merry-makers.

At this moment Pansy was visiting the tents, and many eyes were watching her, for never had this little girl looked so beautiful. Roger had bought her a strip of blue ribbon and a needle-case, and Pansy was just now forbidding him to spend his money upon such fooleries. A

little break in the crowd showed Joan, bargaining with noisy eagerness for a necklace of scarlet glass.

"My compliments to William Lily and Susan Gray!" whispered Roger in her ear, and Joan started and reddened to see the lovers standing smiling at her with mischief in their eyes.

"Ah, well! ah, well!" she said, nodding her head at Pansy. "I bet that I'd make you angry, and I won!"

It was just at this moment when Pansy was looking up with a lovely glitter of fun in her eyes that she first became conscious of having caught the attention of the stranger from the inn. It was not a pleasant nor a good face which Pansy noticed gazing at her. He was a gloomy-looking man, with fair, dull hair lying in clots about his head, a coarse, cruel mouth, and large, wandering eyes, which had a troubled and dangerous look. He had removed his pipe from his mouth, and stood with it in his hand gazing at Pansy. The girl had no coquetry in her nature; the steadfast gaze annoyed her, and she moved some steps away, out of reach of his vision. But the stranger also moved, and she was again conscious of his notice. When this went on for some time, Pansy began to get angry, though she shrank from betraying her resentment, lest others should notice its cause. In the meantime, Stephen Cumber, the traveller from the inn, had forgotten the coach, his pipe, and the errand on which he was bound, and thought only of treading the crowd, so as to keep Pansy under his eyes. All in an hour it chanced; and the trouble of Pansy's life had begun.

Her spirits fell, and she moved silently by Roger's side. The shadow of trouble had come over her, though she did not know what it meant. Dancing began, and Pansy danced with Roger, and afterwards with his friends. She laughed and forgot her uneasiness, yet in the pauses of the dance there was that heavy, unwholesome face, with its fixed and troubling gaze; sometimes looking over her shoulder at a little distance, sometimes advancing quite near, as if the stranger would speak to her. Pansy shuddered and felt cold, though the sun was shining. She conceived for this rude, unknown person, one of those fearful, unreasoning dislikes which take possession, perhaps once in a life-time, of the soul of man or woman.

At last Roger noticed her distress, and the face of the man who was haunting her, though he did not know how long the annoyance had continued.

"Impertinent!" he muttered, his honest, good-humoured eyes flashing.

"Roger, let us go home," said Pansy.

"What! and lose your holiday? Nay, but he shall move the first," said Roger, clenching his hands.

"Stay! stay!" said Pansy, pleadingly. "It is not, indeed, worth making a fuss about."

Dancing went on again, and Pansy laughed as gaily as ever. Her dread had disappeared now that Roger knew of it. Dancing stopped once more, and Pansy stood under a tree, the music still going on, and a few untiring figures flying about as briskly as if they had only begun. Roger was standing near, answering some questions of an old farmer, when the stranger came up to Pansy, and asked her abruptly to dance with him.

Pansy's warm cheeks paled. "No, sir," she said, shortly, and turned her back upon him. The stranger made a step to follow her, and Roger met him in the teeth.

"I warn you off, sir!" he said, hotly, "I warn you off. We allow no one here who annoys a woman."

"Who is this fellow?" said the stranger, insolently looking round upon those near him.

"Come, come!" said the inn-keeper to his late customer, "you had better not meddle with Jacob Powderly's daughter."

"Jacob Powderly's daughter!" repeated the stranger, with surprise, and gazing with new interest upon Pansy.

"And Roger Endright's promised wife," said Roger. "By heaven! if you do not make off I will duck you in the village pond!"

A cheer greeted Roger's threat. The stranger looked at Endright, who was a powerful man, also at the crowd of angry or grinning faces which surrounded him. He saw no reason to doubt that the village pond must get him if he should linger. The coach appeared at the moment, and he signed to it to stop.

"Good day, most hospitable people!" he said, scowling under a faint attempt at a smile. "I am everlastingly grateful for your courtesy to a stranger. As for you," he said, looking hard from Roger to Pansy, "perhaps we may meet again. In the meantime, I bid you farewell."

He climbed to the top of the coach, and disappeared in a cloud of dust. The laughter of the villagers followed him, with three cheers for Roger Endright. Even Pansy joined in the laughter, so proud was she of Roger, and so glad the quarrel had ended. Her tormentor being gone, all her gay spirits returned, and the amusements of the day proceeded as merrily as they had begun.

Meanwhile, the time had passed slowly for Jacob Powderly. He had been in and out of the mill; he had stood gazing in the river, and wandered aimlessly across it by a little bridge which stood higher up the stream. He had rambled among the trees on the other side of the water, always keeping his eye upon the high-road above the fields. The long forenoon passed, and no speck appeared on the road. About a quarter of a mile down the river, on the opposite side from the mill, there stood a gaunt and forlorn house which had not seen a tenant for many years. It rose right from the edge of the water, but fronted

towards the inland, and was surrounded on all but the river side by pretty but neglected gardens. A back door opened with steps down to the water, and in times when the house had been inhabited a boat had lain in wait among the sedges at their foot. Now the steps were green and slimy, and the rushes and tall sagon lilies grew in through the broken windows. It was matter of wonder to all who beheld that a dwelling should have been thus placed with its very foundations in the water; especially as the river would overflow at times, and some bad floods were on record in the neighbourhood, when the country for many miles had lain under water, when much harm had been wrought, and many lives destroyed. It was easy to guess why the house had been left deserted, in spite of its roomy dimensions, its orchards, and pretty gardens. No one sufficiently water-loving could be found to covet its shelter; and besides it had been built for gentle folks, and these were few in this part of the country. So wet, so wild, so melancholy and forlorn, who would care to dwell in it so long as a cottage remained to be found high and dry in the wholesome fields? It was called "The Weeping House;" some said because the damp dripped in tears down its sides; but others had a more thrilling story to tell of the lonely walls. Its last tenants had been drowned in a rising of the river, and a ghost haunted the chambers—a dim, female figure, who was seen paddling about in a boat on stormy nights. Weeping and bewailing had been heard at night from the upper storey by farmers returning late from market on the opposite side of the stream.

This house, with its grounds, belonged to Jacob Powderly. He had bought it on speculation, and it had lain upon his hands. It had long been his custom to cross the bridge of an evening, or on a Sunday afternoon, and ramble through the old gardens of the Weeping House, sitting upon a fallen tree to overlook this waste property, and turning over in his mind the possibility of making it good. He had been used to tell Pansy that he would buy her a silver watch when the Weeping House was let, or that he would build her a new dairy when it was sold. But year had followed year, and neither tenant nor purchaser had come to seek for this uncoveted possession.

Latterly such thoughts had been little in the old man's mind. The wish for gain had left him, life and honour were the only goods which seemed valuable in his eyes. When he came to wander through the gardens of the Weeping House it was only to be alone with his terrible fears, where human gaze could not observe him, and where ruin and desolation seemed to bear him fitting company. On this particular morning he wandered to the spot, having waited long for his enemy, who did not come. He sat on the stump of tree in the midst of a wilderness, still gazing towards the road through opening branches across the stream.

A broken sun-dial, a tangle of wild roses, a moss-grown path, the

sound of a bird singing and of long grass waving; the old man was conscious of these things present to his senses. They had now a new beauty for him, which he had not thought of till very lately. The world had grown enchanting since he had feared that he must leave it, and every sight and sound of nature brought him a thrill of exquisite pain. It is not alone the young who cling to life; the old will sometimes cling to it more wildly, as if it had been only through the trial of years that they had come to know its worth. Putting dishonour out of the question, the thought of death was hateful to Jacob Powderly. He leaned his head on the broken sun-dial and mourned with heavy sobs. He did not hear a step coming through the wilderness till it had stopped just at his side. He looked up and saw the stranger who had left the village by the coach, started to his feet, and the two men gazed at each other.

"Good day!" said Jacob Powderly.

"Good day!" said the new-comer. "I have never been here before. What wilderness is this, and whom does it belong to?"

"To me," said the old man, "and a bad property it is."

"So you are Jacob Powderly?"

"I am Jacob Powderly." Then the old miller knew that his enemy was before him.

"And I am Stephen Cumber at your service."

Jacob wiped his brow faintly and sat down. "I am glad you have come," he said. "My days are so miserable that I have been near ending all this by drowning myself in the river."

"That's a lie," said Stephen Cumber. "You know that you love your life as if you had spent but twenty years of it."

"What if I do?" said Jacob, wildly. "When a man is driven to madness he destroys what he loves the best."

"Come, come!" said the enemy, smiling. "Why talk of death or madness?"

Jacob shuddered under the smile. "I have told you already," he said, "that if all that I possess were to be sold twice over it would not make up the sum that you require."

The stranger leaned against the sun-dial, and looked down on him without pity.

"That sounds badly," he said, and set his pipe a-lighting.

The old man fell on his knees. "Man or devil!" he cried, "for the love of your own gain show me mercy. I will give you all that I possess—mill, farm, money, everything—only leave me my honour and my life. If you spare me you shall get much, though not so much as you ask. If you hunt me down to death you can make nothing by it."

"That is as you look at it; but I have reasons of my own. Still, get up from your knees, and let us talk this matter over."

Jacob obeyed, with a slow despondency of movement, which showed how small was his hope of mercy.

"You wrote to me of your daughter," continued the stranger. "You spoke of your fear of leaving her unprotected and in disgrace. I did not greatly mind that, for I never thought much of women."

Jacob bowed his head in anguish.

"But I have since changed my mind."

A sudden gleam of hope flushed the old man's haggard face.

"The fact is, I have seen your daughter to-day."

Jacob looked up, listening attentively.

"I have seen her, and I desire to make her my wife. Yesterday I did not think that I should ever marry. To-day I think differently; and it is lucky for you that I do."

The old man drooped his head and could not speak. Cumber believed that he was overcome with joy.

"You shall give your daughter and all your property into my keeping. You shall go on working your mill, and the world need see no change. I shall be very good to your daughter, nor will I treat even you unkindly."

The stranger took his pipe out of his mouth, and waited, expecting a burst of gratitude from his victim. "Well!" he cried impatiently, when Jacob did not speak.

"Impossible!" said the old man. "Only this very morning I gave her to another."

"Promised her, you mean. It does not make any difference."

Jacob drooped his head upon his breast and groaned. He realised in a moment that now the blow so long dreaded had slipped sideways in descending, and was about to fall on the innocent head of his child.

"It makes a difference," he said. "Better go to my death than ruin her happiness."

"You are flattering," said Cumber. "I have told you that I will be good to her. Do you think that in the other case her happiness would be secured?"

"She will at least have true affection to comfort her in her sorrow. Roger is a good man, and loves her as his life."

"And though I am not a good man, yet I also will love her. I will besides make her a lady—a point that you have forgotten. It is only for a few years that I care about your money. My children shall have wealth, and hold their heads high; for my father is very old, and though he punishes me now, yet he will not disinherit me."

"With prospects like that—with the world fair before you, what pleasure can it give you to hunt a poor old man to death?"

"In the first place the world is not fair before me; but that is a matter of my own. You can now make it fair for me, and also at the same time for yourself. Is this what you call hunting you to death?"

"She loves Roger Endright. I could not break her heart."

"Listen to me," said Cumber, and in his earnestness he threw away his pipe. "I do not ask you to say to her to-night, 'You must give up your lover at once and marry a stranger.' I won't have a reluctant bride if I can help it. But you must begin from henceforward to discourage this Roger Endright and give your countenance to me. I shall not be far away. Give me this empty dwelling. I will bring it into order, and make it fit to live in. Do you consent to this arrangement, or"—drawing out his watch—"shall I take the coach back to London, and let matters run their course?"

He looked up for his answer; but Jacob's head had sunk upon his breast. His arms relaxed, and he slid down in the grass. The old man had fainted. His enemy fetched some water and bathed his face, and chafed his hands, and Jacob's senses came back, and he sat weak and drooping under a tree.

"Give me a little while to think of it," he said, feebly.

"I do not wish to press you," said the enemy, and raised him up, and put his stick into his hand. The old man stumbled; and he offered him his arm to lean upon as he walked. Jacob hesitated, and looked angrily in his persecutor's face.

"I wish to owe you nothing, sir," he said, fiercely, but stumbled again as he spoke.

"You see that is impossible," said Stephen Cumber.

The old man sighed, shuddered, looked around him, then laid his hand unwillingly on the arm proffered to assist him.

"You need not fear me," said the enemy, as they slowly treaded the wilderness of the gardens of the Weeping House.

"Fear you!" said Powderly. "If you did but drop me in the river it would save a world of woe."

"Why?" said Stephen Cumber, "since I do not wish your death? I desire rather to share with you the goods which you possess."

Thus Stephen Cumber brought the old man home, left him at his door, and then returned half way across the bridge, and remained leaning over the wall looking into the water.

This man was in reality the son of a gentleman, and from childhood till now had been the black sheep of his family. He had long lived by his wits, and his present scheme of extorting money from the terrors of Jacob Powderly was perfectly in keeping with his usual way of life. He was cruel, of great passions, and without conscience; but he had not yet taken away life, as he now threatened to take the life of Pansy's

father. How he had become possessed of Jacob's secret is not known, but the old man, in his remorse, had not thought of denying the charge that was brought against him. Leaning over the bridge, Stephen Cumber reflected upon the doings of this day, and arranged his course of action for the future. Roger Endright must leave the country. The Weeping House must be brought to order, and Pansy, as mistress of it, prove a grateful and loving wife. Stephen Cumber told himself that he was not going to be cruel with Jacob Powderly. As the father of his wife he would treat him well. It was time that he (Cumber) thought of living an honest life; and, with Pansy at his side, he was quite content to try it.

The sun set, and left a red glare pouring under the arches of the bridge. The mill loomed dark and large, and gazed adrift with angry eyes. Shadows grew under the trees along the river, and little wavelets red as blood lapped the rushes and the sagon lilies, also the slimy and broken steps of the Weeping House. People returning from the village saw a black speck on the bridge, little dreaming what a blot they had seen on the face of the peaceful landscape. A little crowd stopped short at the top of the miller's fields; many friends were saying good-night, and going their different ways; and Pansy and Roger Endright came down through the lanes together.

The speck upon the bridge could hear their voices as they came. Pansy was singing snatches of a little roundelay, stopping between each verse to say a few sudden words or to laugh a happy laugh. Sometimes Roger's deeper voice joined her in the chorus. They passed the end of the bridge, and the singing stopped, and they went talking earnestly along the bank of the river. Now they reached the door, and firelight shone out of it into the twilight as it was opened. Light sprang in the window, and then the door was closed. The dim, twinkling dwelling had received the happy lovers. The speck upon the bridge lingered a little, then vanished.

OBLATION.

BY THOMAS S. CLEARY.

TAKE, Lord divine, ev'ry thought and action,
 Take, gentle Christ, ev'ry tear and sigh!
 Almighty God, take thy meed of homage,
 The hours I live and the hour I'll die.

Alas, I'm poor; not a single virtue
 Have I to offer before thy throne.
 I seek a gift, but I find with sorrow
 'Tis but my sins I can call my own.

Didst Thou not give me a precious treasure
 Of life to hold for a fleeting day?
 And I have soiled it; but, Lord, remember
 That I'm of earth and my hands are clay.

Ask when Thou wilt, I shall freely render
 All Thou hast given, though stained it be;
 It bears the marks of my evil nature:
 Its cleansing, Lord, I must leave to Thee.

If Thou'lt accept of a soul disfigured,
 I'll give—I'll give it with free accord;
 And, though 'tis blurred by the breath of passion,
 'Twas once thy likeness—then take it, Lord!

If eyes bedimmed by earth's tears and shadows
 Can bear the beams of eternal bliss;
 If lips that uttered the praise of idols
 Can meet thy brow in penitent kiss;

If hands grown stiff in thine enemy's service
 Can e'er be folded to praise and pray;
 If feet tired wand'ring through vales of error
 Can learn no more from thy paths to stray:

Accept them, Lord—they are thine, thine only;
 Accept them, cleanse them, and make them whole:
 And take the wish that I'd more to offer
 Than sin-stained gifts and an erring soul.

NOTES ON NORTH ITALY.

BY NATHANAEL COLGAN.

III.—BOLOGNA.

From Florence to Bologna.—The Leaning Towers.—The Pinacoteca.—A Visit to a Bolognese Theatre.—The Monte della Guardia and Hill Church of San Luca.

A RUN of about four hours by rail from Florence brought me across the Apennines to Bologna. The line reaches its highest point at the little station of Pracchia, about two thousand feet above sea-level, in the heart of the Apennines, here a billowy sea of rounded mountains, clad with stunted oaks and leafy chestnuts, and with flanks deeply gashed by the winter torrents. The frequency of the tunnels on this piece of railway is almost as tantalising as on the striking mountain district traversed by the rail between Bardonnecchia and Bussoleno, on the Mont Cenis line. Just as one has begun to enjoy the perspective up some long, lateral valley, where a quiet hamlet, perhaps, lies stretched along the banks of a rock-strewn ravine, with its dazzling white walls blinking in the sunlight, *clash!* goes the train into the black mouth of a tunnel. The sunny prospect over golden green mountains is rudely changed for a vision of grimy, sweating rock or brickwork, looming through the wreaths of steam that slowly creep, and curl, and twist themselves in ghostly white against the background of darkness. Then the rhythmical clangour of wheel on rail ceases as suddenly as it had begun; and through the veil of vapour that still clings round the carriage-window the rolling sea of mountains flashes on the eye once more, only to be snatched away again by a plunge into the next tunnel. And so the process goes on through no less than forty-five tunnels between Pistoja and the station of Marzabotto, seventeen miles from Bologna, the result being a series of impressions on the brain which might be most accurately recorded by the dot and dash diagram of the Morse telegraph instrument, the dots and dashes standing for the tunnels, short and long, the vacant spaces between representing snatches of blue sky and bright sunlight. With all the exasperation, however, of a railway journey in a difficult and picturesque mountain country, who could seriously speak ill of the skilfully constructed, smooth, iron track, whose existence makes it easy for one to breakfast south of the Apennines in Florence and dine the same day a hundred and fifty miles north of them in Venice?

It was just mid-day when we crossed the wide, stony valley of the Reno—looking arid enough now to belie Milton's epithet of the

"grassy vale of Rheno"*—and skirting the striking, isolated Monte della Guardia crowned by the domed church of San Luca, steamed into the Bologna station outside the Porta Galliera.

Bologna, as I drove through it to the quaint old hostelry of the Three Moors, in the Via Ugo Bassi, seemed a city only half alive after the turmoil of Florence. It is, however, perhaps the more interesting city of the two, simply because it best preserves its mediæval character, and has contrived, by some means or other, to remain in many things a century behind the city of the Medici. Bologna is pre-eminently a city of arcades. Inside its pentagon of solid brick bastions there could not be found, perhaps, a dozen streets of any importance without their double lines of arcaded footways; so that one can walk safely sheltered from sun and rain from end to end of the city. The Bolognese, at a certain period of their history, seem to have been smitten with a violent epidemic of arcade-building, which reached its crisis in the famous mile-long arcade ascending the Monte della Guardia to the church of San Luca. This prevalence of arcades heightens the sense of seclusion and solitude which is felt in walking through the deserted streets of Bologna. When one stands in the centre of the carriage-way—a perfectly safe position in any but a few of the central streets, for the passage of a vehicle in the outlying thoroughfares is little less than a phenomenon—he might fancy himself in a sleeping city. There is no hum of traffic, no gay shop-fronts, no cries of vagabond hawkers. Now and then one catches glimpses of a passenger flitting past the pillars of the arcaded footway; his hollow tread echoes from the groined roof in muffled tones, and, dying away in the distance, leaves deep silence to settle down on the street once more.

The Bolognese seem to be a peculiarly prosperous people; every one in the city, in fact, looks well-dressed and well-fed. During twenty-four hours spent in Bologna I did not meet a single beggar, nor even a single person who could be conscientiously classed as a ragamuffin. Bolognese mendicancy seems to be exclusively concentrated around the hill church of San Luca and along its arcade, where, certainly, it reaches at times to something in the nature of a paroxysm. The women of Bologna (all except the upper class, at least) wear a peculiar head-dress, closely resembling in form, though not in colour, that pretty generally worn by the women of the south and west of Ireland, a white-figured silk handkerchief, tied loosely under the chin and falling back gracefully down the neck and shoulders.

The celebrated Pinacoteca, or Picture Gallery, with its grand examples of Guido's art, is the great centre of interest in Bologna.

* Milton refers to this river in one of his Italian sonnets, supposed to be addressed to a beautiful Bolognese lady, whose acquaintance he made while in Italy:—

*"Donna leggiadra, il cui bel nome onora
L'erbosa val di Reno . . ."*

Passing thither along the Mercato di Mezzo, I came upon the two famous leaning towers of Bologna, the Garisenda and Asinelli, as they are called. The lesser of the two, the Garisenda, only 138 feet in height, is certainly a most wonderful piece of obliquity in architecture, much more startling than the leaning tower of Pisa. It hangs out over its base on one side eight feet and a half from the perpendicular; and so toppling, so thoroughly unstable does it seem, that one feels, positively, a sense of relief when he passes from under it. And yet, within a few paces of its base and beneath its overhanging mass, the houses of the Bolognese cluster confidently; and the tenants, no doubt, seek their beds night after night to sleep peacefully till morning. For the Garisenda, having already stood impendent for no less than six centuries, is surely bound by analogy, if not by cohesion, to remain standing until the morrow. By night, this huge, overhanging shaft looks peculiarly weird; and it is easy to conceive how Dante, familiar with the monstrous structure when a student in Bologna, was led to appropriate it mentally for one of those vivid, distinct similes which give such an air of intense reality to his pictures in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*. Students of the *Divine Comedy* will recollect how, towards the close of the *Inferno*, when the giant Antenor, bending down his colossal form, lifts up Virgil and Dante to place them in safety on the floor of the last of the infernal circles, the poet compares the stooping giant to the Garisenda when a cloud passes over it.*

The second tower, the Torre Asinelli, is a dizzy height for such a slender column, 272 feet; but it is not otherwise striking, its inclination being but slight and, from some points of view, scarcely perceptible. If I were to be asked in what particular style the towers were built, I would reply, without a moment's hesitation, in the factory chimney style. To speak plainly, they are both, and especially the Garisenda, thoroughly unlovely square brick shafts. How different from the grand Campanile of Pisa, looking at whose massive yet elegant cylinder, one is tempted to exclaim: "What a pity it is not upright?" But at sight of these towers of Bologna, one can only ask in amazement: "What on earth were they ever built for?"

It is still, it seems, a moot point whether the Garisenda were originally built with its present inclination, or simply tilted over by a

* *Inf.* xxxi. 136. Qual pare a riguardar la Carisenda
Sotto il chinato, quand'un nuvol vada
Sovr'essa al, che ella in contrario penda;
Tal parve Anteo a me

Dante here alludes to the well-known optical delusion by which a moving body seems to transfer to a stationary body in passing a motion opposite in direction to its own. Thus, a cloud passing over the sky above the Garisenda in a direction opposite to the tower's inclination, would make the tower appear to be actually moving or falling.

settlement of the foundations. The tower, at least, was well known for its obliquity when Dante wrote his "Inferno" at the beginning of the fourteenth century, the building then having stood about two centuries. Without venturing to enter deeply into the controversy here, I would merely suggest that the consistent hideousness of the Garisenda seems to be an argument of some weight in favour of its having been originally built in an inclined position. It is quite clear that it can never have served any ornamental purpose. It is by no means clear how it can have served any useful purpose. Is it then too much to conclude, that its obliquity was its sole *raison d'être*, that it was meant to be a monstrosity, a thing of amazement?

The picture-gallery of Bologna, about ten minutes' walk from the leaning towers, contrasts strongly in some respects with the famous galleries of Florence, the Uffizi and Pitti Palace. The Florentine galleries are generally so thronged that it is almost impossible for one to set himself down there quietly to study a picture at leisure. But the gallery of Bologna this day was quiet as a cloister. The collection of paintings is arranged in the rooms of an old Jesuit College, standing at the corner of the Borgo della Paglia, one of the most silent streets of the silent city. There was no one in the spacious rooms of the gallery when I entered except some half dozen German tourists, wandering about with Bædeker's "Ober Italien" in their hands, and talking in that subdued tone into which the voice unconsciously falls in the silence of a great deserted gallery. No one can visit these rooms and not bear away in his memory indelible impressions of at least two of Guido's pictures, his *Pietà* and *Crucifixion*; nor can any one form a just idea of that painter's powers until he has seen and studied these paintings. From their sombre backgrounds, the grandly-draped figures of the mourners stand out with almost startling vividness, grief profound yet perfectly unstrained seeming to add new dignity to the faces. Light and shade, grouping, colouring, the treatment of detail, all are contrived with consummate skill so as to bring out the leading idea of the painter with marvellous intensity. Yet deeply solemn and impressive as they are, the pictures seem to print themselves on the memory without touching the heart; for one can hardly bring himself to look on these grand, dignified groups of mourners as sharers with him in a common humanity. With all their power, too, these works of Guido fall short of that supreme excellence which frees the elaborated work of art from all appearance of artificiality. And yet one can scarcely point out anything in the pictures as distinctly artificial or unnatural, except it be the too scrupulous avoidance of all minute detail, betraying the painter's determination to sacrifice everything that might possibly weaken the effect of his majestic groups of figures.

The great gem of the gallery, however, is Raphael's *Santa Cecilia*.

The contrast between the style of this exquisite picture and that of Guido's *Pietà* and *Crucifixion* is very striking. Raphael's noble group of saints and apostles here gains nothing from cunning devices of light and shade; he sacrifices no one part of his picture to give prominence to another; and so, while the *St. Cecilia* lacks the intense vividness of Guido's two grand works, it has a warm, living humanity whose absence in the *Pietà* and *Crucifixion* gives to these pictures their cold, semi-statuesque impressiveness. The broken musical instruments lying at the feet of *St. Cecilia*, her richly-figured robe, the sandalled foot that half protrudes from beneath it, the snatches of tenderly coloured landscape in the background, even the bare surface of the ground itself in front of the group, all are painted in with minute, loving care. And all this beauty of detail is combined with the most perfect grouping of the figures, with that incomparable grace and beauty and dignity of expression in the human face and form which, perhaps, more than anything else, elevates Raphael's pictures to the first rank in modern painting.

In the person of *St. Cecilia*, as she stands in the centre of this picture, listening in rapt attention to the music of the heavenly choir, Raphael has embodied the ideal of Italian womanhood. It would be hard to conceive a more perfect type of womanly beauty than is here given us. The soft oval of the face, framed with the rich brown hair that ripples down the rounded neck and shoulder to stray over the robe of brodered cloth of gold, the pure, dark eyes beaming with a grave gladness, the youthful grace and dignity of the form, everything about this *St. Cecilia* is faultless. Spirituality is not, however, the distinguishing attribute of this *St. Cecilia*; there is, strictly speaking, very little that is ecstatic or ethereal in her expression. She is distinctly human; and as we look on the pure, beautiful face, we may see in it all that Wordsworth saw in his ideal woman:—

“The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.”*

While in most large cities sundown brings with it an increased animation, thronging the streets with toilers happy in their release from the day's labour, in Bologna the streets by evening are, perhaps, a shade duller than by morning. One has only to look in the faces of the Bolognese to see that they are a staid people who take their pleasure gravely, at least, if not sadly. Even in the *Piazza Vittorio*

* There is a most excellent copy of this *St. Cecilia*, from the hand of Domenichino, in our own National Gallery at Merriion-square.

Emanuele, the busiest part of the city, the cafés were only half-filled as I passed through at seven o'clock this evening on my way to the Teatro Brunetti.

In a side street off the Strada Castiglione, I came upon a little piece of Bolognese home life that might have made an excellent study for a picture. On the footway, framed in one of the quaintly-pillared arches of the arcade, a cobbler, cigar in mouth, was seated working in an easy *dilettante* fashion at a shoe clasped between his knees. At his feet, sitting on the flags, with their backs against one of the pillars of the arcade, and immersed in a game of cards, were two young urchins, the cobbler's olive branches, to judge from the complaisant look he would give them as he paused now and then from his work, to take his cigar from his mouth and watch the progress of the game. The cards, of course, were very dirty, and the boys themselves not much cleaner; and I suppose I ought to pause here, and, after the approved manner of philosophic travellers, rush at once into grand generalisations touching the early depravity of the Italian youth. I have no intention, however, either of moralising or generalising on such slight provocation; *that* the reader, if he feel inclined, can do quite as well for himself.

My ticket for the *platea*, or pit of the Teatro Brunetti, costing sixty centesimi, or sixpence sterling, gave me a comfortable seat in a theatre closely resembling our own theatres at home, a lofty building with tiers of galleries rising from the floor, the ground-plan, as usual in theatres, of a horse-shoe form, with the stage at the heel of the shoe. In one particular, this Bolognese theatre differed from our theatres at home. The roof was quite open; so that sitting in the pit and looking upwards one could see the stars twinkling brightly in the deep-blue field of the autumn night-sky. This arrangement keeps the theatre pleasantly cool in summer, and in winter or rainy weather the opening in the roof can be closed by semi-circular shutters. The piece played this evening was "*Æsop*, a Comedy in Five Acts in Verse," the work of some modern Italian dramatist, whose name has slipped my memory. The theatre was filled by an audience far more sedate than Dublin audiences generally are; but the smokers had *carte blanche*, and a blue cloud of tobacco smoke went curling up steadily from a hundred mouths, to find an outlet from the open roof. The players had their parts "trippingly on the tongue," giving out the rhymed alexandrines with that rapid fluency and clearness of utterance peculiar to Italian declamation; and the stream of witty fable and cynical epigram that flowed from the mouth of *Æsop* kept up a continuous ripple of thoughtful laughter in the audience. The "make-up" of *Æsop* gave evidence of a fine dramatic instinct. The personal shortcomings of the Greek slave, who wins his freedom by his wit, were brought into the boldest prominence. *Æsop* came on the stage hump-backed, wry-necked, and

bow-legged to a degree that brought out most forcibly the conquest of mind over matter in its most obstructive form.

It was nearly midnight, with the moon just at her full, when I left the Teatro Brunetti. The deserted streets of Bologna, with the pillared arcades and quaint gable-ends, bathed on one side in motionless silvery light, while the other was plunged in blackest shade with clear-cut edges, looked in their cold stillness more like a theatre scene from "Romeo and Juliet" than the streets of a living city.

The few hours spent in Bologna next morning were devoted to a visit to the church known as the Madonna di San Luca. It was from the Porta Saragozza, on the south of the city, that I approached the striking, isolated Monte della Guardia, on whose summit the church is perched. From the city gate, one of the ordinary street arcades leads in about half an hour to the foot of the hill, up whose steep side stretches the great arcade for a distance of a mile, in one uninterrupted zig-zag line of 635 arches. These arches are open on one side so as to give fine views over the great plain of Bologna, and closed on the other side by a wall painted at intervals with frescoes, much faded now by exposure to the weather. This great arcade was built by the Bolognese during the period 1676-1739, when the various guilds of the city contributed their quota of arches, the share which each took in the pious work being recorded by inscriptions on its inner wall. At every bend in the arcade I found some venerable beggar posted, an old woman, perhaps, knitting or spinning briskly with her distaff in the greatest contentment, to judge from the first glimpse of her face one caught coming suddenly into view on rounding the corner. But at sight of a possible alma-giver, all the contentment would vanish magically from her face, giving way to a woe-begone expression, the busy hands would droop listlessly, and a miserable, whining voice would lift up the stereotyped prayer, "*Qualchecosa per carità, Signore.*"

The view from the summit of the hill was well worth the toil of the ascent. North and east and west, towards Ferrara and Ravenna and Modena, the country lay opened out beneath the eye, one great flat, dotted over with hamlets and towns, and intersected by painfully straight dusty highroads stretching away to the horizon in dun-coloured lines, whose very sight suggested wearisome pilgrimages. In the plain below the isolated hill lay Bologna, firmly and compactly girt with its massive walls, the great shaft of the Asinelli shooting up in the centre, with its fellow tower, the Garisenda, toppling over towards it in monstrous obliquity, as if it would lean on its more erect neighbour or support. The city, from the height, looks the *beau-ideal* of a mediæval city. Within the trapezoid of its lofty, solid walls the houses crowd closely together, not as in most modern towns wandering out recklessly into straggling suburbs away from the shelter of the guardian towers and bastions. Bologna does not seem to have altered its form one jot

since the days of Guido; for, seen from this height, its outline is precisely the same as in the miniature bird's-eye view of the city painted in at the foot of his grand Pietà in the picture gallery. Looking southward from the church on the summit of the hill, the eyes rested with a sense of relief on the tumultuous sea of the softly-wooded Apennines, bathed in golden sunlight and rising up wave above wave against the pure blue sky. The Monte della Guardia is a fortified height; and it was strange to see the earthworks, with their grim, black cannon and piles of conical shot, running side by side with the pillared arcade, built only for the tread of pious pilgrim feet. On a miniature parade-ground, right beneath the church itself, when I reached the top, a half-company of Italian infantry, in canvas fatigue-dress, were busy cleaning the locks of their breechloaders. Here there was a concentration of whining beggars grouped round the church, whose high-pitched, impassioned eloquence as they dogged my steps in a compact body, drove me down the arcade again to Bologna, after a few minutes spent on the church terrace.

Before leaving the city at mid-day, I had time to visit a few of the Bolognese churches, including San Petronio; but of these churches I can say nothing here, beyond this, that externally, not excepting even the great pile of San Petronio itself, they seemed to me ungraceful masses of brick. Internally, San Petronio is a noble building, closely resembling the Duomo of Florence in its simplicity and the grandeur of its proportions.

Having spent exactly twenty-four hours in Bologna, I had seen enough at least, in that short space of time, to fix a distinct picture of the city in my memory. And this acquisition of fresh mental pictures, even if it were the only net product to be had from flying visits to great cities, would, I think, be a sufficient justification for them. Very much, of course, depends on the way one's time is employed on these flying visits. Go visit Bologna for one day, and endeavour to see in that one day all that is to be seen there, and the result will most probably be dissatisfaction, arising from fatigue of mind and body, and the painful effort to disentangle one's crowded ideas. But content yourself with visiting its picture gallery and strolling quietly through its streets, and you will leave Bologna carrying away much food for thought and a few distinct impressions of the quaint old city, which will make you hear and read and think of it with pleasure for years afterwards.

MAGDALEN.*

ON the bright shores of Lake Genesareth
 Walks Magdalen in festival array ;
 Her waving hair, as golden as the light,
 In soft abundance wreathes her haughty head.
 Her breast is bare and jewelled to the throat,
 Her naked arms are gleaming in the sun,
 Sweet scents are wafted from her broidered robes,
 Filling the air with aromatic balm ;
 Her glancing eyes rove restlessly around,
 And flippant words wing swiftly from her tongue.

Insolently beautiful she steps
 With sandalled feet upon the verdant earth,
 A woman gone from woman's hidden life
 Of holy influence, unselfish aims,
 And quiet ministration to pure ends
 That leaves the hot world with a cleaner heart
 Than elsewhere were its doom.
 No smiles are forced upon that rounded cheek,
 And laughter ripples lightly from her lips ;
 So steeped in sin, she loses sense of sin,
 And breathes corruption as a native air ;
 No higher thought behind those arching brows,
 But how to feed her nature's wild desires ;
 No aspiration after purer paths,
 Above the loathsome level of her life ;
 Enclosed in luxury's soft, syren arms,
 Or revels practised in the Tetrarch's court,
 Dancing to sound of systrum or of lyre,
 Ionian measures on the balmy sward,
 She hears the empty passage of her days
 Give hollow echoes to her harp and song ;
 Yet in the ruined temple of her soul
 She builds an altar of the corner-stones,
 And from the stained chalice of her heart
 Pours forth libations to the unclean gods.

But carelessly she passes on her way,
 To seek her gay companions, and arrange
 Some festive scheme to pass the rosy hours,
 And in the wine-press fling the grapes of life.

* These lines follow at first a legend narrated by Gerbet and then the sacred text
 The feast of St. Mary Magdalen is the 22nd of July.

"Where shall we seek the pleasures of to-day?"
With confluent voice they eagerly inquire ;
"What yet remains to tempt the sated sense ?
What worn-out rapture in a newer guise
To stimulate exhausted appetite?"
And one exclaims : "Why, make a gallant show,
And come to hear the preaching Nazarene ;
His words, they say, are like a silver chord
That captive holds a thousand listening ears.
To-day He feasteth as a marriage guest,
Where we can find Him ere the sun be low,
And hear, for once, this eloquence that seems
To turn men mad, so they go home to weep,
And wreak fanatic vengeance on themselves :
'Twill be good sport to watch the whining fools
That stop the laughing current of their days,
Blotting the sunny bosom of the earth
With their gray shadows."

The noontide silence rests upon the land,
And nature pauses in ecstatic trance,
Her mighty heart too full for utterance ;
Like silence stealing between souls that love
Which lifts them upward on a starry deep,
Its tide too high for the low bridge of speech.
The sun is high within the fervid blue
Infinitude of space, from his hot breast
Pouring narcotic nectar on the world.
The oleanders thrillingly suspire,
And blush more brightly in his warm embrace,
The Syrian palms forget their murmurous song,
And shade and sunshine sleep beneath their boughs ;
When, sweeping by, a merry cavalcade
Breaks up the pulsing stillness, and flings out
Gay jests and laughter on the languid air.
They press their horses o'er the yielding turf,
And mock each other for the slackened pace,
Until they pause before the vine-wreathed house,
Where sacramental grace has blent two hearts ;
The host comes forth to greet the stranger guests,
With courteous eastern hospitality,
A half-reluctant cadence in his voice
At bidding enter such a pagan train.
Mary advances with a careless step,
And seats herself beside the festive board ;
A strange, sad sight within that simple home.

The men are mute, the gentle women shrink,
And hide their heads beneath their modest veils,
She glances round to seek the Nazarene,
And John's angelic face first meets her view,
The blushes rise upon his pure, young cheek,
Beneath the curious boldness of her gaze,
But He who sits a little higher up
List'ning to one who speaks with eager voice,
Turns slowly round, arrests her wand'ring looks,
Unfathomable sadness in his eyes.

The woman's heart gives one convulsive throb,
She sees the face of Jesus—and herself.

* * * * *

Through the white sunlight in Bethania's street
Glides Magdalen in penitential garb;
Her hair neglected hangs in matted waves,
And hides the grief-stain'd beauty of her face;
Her streaming eyes are bent upon the earth,
Their bold light quench'd for ever in salt tears;
The flippant words have fled the trembling lips
That shape them only to the name of Christ.
Heedless she hurries through the mocking crowd,
That once had walked with her in ways of sin;
Heedless she passes by the well-known haunts
That once had held her with Satanic clasp.
All that is o'er—with one despairing wench
She tore her life from off the leprous past,
And now, "men are as shadows," that great deep
That broke in light and thunder on the shores
Of her awakened, palpitating soul,
Reflects one star upon its trembling wave,
But one—the face of her beloved Lord.

No more shall youth's imaginative mind
Weave the soft fabric of illusive dreams;
No more shall human sympathy beguile
Th' illumined spirit from its one true friend;
Nor earthly lover, though his words be flame,
Awake one answering glimmer from her heart.

She hurries onward through the radiant light,
A shadow on the golden shield of day;
Unmindful that her tender footsteps leave
A bloody impress on the pointed stones;
He'll feast to-day among the Pharisees,
And she must look upon his face, or die.
She hurries onward till she nears the crowd;

The wave of life about her saving ark—
She presses forward through detaining hands
That try to keep her from the open door;
She gives no answer to insulting words
That fall around her, for she hears them not.
She puts aside with passionate wide arms
The narrow-souled obstructors of her way;
She gains the chamber where the guests have met,
And falls in anguish at the Saviour's feet;
She takes the box of ointment from her breast,
She pours it o'er them with her streaming tears,
She wipes them gently in her rippling hair,
And in the passion of a grief sublime,
Lies self-accused before the face of God.

A Pharisee starts up to put her forth,
But Jesus lifts his yet unwounded hands,
And angels lean from out the pearly gates
To hear the wondrous sweetness of his voice:
"You gave no water, but *she* bathed my feet,
You gave no kiss, but she has kissed them o'er,
You gave no ointment, she has poured it out;
Therefore, O woman! do I make thee clean,
For much is pardoned thee who lovest much.

A. O'B.

SMITH: A PSYCHOLOGICAL TALE.

BY ISAAC TUXTON.

III.

SMITH's recovery from the pathological state of feverish thirst for knowledge in which we left him was slow but sure. The adaptability of human nature to its environment is perfectly astonishing. No one knows what he is capable of putting up with and performing, till he is put to it and tries. When misfortune and disaster follow fast and follow faster, internal resources develop themselves that are to no one more surprising than to the individual whose self evolves them. Then the blessed faculty of habit changes almost the stamp of nature, and life again becomes tolerable and even enjoyable in the midst of circumstances which would have, at one time, been a constant torture to us.

This universal human law shaped our suffering friend, and acting on his well-poised powers left him, after a few years, a man of educated intellect, who had definitely passed the shifting boundary, so apt to double back, which encloses the happy hunting-ground of thinkers; what I mean to say is, he had reached that state of healthy development in which study ceases to be a labour, and musing upon many things becomes an unending delight. Even then, indeed, "the corruptible body is a load upon the soul, and the earthly dwelling presseth down the mind that museth upon many things" (*Wisdom*, ix. 15); but this is only saying that our fruition of the best things in this life is very imperfect.

We must see more in detail the process by which this enviable state of mental *αἰράπεια* was reached. In the last chapter it will be remembered that Smith saw the hopelessness of his passion for more or less universal knowledge, but, with human inconsistency, could not make up his mind to relinquish it; and so toiled and toiled to learn all round, and never could bear not to master what he came across. Would it be better or worse for us, and for those to whom we are and shall be a spectacle, if we were so rational that we could always do what recommended itself to us as most prudent? If we were so hopelessly rational, great suffering the world would have escaped, but that would have been a too dear price, perhaps, to pay for all the nobleness, unselfishness, heroism, grandeur intellectual and moral, of which that great suffering was the necessary condition. *Virtus in infirmitate perficitur*.

Smith's morbid craving procured him knowledge and powers that were ever after of the greatest service. While it lasted, if he were asked a question by any one in science, literature, or any other subject, which he could not answer, or if he heard a discussion on a historical or philosophical question that he felt himself shaky in, he could not rest till he had studied the matter. A passion of this sort, hopeless and painful though it be while it lasts, is, if one comes out of the fever without losing balancing power, a most beneficial experience. Our world seems to be worked very much on the rough, and so things that must be pronounced in themselves unreasonable, and *hic et nunc* deleterious, are in the long run found to be the causes of well-being both selfish and altruistic. The intellectual vision that Smith had of the hopelessness of his passion, though it did not act on his will and feelings at first, became more and more vivid as time and experience passed over him, and when he saw, without the possibility of blinking the fact, that

"One science only will one genius fit,
So wide is art, so narrow human wit,"

and that perfection implies whole-hearted devotedness, he found to his surprise that almost without a sigh, he could abandon many lines of

thought he had laid down, and give himself entirely to what he felt he most seriously inclined. Time and its concomitants solve our most tangled problems. Learning to wait is the perfection of labour.

The thought of death and the possible vicissitudes of life had often chilled the heart of the enthusiastic student. Many and many a time, as he bent over his books late into the night, going deeper and deeper into some deep speculation, and utterly oblivious that he had an earthly dwelling, the rolling away of the fogs of ignorance, and the view of illimitable knowledge that opened before him, and the consequent rush of desire to possess it all, brought home to his heart with a pang like a stab, how exceedingly little of that knowledge he could hope to acquire in the uncertain years of man. What an unspeakable torture this thought must have been from time to time to Plato and Aristotle, and even still more to those able men of our day, who, for reasons of their own, are of opinion that they shall pass away like streaks of morning cloud. Adaptability rescues them, but previous to reflection, through which it acts, crushing must be the sensation accompanying the vision.

But Smith was a child of Faith, and the Faith made him whole. He knew he was in the hands of One without whose leave even a sparrow does not fall to the ground, and he had learnt for himself that even in this life the solid satisfactions belong to those who make the Will of God their rule of action. Resolving, once for all, after vacillating and backsliding, to act up to these principles, death lost its terrors, and did but open the gate to eternal and inexhaustible knowledge, and the ups and downs of life would but supply new experiences and more varied food for thought, and so, opportunities for mental and moral improvement. Thus you see little by little the cumulative strength, by which he was to cast off developments that could not be assimilated, proceeded, and by the time he had reached twenty-five, he was himself again, that is, himself as to body and mind normally evolved.

He had studied no profession. In fact such was his unalloyed love of knowledge that he could not endure becoming lawyer, doctor, engineer, or even university professor, and having to adapt his studies and mental exertions to the wants and tastes of unsympathetic employers or pupils. As his thinking powers became more and more penetrative and wide-reaching, the idea grew upon him that the happiest life for him would be that of a student. He had an overmastering feeling that "to scorn delights and live laborious days" would be the safest, and most tranquil, and even the most useful way in which he could work out his salvation. You may be sure Smith senior did not at all sympathise with this view, and naturally felt that his son should enter upon some professional career, and aim at some of the big prizes therein set up for the swift and strong. But the son's mind was made up, and

dutiful as he was, he carried the day, and got his loving father to divide unto him a portion of his substance sufficient to keep him fairly comfortable in the inexpensive but most happy mode of life he took up.

Seeing that he had abandoned the effort to keep some five or six lines of study abreast, what one did he finally stick to, and for the remainder of his life resolve to work at? Well, it was a long time before he found out for certain what would satisfy his intellectual appetites and instincts; and he used to say himself that he considered he had become what could be called an educated man, when he saw clearly what his mental constitution was fitted for. At first he tried literature, and thought that here was to be had perennial pleasure. He felt that he could write a good poem, or an observant and humorous story, and he had dreams of seeking the hearts of his fellow-men in that way. But literature palled upon him. It seemed like the sweets and wines of life. He could not spend and feed his life upon it alone. Perhaps if he made it the ornament, polish and padding, mathematics pure and applied would constitute the substantial structure. For a considerable time he revelled in quantitative speculations, and was sure that the adjustment which would make life smooth for him was beginning at last. Mathematics placed him in the centre of a sphere of mental research, wide and deep, and delicate as the material universe. As relation after relation dawned and then shone upon him, flooding his mind with the eternal truths of science, he trembled with joy and prayed that here he might be allowed to rest and work, ever gaining more and more light upon the wonderful external whole, made up of such an interweaving of interdependent and all-embracing relations.

He thought he had reached the goal of his instincts; he was only at a sort of half-way house, whence he would be driven ere long to seek again with unsatisfied heart some home for his restless intellect. When these fits of weariness and feelings of the impossibility of the various subjects he took up to give him life-long joys crushed him, many a temptation he had to abandon his student's life, to rush into the world's broad field of battle, and to deaden in its pleasures and struggles the insatiate cravings of his mind. More than once he did issue from his self-imposed seclusion, and, mixing in society, for awhile found it as charming as it found him. When he came across men and women of culture, he could be exquisite in his manner and conversation, and with the freemasonry of thought he made friends many among clever people. But it wouldn't do. Thackeray's sad, sad verses on the dreadful *Vanitas vanitatum* rang in his ear, sank into his heart, and were no small factor in the varied whole that caused him to flee from the *fascinatio nugacitatis*. Listen to them:—

“ Oh, vanity of vanities!

How wayward the decrees of fate are,

How very weak, the very wise,

How very small the very great are!

" Though thrice a thousand years be past,
 Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
 The weary King Ecclesiast,
 Upon his awful tablets penned it;

" Methinks the text grows never stale,
 And life is every day renewing
 Fresh comments on the old, old tale
 Of fortune, folly, glory, ruin."

Though Smith loved music and painting, and would stroll with delicious melancholy through woods and fields, along rivers, and over hills, and through winding valleys, feasting his eyes and ears with trees, and birds, and grass, and rocks, and laughing waters, he never seriously thought that art could give his soul the nectar and ambrosia for which it sought. Consequently he never searched for the manna that was to have the flavour of all mental food in that direction. And I humbly think he was right.

In his university course he had enjoyed one of the greatest advantages that the mind of man can have conferred on it. He had been fairly trained in the Aristotelian philosophy. Aristotle, unlike his great master, was the quintessence of common-sense, and so his philosophy is *par excellence* the philosophy of reason and common-sense, the guide and protector of our mental faculties. This philosophy, elaborated and in great measure perfected by the Scholastics, gives the mind that submits to long years of its influence a strength and subtlety that makes the puerile metaphysical conceits of the modern physicists (great as they undoubtedly are in their own field) perfectly ridiculous. "Why, sir," Smith would say, "in the days of St. Thomas or Suarez, an educated man would consider it an intolerable impertinence to have theses submitted for disputation, which the scientists of to-day glory in as the product of advanced and unfettered thought. A mere tyro of Paris or Salamanca would turn any of them into a string of the absurdest fallacies the mind of man, with all its perverse ingenuity, could sillily devise; and yet these are the gross abortions of human thought which are foisted on the modern world by pseudo-metaphysical physicists!" It was metaphysics, then, in which this man of strange suffering found the natural rest of his soul, and it proved perennial. And metaphysics or philosophy is the crowning, and finishing, and perfection of natural culture. It is so because it teaches man, "the glory, jest, and riddle of the world," what he is and what the world around him is. It teaches him the nature of that spiritual substance called mind, and how it acts, and what these acts import. It leads him "through nature up to nature's God," embraces all things without exception, for it is the science of all first causes, gives the perfecting polish to all our faculties, makes our words the very "incarnation

of thought" that breathes and burns, and under its all-pervading influence

"this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

There could be no mistake this time. Deep, deep was the gratitude he felt to that Almighty power which had upheld him fainting through deserts of disgust, had refreshed him with broad, rich oases of literature and science, and now at last, when by the laws of his being he was fit, left him, serene in the consciousness of power and of truth possessed, to rule and conquer in the world of thought. He had not been "intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train." He had followed "her as the angel that guarded him, and as the genius of his life. She had brought him out at last into the light of day, and exhibited him to the world, comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and all the offices of life."*

It must be remembered that this tale is, I may say almost solely, employed in giving the *summa fastigia* of the development of a human intellect. It should not, then, be supposed that my venerated friend Smith was or ever became a mere dry old musty, fusty, crusty book-worm. I think he could have succeeded in any walk of life, from war and legislation to cricket and frivolity. Indeed, I make no doubt, very pretty romances even might be written about him; but all such developments were not assimilated, and so what he became and remained was an enthusiastic student of philosophy, who, with thorough-going devotion to Catholic faith and practice, united deep sagacity, keen wit, good-natured humour, width, reach and profundity of mind, and never used these great gifts and acquirements but to expose error, to defend and advance the truth, and to give himself that pure and necessary happiness which his soul required, and, in great part, for the sake of which he had relinquished all lower forms of enjoyment. It often happens that men who are students by profession are uncommonly dry parties in conversation and writing. Now, Smith was the most interesting man you could meet with, if you happened to be of a turn of mind sympathetic with his. If he saw, and these things are perceived instinctively, that this freemasonry existed, he would keep you delighted by the hour with the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." Flash after flash of wit and philosophy would dazzle you, provided always you were actively and passively in harmony with him. Not

* "Conduct of the Understanding." Sydney Smith.

otherwise. You might be clever and well-informed, and find my friend the reverse of what I have described him. Sympathy of mind and heart is necessary for the social joys of culture.

The inexhaustible love of fiction which never left Smith, but which he had sense enough to keep well under control, gave his mind a fascinating flavour which nor mathematics nor metaphysics ever destroyed; nay, they did but make it more delicate and delightful.

I happened to be just a little sympathetic with my dear friend Smith, and he graciously allows me to worship him not altogether at a distance; for though he is not one atom conceited, he has a very accurate notion of his own powers. It could not be otherwise. A clever man accustomed to introspection and to weighing the ability of others, both from their works and words, must have arrived at a very fair estimate of himself.

I have asked him how it was his spoken and written words possessed, in addition to their more solid qualities, a fragrance that was to me and many others of his friends and admirers simply thrilling. "Well," he replied, quite pleased with what I had said, "this would be one chief reason: for a long time I made a point of examining every interesting thing I read to see if I could find out what made it interesting to me. Every reading man knows how certain lines and passages attract his attention at once, and no man is alone in his likings and dislikings. I believe every able man, in any age, is but one of an immense class; and what things move, interest, repulse him, have the self-same effect on his 'repeaters.' Hence, I often said to myself, if I could analyse the quality which makes any poem or part of it, any thought or character, deeply interesting for me, I could then aim at acquiring the tone of mind productive of such myself, and so succeed in stirring others as I am myself affected. Believe me, if you want to touch the hearts of men, you must be very wide-awake, and watch yourself and everything around you, and, above all, think, think, think."

"But," I urged, "it is very hard to think. How can one learn to do so, as you seem to require?"

"Reading, writing, observing, going over habitually in one's mind what one has learnt, investigating matters for one's self, before inquiry blaming no one, *audi alteram partem*, forcing occasionally the mind to contemplate some subject that light is required upon; and it will surprise you before long, how you will find your mind, as it were, going out of itself and discovering new truths and relations by a light that seems not its own. Will a gold-seeker abandon the 'diggings' in which he has found large nuggets? Once the mind has begun to discover the golden links of truth for itself, it requires no other inducement to explore the enchanted realms of thought and fancy."

‘Do you mean to say, then,’ I asked, ‘that this power of thinking is to be got like a skilled trade or piano-playing, by assiduous and judicious practice?’

‘Certainly,’ answered Smith, ‘do a little, say for ten minutes every day for a week, and you will see you will hit upon new ways of putting old thoughts that will touch many a human heart. For my own part, you now know how I have acquired whatever interestingness I possess.’

‘But,’ I continued, ‘what do you say to this? I can study very well and master most things I come across, and I often have to think over the words I want to understand for a long time, and, the same way, in mathematics, I have passed many an hour solving a problem, and taxing my resources in figures and formulæ to the utmost; is not this all thinking, and what then is the peculiar good of doing that fixed ten minutes a day?’

‘I should not call that *thinking* exactly,’ replied my learned friend; ‘it is assuredly severe and most useful mental exertion, but penetrating the realms of thought on your own account, advancing by dint of steady contemplation and active comparison, compelling the instinctive mental faculties to work with you by keeping the mind on one subject of original investigation, literary, historical, mathematical, or philosophical—this and this only will make you a real *thinker*, and this habit is precious in possession, proportionately to the difficulty of obtaining it, which is great indeed. I do not mean, of course, that you should be content with thinking thus for ten minutes only every day. If you begin with that, and extend the time as prudence dictates, the day will come when such will be the delight of investigation that your greatest grief will be to find the hours flying away from you and with you so painfully swiftly.’

Don't you think, kind reader, we may say good-bye to Smith?

INVOCATION.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

COME, gentle Sleep!
 Unchiding mother of a wayward son;
 Come, and mine eyelids steep,
 For day is done,
 And night's cold shadow steals my lonely soul upon.

Come, Queen of Peace!
 And seal me with thy benediction now;
 Come, and from care release
 The throbbing brow,
 And to thy sceptred calm each stern emotion bow.

Bring with thee dreams—
 Responsive visions of the days gone by.
 Still as in quiet streams
 The pictured sky,
 That with a soothing charm allures the pensive eye.

Thou art of Love
 A tender token to each erring child,
 Sent, as the holy dove,
 O'er waters wild:
 The one remaining joy of Eden undefiled.

As pilgrims, we,
 Thy children, weary of the shifting scene,
 Turn for repose to thee:
 Thy brow serene
 No frown repulsive clouds, the yearning heart to wean.

When life is spent,
 And death, thy brother, claimeth as his own
 All that thy favour lent,
 Then for thy son
 Plead, that he kindly deal, as thou hast ever done.

Maryland, U. S.

THE CENTENARY OF VOLTAIRE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS A. FINLAY, S.J.

IN a letter to Catharine of Russia, dated April 30th, 1771, François Marie Arouet de Voltaire describes his countrymen as *les premiers singes de l'univers*. It would be unjust to the French people to take them at this estimate of their merits, as it would be unjust to the English people to concur wholly in the somewhat similar judgment passed upon them by the greatest of their own poets. The French are not a nation of monkeys, nor are the English a "tardy, apish nation," though Voltaire may be quoted for the first statement and Shakspeare for the second. The truth overstated by both poets seems to be that each nation has produced by the side of its remarkable men what these writers would call its remarkable monkeys—that each nation has produced not only great embodiments of its characteristic virtues, but also great embodiments of its characteristic follies. There is, however, something to be said in favour of Voltaire's pretensions when he claims for his countrymen pre-eminence in apishness. The Frenchman is naturally livelier and more enthusiastic than his English neighbour; when both give themselves to executing grotesque antics, the sprightlier creature will, it may be assumed, achieve a result better in its kind. The Englishman will climb his stick awkwardly and will be constrained and half-hearted in his grimaces, whereas the nimble Gaul has nothing tardy in his apishness, he will execute his frolics with infinite grace, will gibber and grin with a heartiness which shows his soul is in his work.

If this be Voltaire's meaning, we have no wish to dispute the claims he puts forward. We do not desire to rob him of the praise his clear-sightedness may, in this instance, have deserved, and this the less because, living and dead, in his own person and in others, he has done more than any other man to establish for Frenchmen the distinction he claims for them. "Il a les manières d'un singe," wrote Frederick of Prussia to Algarotti. Voltaire exhibited, during life, many of the characteristics of the malicious monkey; it has been the punishment of those who have attempted to do him honour after death that they have been forced to imitate him.

It is now a hundred years since he closed a life that was a masquerade, by a death of manifold horrors. The hundredth anniversary of his death has come and has been celebrated. The festival was, in every respect, worthy of the event it honoured. It was a masquerade such as his life had been—"bouffon jusqu' au seuil de l'enfer," writes Paul Féval. It blended in one picture, as his life had done, the comic and the ghastly, the frolics of the monkey, with the malice of the ghou.

We can conceive no homage worthier of Voltaire than that which has been paid him, and we will not wish to the enemies of Jesus Christ a greater evil than such an apotheosis.

Two years ago, an impious French newspaper-writer hit upon the thought of preparing a demonstration for the hundredth anniversary of Voltaire's death. He suggested that by the 30th May, 1878, the Exhibition would have drawn crowds of foreigners to Paris, and showed that the festival might thus be made to wear something of an international character. There were found many men in France to whom the project was pleasing, and a "committee of organisation" was forthwith established. This body had the hardihood to invite the municipal councils of France to join in their undertaking. We know not wherein Christ has offended the Municipal Council of Paris, but certain it is the Municipal Council of Paris hailed the proposal with enthusiasm. It voted 10,000 francs from the city funds towards the expenses of the festival, and allotted a space in one of the squares of the city for a monument to Voltaire.

"As a useful and lasting memorial of the centenary," to use their own words, the Committee further decided to publish a volume of extracts from Voltaire's writings. They would print, they said, "thousands and thousands of copies and send them into the remotest villages of France; if they could only have a Voltaire in every family the churches would soon be empty." In this book the foulest blasphemies ever penned against God and against his Christ, horrors that lay buried in the seventy musty volumes of Voltaire's works, were dragged into the light, and set before the people of France as the gospel of the new civilisation. "C'est ce volume qu'il faut répandre. C'est lui qu'il faut faire pénétrer partout, et surtout au fond des campagnes. C'est lui qu'il faut opposer au Catéchisme!" was the cry of the infidel press.

In this volume it is written: "Jesus Christ was but a miserable workman, a man of the dregs of the people, a vile, contemptible nobody, a cheat, a clumsy peasant though more wide-awake than his neighbours." The *Edition du Centenaire* has fouler blasphemies than these, but we dare not hint at them here. The criticism on Christ's Gospel and Christ's Church is of a piece with this criticism of Christ's person, but we are not disposed to shock the feelings of those for whom we write, and we will not quote further.

The Freemason fraternity was jubilant over the work that was being done. "Already an edition is ready," writes the *Monde Maçonique*, with fiendish exultation. "It will be scattered by the thousand, and will reach even the remotest hamlet that is yet a prey to superstition."

There is an official of the French Executive styled Minister of Public Worship. The Bishop of Orleans, in the name of outraged

Christianity, demanded that the constitutional guardians of the religion of France should proscribe this hideous book. What the London *Daily Telegraph* calls "his ridiculous demand" was coldly dismissed by the Government.

But the friends of Voltaire overshot the mark. Their noisy and obtrusive impiety at length roused the Catholic instincts of the nation they were labouring to disgrace. First amongst the champions of the Faith, the aged Bishop of Orleans denounced the infamous project. The theme rekindled in the breast of the old man the fire of his younger days; the hall of the Senate rang with his impassioned invectives against the insulters of the national religion, and, with the aid of the press, he tore the mask from the face of the false prophet that France was called to worship. The temporising ministry of Versailles yielded before the gathering anger of a Christian people. The Minister of the Interior countermanded the elaborate festive preparations begun by the Committee; the Municipal Council of Paris was reprimanded for its indiscretion, and when the 30th May came, the much trumpeted international celebration took the modest shape of a *fête oratoire* in which a few impious enthusiasts met within doors to blaspheme together.

Of the proceedings of this meeting it boots not to speak. The world is familiar with what such men have got to say on such an occasion. The staple fustian, in which impiety celebrates its heroes, has begun to pall upon the public taste. Stale panegyrics of modern civilisation and modern liberty by friends of the Commune, hackneyed diatribes against a tyrannical church and an overbearing priesthood by the lucky politicians who dispose of the national strength of France, have lost the charm of novelty. The world is growing exacting, and looks for common-sense even in Jacobin harangues.

From the eulogies of Voltaire, called forth by the festival, we select for comment one which may stand as an epitome of all that his friends have been able to say in his praise. We owe this singular utterance to M. Victor Hugo, who presided at the meeting in the *Gaieté* Theatre. "Voltaire," exclaimed M. Hugo, at one point of the maudlin rhapsody which his flatterers have called an oration, "Voltaire has waged the brilliant war—the war of one against all, the war of thought against matter, of reason against prejudice, of the just against the unjust, the war for the oppressed against the oppressor, the war of goodness and of sweetness. He had the tenderness of a woman and the wrath of a hero." Some days before, M. Victor Hugo, addressing the youth of France, had condensed all this into one pithy epigram, "Voltaire signifie lumière et liberté."

Side by side with this appreciation of Voltaire's merits let us put another. The master-hand will be easily recognised in these unequivocal verses:—

"Voltaire alors regnait, ce singe de génie
Chez l'homme en mission par le Diable envoyé.

* * *
O pauvre fille d'Eve! O pauvre jeune esprit!
Voltaire, le serpent, le doute, l'ironie,
Voltaire est dans un coin de ta chambre bénie!
Avec son œil de flamme il t'espionne, et rit.
Oh! tremble! ce sophiste a sondé bien des fanges!
Oh! tremble! ce faux sage a perdu bien des anges!
Ce démon, noir Milan, fond sur les cœurs pieux,
Et les brise, et souvent, sous ses griffes cruelles,
Plume à plume j'ai vu tomber ces blanches ailes
Qui font qu'une âme vole et s'enfuit dans les cieux!

* * *
Hélas! si ta main chaste ouvrait ce livre infâme
Tu sentirais soudain Dieu mourir dans ton âme."

And here is another judgment passed upon Voltaire in not more equivocal prose: "Qu'on se figure Voltaire jeté sur cette société en dissolution, comme un serpent dans un marais. . . . Il fallait tout son venin pour mettre cette fange en ébullition."

And yet another from the same source:

"Ce n'est pas Satan, mais son singe."

The man to whom we are indebted for these verses and this prose is no other than the orator who, on the 30th May, spoke the panegyric of Voltaire we have quoted above—the President of the *fête oratoire*, M. Victor Hugo. The "demon monkey," "the poisonous serpent, wallowing in the social mire of the eighteenth century, and making it seethe," how have they changed for M. Hugo, the one into an angel of light, the other into a sign set up for the deliverance of the people? Must it be said of the French Republic, too, that its great men are not always wise, neither do its aged understand judgment?

But we are not concerned now with M. Victor Hugo's character for consistency. Our business is with the idol he has attempted to enshrine. That idol, we learn from himself, he found in the mire; there, we contend, he should have left it. It had there found its congenial resting-place, and there it should have been allowed to lie. It is unworthy of a place among the gods of any idolatry; it would defile any altar but that of the Parisian Goddess of liberty. In it there cannot be worshipped the impersonation of any one of those perfections M. Victor Hugo identifies with it; it is not even the impersonation of any single quality of mind to which men give the name of virtue. We do not think that the history of human sin presents us with a character so thoroughly repulsive as Voltaire's. No doubt there have been men as spiteful, as heartless, as vindictive, as covetous, as profligate, and, perhaps, as impious; but we question if in any other individual who has left a name in history, the aggregate of hateful qualities has reached

as high a level as in him, and we feel certain that in no other has the same pre-eminence in vice been associated with the same consummate meanness. It is this last quality which gives its specific loathsomeness to the depravity of Voltaire. There is a certain measure of admiration accorded to courage, even when allied with sin. But when this last semblance of virtue quits the fallen soul it becomes a fit object for the contempt of the worst enemies of morality. The memory of Jean-Jacques Rousseau most honest men have learned to hate. Jean-Jacques Rousseau despised Voltaire, and even Rousseau's contempt was justifiable. "You speak to me of Voltaire," he writes to a friend. "Why does the name of that mountebank defile your letters? . . . I would hate him more if I despised him less. . . . His talents, like his wealth, only serve to feed the corruption of his heart." *Fanfaron d'impiété, âme basse, corrupteur, polichinelle*,—these are the epithets with which Rousseau seasons his comments on Voltaire.

Jean-Paul Marat was not a man to be shocked by every-day vices. His own standard of moral dignity was not high; there were few grades of human iniquity on which he could look down. Yet Marat adopted the language of indignant virtue when speaking of Voltaire. "A scandalous writer" these are his words, "corrupting youth by the teachings of a false philosophy; a man whose heart was the throne of envy, avarice, spitefulness, revenge, dishonesty, and of every passion that degrades the human kind."

The verdict of Rousseau and of Marat refuses M. Victor Hugo's idol a place among the divinities of the Revolution. We will assign the reasons why we, too, think him unworthy of a throne even in such an Olympus.

François-Marie Arouet was born, in 1694, in a small village near Sceaux. He was the son of a public clerk. He received his earliest instruction from a fallen priest, and was taught to lisp blasphemy and obscenity before he could understand them. In his riper years he became the pupil of the Jesuits at the College of Louis-le-Grand. But the springs of life had already been poisoned within him; his new masters despaired of curing the moral evil which he had suffered, and he left the college followed by the prediction of his last teacher that he would be the "Apostle of Deism in France." The Abbé Châteauneuf, who had been his first instructor, now undertook to introduce him into the gay world of fashion, of which he was himself a shining light. In the society of the dissolute noblemen who surrounded the throne of the old King, Louis XIV., François Arouet soon became an adept in the courtly arts of hypocrisy and flattery; in the same society he fathomed all the secrets of the epicureanism prevalent at the period. With these accomplishments, he quitted Paris at the age of nineteen, as page to the French ambassador in Holland; but a scandalous intrigue, in which he became involved, procured his dismissal from the embassy,

and he was sent back to his family in disgrace. In the early days of the regency he passed a year in the Bastille under suspicion of being the author of a pungent satire on the manners of the preceding reign. Released from prison, and admitted again to the society of the dissolute court nobility, he laid aside his old name, and assumed that of De Voltaire, "in the hope," he said, "that his fortunes would better with the change." A quarrel with a nobleman of distinction earned for him a second imprisonment in the Bastille, after which he was banished the kingdom. He spent three years of exile in England, and then returned to Paris, where he added considerably to his wealth by judicious commercial speculations. But the works, which he published at this time, roused against him a government that was by no means censorious in the matter of morals. He again withdrew from Paris. The paramour of Madame du Chastelet, he spent the fifteen succeeding years, for the most part, at Cirey, on the borders of Champagne. There, under the peculiar influences by which he was surrounded, he composed many of the works which have won for his name its evil renown. It was during this period, too, that, by his adroit flattery of Madame de Pompadour, he was able to win his way to courtly honours. He was appointed "historiographer" of France, and gentleman of the royal bedchamber. These distinctions helped him on to the crowning honour to which he aspired, and for which he had already twice contended in vain—a chair in the Academy.

In 1749, Madame du Chastelet was cut off in her sins and by her sins, and Voltaire was at liberty to accept the oft-repeated invitation of Frederick of Prussia to become the companion of his literary studies and his master in the French language. Three years were enough to dissolve the friendship between the statesman-poetaster and the lynx-eyed satirist, and they separated with feelings of mutual hatred and contempt. Frederick contrived to give practical expression to his altered feelings by subjecting his late friend to many indignities during his journey to the French frontier. Arrived at Colmar, Voltaire sent his niece before him to sound the dispositions of the Parisian Government on the subject of his return; to give proof of his conversion to a better life he made his Easter communion in public. The sacrilege availed him nothing. The king could not be reconciled to his presence in the capital, and Voltaire turned his steps towards Switzerland. He settled for a time at Geneva, but eventually he removed to Ferney.

The hope of returning to Paris was at an end; the last check upon his impiety was removed. Voltaire now gave full vent to his hatred of Christianity, and addressed himself with new energy to his cherished task of destroying it. From Ferney he sent forth the fiercest attacks upon Christ and his doctrines. Here he profaned the sacraments of the Church—publicly, when the opportunity offered; when the priests

of the diocese of Annecy had been commanded to refuse him their ministry, he contrived, by ingenious devices, to compass the sacrilege in private. After twenty years at Ferney, he was persuaded by his niece to visit Paris. Death waited for him in the city of his desires. At the age of eighty-four years he died, denying with his last breath the divinity of Jesus Christ.

Such are the leading events of a life in which M. Victor Hugo has been able to discern the lofty and varied virtues he enumerates in his panegyric. We have said little in this brief sketch to confirm or refute M. Hugo's views. We have traced it with the purpose of making intelligible to those who know little of Voltaire what we have now to say of his claims upon our veneration. We will take the compendium of his virtues as it has been framed by M. Victor Hugo. We have been invited to reverence in Voltaire the Apostle of Enlightenment and Liberty.

The apostle of enlightenment! There are men who measure the advance of enlightenment by the decline of Christianity, and to this class M. Hugo probably belongs. Judged by this standard, Voltaire may be said to have been an apostle of enlightenment. He hated Christ with a fierce, personal, insatiable hatred; he lavished upon the person of the Redeemer the same scurrilous invectives which he cast at the printer who had cheated him, or the fellow-profligate with whom he had squabbled. "To whom do our Christ-worshippers attribute divinity?" he asks. "To a contemptible nobody, without talent, or knowledge, or cleverness, who was born of needy parents, who was treated as a fool and a cheat as soon as he tried to make a name for himself, who was despised and scourged, and at last put to death like the most of those who tried to play the same part without courage or cleverness." "Mahomet, at least," he writes again, "wrote and fought, but Christ could neither write nor defend Himself. Mahomet had the courage of Alexander and the mind of Numa, but Christ. . . ."

His commentaries upon the gospels are in the same strain. According to him "they contain as many errors as they contain words;" they are books "filled with contradictions, with insanity, with horrors." His chaste mind discovers that the Bible is made up of books "without meaning, and without decency, monuments of the most extravagant folly and the most infamous debauchery."

The Church is the living memorial of the divine life and divine power of Jesus; Voltaire's hatred of the Church knew no bounds. It possessed him as an evil spirit; under its influence his utterances sound like the ravings of a maniac. *Ecrasez l'Infâme!* was the watchword of his war against the Church. "In the midst of all your gaiety, try ever to crush the Infamous One." "Let the true philosophers form a society like the Freemasons; let them unite, and support each other and be faithful to the association. This secret academy will be worth more

than all the academies of Paris. Its first duty will be to annihilate the Infamous One."

"What are you doing now? Working at geometry or history? Whatever you are doing, crush the Infamous One."

"I have lived seventy years. I hope to live a few years more to aid in crushing the Infamous One."

"Adieu, my dear brother! You are a man after my own heart . . . I hate the lukewarm. Let us crush the Infamous One! Let us crush the Infamous One, I say!"

We will stop here. We have been quoting principally from the new primer of impiety which the "Committee of Organisation" and the Municipal Council of Paris are scattering over France. We might continue our extracts indefinitely; but it is enough, we will have done with these blasphemies. We record them here, as the notaries three centuries ago registered the utterances of the wretch who struggled in the grasp of the demon; we see in the blasphemer merely what they saw in the writhing demoniac, not only an example of divine vengeance, but an unwilling witness to divine truth. Voltaire has done what other foes of Christ had done before: he has helped to glorify Him.

There was one way in which Voltaire could do honour to a holy religion, and that was by hating it. It would be no inconsiderable testimony to the purity of any form of belief that it was uncongenial to him. It is proof that life-destroying vapours lurk in an abyss when a lamp-flame dies within it. There are hearts which bear witness to the living divinity of Christianity by quenching its light in themselves. For a reply to the blasphemies of Voltaire we proceed to look down into the heart that so hated Christ.

Apostle of Enlightenment! We know not what gifts, according to M. Hugo's defining, are the qualifications for this high office. But we cannot think that the practice and the preaching of vice in its most offensive forms fulfil adequately the requirements of so lofty a mission. We cannot think that profligacy, duplicity, vanity, treachery, are the virtues of that great apostolate; yet these, tempered and harmonised by a meanness all his own, were the characteristics of Voltaire.

We have alluded to the licentiousness of his early life; we have spoken of the circumstances which procured his dismissal from the embassy at The Hague. These were the vices of his youth; he did not depart from them in maturer age. He was already past the prime of life, when he became the paramour of the Marchioness du Chastelet, and for fifteen years set at defiance the section of public opinion which branded adultery as a sin. From Cirey he passed to Potsdam. Lord Macaulay has cast much graceful ridicule on the incidents of the strange friendship between Frederick II. and Voltaire. But there were secrets of that intercourse which Lord Macaulay either did not know, or did not choose to mention. We cannot describe them here. To those who

are acquainted with the scenes which followed the fashionable supper-parties of Imperial Rome in its worst days, it will be enough to say that no excess practised there was unknown at Potsdam. In his correspondence and in his "Memoires" Voltaire has left the record of these disgusting orgies. When he had quitted Prussia, and retired to spend his old age at Ferney, we find him still eager in gratifying the passions which had made the shame of his youth. At the age of sixty-six he wrote thus to his niece: "Cette idée de faire peindre* * * * * pour ragaillardir ma vieillesse est d'une âme compatissante, et je suis reconnaissant de cette belle invention. On peut faire copier au Palais-Royal ce qu'on trouvera de plus immodeste."

His teaching was worthy of his practice. Geneva was not a prudishly virtuous city when Voltaire took up his residence near it, but the purity of Genevese morality was too great for him. "Je veux créer des plaisirs," he writes to a friend, "je veux corrompre la jeunesse de la pédante ville." His writings teem with obscenities. His imagination revelled in the sensual images from which manly minds turn with disgust, and these pictures of his own perverted brain he loved to expose for the ruin of his fellow-men. They were such that even he was sometimes ashamed of them when they were traced to him. "No," he said, "it was not I wrote these verses; they were written by the lackey of an atheist."

For thirty years he had worked to bring to its last execrable perfection the infamous poem he disavowed in these words—"La Pucelle." It was written, he confessed, "for his own amusement." His foul fancy led him to select the Maid of Orleans, the virgin deliverer of France, as the central figure round which he grouped the hideous pictures of impurity which won for his book the criticism—"Paris crowned the work, Sodom would have proscribed it." We think well enough of all for whom we write to believe they know little of this book, and would not wish to know more. Voltaire himself was forced to criticise it. He had kept it secret for many years, only lending it to his friends for their private delectation. Some fragments of the poem at length found their way to the printer's hands and were made public. Hear his criticism upon them: "The fragments of the ignoble rhapsody, which is making the round of Paris under my name, have been sent me. They would disgrace the bookshop. I most earnestly implore of you to prevent the sale of these works of darkness." And again: "I have never seen anything more insipid or more horrible. It was written by the lackey of an atheist. I sent the work to the magistrates of Geneva, and Grasset (the publisher) was immediately arrested." A few years later the author published a "revised and corrected edition" of "La Pucelle," ornamented with indecent woodcuts.

* We omit a hideous atrocity. This difficulty hampers us elsewhere

Falsehood and duplicity are vices of most corrupt minds. Voltaire was a liar and a cheat. "He made it a rule to lie," said M. Sainte-Beuve. "He is a consummate cheat," said Frederick of Prussia. Very many of Voltaire's works were such that he dared not acknowledge them on their first appearance. He never hesitated to disavow them, and was ready to clear himself, when necessary, with an oath. We have already quoted his protests on the subject of "*La Pucelle*." Of another of his works, "*Candide*," he writes: "I have at last read '*Candide*.' They must have lost their reason to attribute it to me. Thank God, I have other occupations." Once more: "Maintain boldly that the Abbé Bazin is the author of the '*Philosophy of History*.'" The Abbé was an enemy of Voltaire, and Voltaire frequently punished his enemies by charging them with the authorship of his own indecent or irreligious works. His theory on the morality of lying harmonised well with his practice; it is admirably expressed in a letter to Thiriot: "Lying is a vice only when it does harm. It is a great virtue when it is useful . . . Be, then, more virtuous than ever. Lie like a devil, not timidly, not for a time, but boldly, and on every occasion. Lie, my friends, lie. I will requite you in kind when you require it."

More than a century ago, Europe was amused by the squabbles caused by Voltaire's petty thefts in the household of Frederick II. But his disposition to dishonesty manifested itself in other forms than pilfering sugar and candles. His transactions with the Jews of Berlin involved him in a lawsuit which "could not fail," as his friend Frederick told him, "to brand his reputation with stains which his talents could not cover." Avarice was a strong passion in him—"l'amour de l'argent vous poignarde," was the rebuke addressed to him by his favourite niece—and to gratify this passion he stooped to practices which his admirers find it hard to excuse. A French writer has had the curiosity to study the method by which he amassed the wealth which we find him enjoying at Ferney. The results of this study fill a considerable volume; they are epitomised in this paragraph:

"Did he not defraud the treasury? Did he not cheat his creditors, his servants, and his publishers? Did he not ruin Joré? Was he not justly condemned for his conduct towards the President de Brosses? Was he not involved in lawsuits which it was more disgraceful to win than to lose? Was he not a stock-jobber? When he accused his partners, the Brothers Paris, of fraud, did he not thereby confess that he himself had traded on the misfortunes of his country, that he owed almost all his wealth to the plottings of a mind without honesty or patriotism?"

There is an allusion in this extract which may here be seasonably explained. There lived at Rouen a printer named Joré who had often befriended Voltaire in his distresses, had sheltered him at times when his irreligion and immorality had provoked too far the indulgent public

authorities. To this man Voltaire gave the manuscript of his "Letter Philosophiques," authorising him to print and publish them. Before exposing the book for sale, Joré required that Voltaire should give in writing the authorisation already given verbally. But this Voltaire was too sagacious to do; he understood the risk incurred by all concerned in the publication. He borrowed two copies of the book; sent one to Paris and the other to Amsterdam. Editions were privately issued in both cities, and Joré's name was put upon the title-page. Voltaire punished amply the audacious printer. He denounced him to the Government, which had keenly resented the publication of the "Lettres Philosophiques;" Joré's house was searched, and the unsold edition found. He was thrown into the Bastille. When his term of imprisonment expired, his printer's licence was withdrawn, and he was left to die in destitution.

This incident puts strongly before us another of Voltaire's vices—his faithlessness towards his friends. It might, indeed, be here urged in his defence that he never had a friend whom it would not have been a meritorious action to discard. But, whatever their failings, his was not the mouth to condemn them; it was not virtue in him to take advantage of the intimacy of friendship in order to cover them with ridicule and infamy. He was partner of the Brothers Paris—a firm of army purveyors, and he profited largely by their dishonesty. When their frauds were at length discovered, Voltaire was loud and indignant in his denunciations of the "robbers." Over the dead body of Madame du Chastelet he entertained her husband with sarcasms on her infidelities. Receiving a pension from Frederick of Prussia, the companion of his table and the sharer of his pleasures, he amused himself by writing lampoons upon his shortcomings.

But he carried his faithlessness a degree further: he carried treachery to a point which it rarely reaches in a Frenchman—he was faithless to France. The country of his birth he ridiculed and reviled before her enemies. "I shall soon die," he writes to D'Alembert, "but I shall die hating the land of monkeys and tigers, where, thanks to my mother's folly, I was born seventy-three years ago. I ask you as a favour to write with your own hand to the King of Prussia that he may know how richly we deserve his contempt." "Madame," he wrote to Catharine of Russia, "I am not a Frenchman, I am a Swiss. If I were younger I would become a Russian." There have been few Frenchmen who could look unmoved on the humiliating disasters of France, fewer who could take pleasure in her humiliation; had Voltaire not lived, we should have said there had been none who could congratulate and applaud her conquerors. On the 5th of November, 1757, the French armies were defeated, at Rosbach, by Frederick II. Twenty years later, the recollection of that defeat could excite the exultation of Voltaire. Frederick had sent his portrait to Ferney.

Voltaire wrote in acknowledgment: "There is no Frenchman who does not tremble when he looks at that portrait. This is precisely as I would wish it to be."

"Tout Welche qui vous examine
De terreur panique est atteint,
Et chacun dit à votre mine
Que dans Roebach on vous a peint."

The incidents of that disastrous battle furnished a pleasant theme for ribald jests in his correspondence with Frederick:

"Héros du Nord, je savais bien
Que vous aviez vu les derrières
Des guerriers du roi très chrétien,
A qui vous tailliez des croupières* * *"

What follows is worthy only of the banquet-hall of Potsdam and cannot be quoted here.

We have not yet exhausted the catalogue of evil qualities which make the character of this "apostle of enlightenment." Much remains to be said if we would make the picture complete. It would not represent him as he was, if it omitted that vindictiveness all his own which knew no measure in its revenge. "Magot ambulant," "ignoble babouin," "âme pétrie de boue et de fiel," "descendant direct et descendant enragé du chien de Diogène et de la chienne d'Erostrate;" these were the terms in which he vented his spite against Rousseau, and in language such as this he reviled all who offended him—coachmen, printers, and peers of France. Into the picture should be introduced what Mirabeau called his "most infernal envy"—a passion which took umbrage at every distinction bestowed on the literary merit of others, which led him to insult Buffon and to set himself up as a teacher of Natural History; which prompted him to strike at the reputation of all great men; "I say *all*," writes Mirabeau, "I do not except a single one, living or dead."

Justice would not be done to Voltaire if his hypocrisy were left unmentioned. He could not be known as he was, if he were not represented dedicating his tragedy "Mahomet" to the Pope, "the Vicar and the Imitator of the God of peace and truth," before whom "he prostrates himself and whose sacred feet he kisses," and at the same time writing to a friend, "My mission is to scoff at Rome, and to use it for my own ends." To see Voltaire aright we must see him assuring the Jesuits, "to whom he owed all the knowledge he possessed," that he "had been attached to them from his childhood," and with the same pen writing to a friend, "it would be well to send every Jesuit to the bottom of the sea with a Jansenist tied round his neck." To see the Voltaire of Ferney and not the Voltaire of M. Victor Hugo, we should see him at the altar of God receiving into his impure breast the body of Christ, "fixing the while," says his secre-

tary, Collini, who describes the scene, "on the face of the priest that look which I knew so well." But we must pass over these traits of the picture; we despair of doing justice to M. Victor Hugo's apostle of enlightenment; we must reserve the space that is left us for his Apostle of Liberty.

The spirit of the masquerade in which he was acting must have been strong upon M. Victor Hugo, when he proclaimed Voltaire the Apostle of Liberty. Liberty is a word which, in the mouths of republican Frenchmen, has meanings that often puzzle the rest of the world. Perhaps it may have been used in some mysterious sense in M. Hugo's epigrammatic phrase. But if liberty can mean the rightful asserting of individual dignity, if the spirit of liberty requires us to recognise in the people the dignity of citizens, and to sympathise with the oppressed in their struggles for freedom, then we make bold to say, Voltaire knew not of liberty as a blessing, and could not desire it as an end.

He was born a slave. If pre-eminence could be assigned to any vice of his character, his servility would merit the distinction. M. Louis Blanc has said of him that he never shrank from any "prostitution of genius," and M. Louis Blanc has not done him injustice. In his youth he paid humble court to the fashionable libertines of the regency, Richelieu, La Fare, Conti, and the rest; in his maturer years he sought and retained the favour of royalty by the same method of fulsome adulation. Louis XV. he addressed as "Trajan;" Frederic of Prussia he styled the "Solomon of the North," "Marcus Aurelius," "Our adorable Frederick." Here is a portion of a letter addressed to the Solomon of Berlin: "You were made to be my king . . . O delight of the human race. I dream of you as the lover dreams of his mistress. My adorable master—Your majesty who has become man!" His flattery of Catharine of Russia was equally loathsome. From his sick-bed he writes: "Madame, your Imperial Majesty has given me life by destroying the Turks. The letter with which you honoured me makes me leap from my bed with the cry, Allah! Catharina! God and your victorious troops heard me when I sang, *Te Catharinam laudamus, te dominam confitemur.*"

Have we now shown the apostle of liberty in his most abject posture? Not yet; let us see him on his knees before Madame de Pompadour. "Sincere and tender Pompadour," he styles her, congratulating her at the outset of her career of infamy:

"Car je puis donner d'avance
Ce nom qui rime avec l'amour,
Et qui sera bientôt le plus beau nom de France."

And again:

"Pompadour, vous embellissez
La cour, le Parnasse, et Cythère;
Charme de tous les cœurs, trésor d'un seul mortel."

We might show him more abject still, grovelling at the feet of Madame du Barry—an old man eighty years of age addressing this woman in wanton verses as “adorable Egérie.” But we will not follow him further in his abasement.

The dignity of freedom which he could not appreciate in his own person he could not desire to bestow on others. He was a court-jester by nature, and, like all sycophants, his sympathies were with the oppressor and against the oppressed. The reign of Louis XV. saw the people of France in a condition to excite the sympathy of the friends of liberty. Did Voltaire—M. Hugo’s apostle of freedom, the idol of the demagogues of Paris—feel for their distress?

“We do not pretend to enlighten shoemakers and servant-maids—that was the business of the apostles;” “Reason will triumph among respectable people, it is not meant for the rabble;” “The people will always be stupid and barbarous. They are oxen for which we must keep a goad, a yoke, and hay;” “By the people I mean the multitude who have only their hands to live by;” “It is impossible to bear the insolence of those who tell you that you should have ideas in common with your tailor and your laundry-maid.”

These quotations are enough. Frenchmen are said to have a keen appreciation of the ridiculous. Was the faculty asleep in M. Victor Hugo and his friends when they invited the artisans of Paris to throw up their dusty caps, and cheer for Voltaire, the Apostle of Liberty?

Apostle of Liberty! An event occurred in Voltaire’s lifetime which, for a hundred years, has stirred the compassion of every heart in Europe that did not beat in the breast of a tyrant or a slave—Poland fell. The Poles fought desperately for national life. A band of gallant Frenchmen threw in their lot with the Confederates, and strove with them, for freedom’s sake, against the united strength of Russia and Prussia. Was Voltaire’s indignation excited by the wrong that was being done in Poland? Did the sympathies of the apostle of liberty go with his gallant countrymen? Did he mourn, as the poets of freedom have done, the fall of the heroic nation, and the death of her defenders?

“My heart is torn,” he writes to the Empress Catharine, “by the thought that countrymen of mine should be found among the Confederate fools . . . I cannot imagine anything more villainous than to take up arms against you.” He lays “at the feet of her Majesty” his regret that “his countrymen should have been found fighting among the Sarmatians—a thing which is the excess of absurdity, of folly, and of injustice;” and he believes that “to die of hunger” in Siberia would be the meet punishment of their offence.

To commemorate the conquest of Poland, Frederick struck a medal, on which, with that cruel irony in which tyrants love to indulge,

he inscribed the legend, *Regno Redintegrato*. He sent the medal to Voltaire accompanied by some wretched verses to which he had given the pompous title of *La Pologniade*. Voltaire acknowledged the gift as no other man in Europe would have done:

"You are now, Sire, the founder of a great empire. You hold one of the arms of the balance in Europe, and Russia is becoming a new world. How everything has changed, and how happy am I to have lived long enough to witness these great events! I know not when you will pause, but I know that the Prussian eagle will fly far. I implore that eagle to cast down upon wretched me, from the heights in which it floats, one of those glances which revive sinking genius. I am now at your feet, as I was thirty years ago. I shall look at the *Regno Redintegrato* when I wish to gather new strength.

"YOUR OLD IDOLATER."

We have said almost all that our space permits us to say of Voltaire. But we have not spoken of his merits as a philosopher. He was an accomplished scoffer; higher praise than this the world is not disposed to accord him. M. Renan would not willingly do him injustice, yet M. Renan holds that Voltaire's scientific reputation rests only on "buffoonery," "superficial impiety," "feeble jokes," "hypocritical protestations," and what M. Renan forcibly calls "*l'exégèse de la polissonerie*." We see no reason to differ from M. Renan; we are content to leave Voltaire's reputation as a philosopher where he has left it.

We have now done with Voltaire. We did not seek him out, and we are glad to take leave of him. His friends have done amiss in forcing him upon the world's notice. It would have been kindness to him to pray that his memory should perish. They have done a wrong in dragging him from the obscurity that had begun to gather over his grave. They have done a greater wrong in attempting to push God from his altar that the skeleton might be adored in his stead. To defeat their project and to punish it, it was enough to lift the veil that hid the face of the idol. We now leave the divinity to the homage of the few whom its worship will not dishonour.

AVE MARIA GRATIA PLENA.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

WAS *this* His coming? I had hoped to see
 A scene of wondrous glory, as was told
 Of some great god who in a rain of gold
 Broke-open bars and fell on Danaë;
 Or a dread vision, as when Semelé,
 Sickening for love and unappeased desire,
 Prayed to see God's clear body, and the fire
 Caught her fair limbs and slew her utterly.

With such glad dreams I sought this holy place,
 And now with wondering eyes and heart I stand,
 And look upon this Mystery of Love.
 "A kneeling girl with passionless, pale face,
 An angel with a lily in his hand,
 And over both, with outstretched wings, the Dove."

Vatican Gallery, Rome, 1877.

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Life of the Most Rev. Joseph Dixon, D.D., Primate of all Ireland.*
 By the Author of "Jesus and Jerusalem," "The Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude," &c. &c. (London: Burns & Oates; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

THIS is a recent, if not the most recent, addition to the Kenmare Series, now consisting of a large array of volumes, the number of which is the more surprising that almost every one of them is a portly tome, handsomely bound, and printed with large, open type. No one could be more astonished than Dr. Dixon would himself have been if he could have foreseen that five hundred and forty octavo pages would be devoted to the story of his life. If questioned on the matter, the saintly and amiable Primate would in substance have answered, with Canning's Needy Knife-grinder: "Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!" Perhaps we in this country carry to one extreme what our

French brethren carry too far in the opposite direction. Our reticence is as excessive as their *épanchement*. If they have too many *Vies* and *Notices sur la Vie*, &c., we have too few. For instance, John Mitchel's youngest daughter became a Catholic and died a bright and holy death in her eighteenth year in a French convent; whereupon there appeared in print a little *Notice sur la Vie de Henriette Mitchel*, which we have seen. Whereas, her father's long and eventful career may never find an historian. At all events, there are many Irishmen, priests and laymen, of the present century and earlier, whose memories ought to be preserved in some biographical record.

Sister Mary Francis Clare Cusack begins with a good statement of the difficulty to which we have adverted—the scantiness of incident in the life of a humble and laborious ecclesiastic like Dr. Dixon. “There is the first vocation, there is the unvarying routine of college life, there is the country curacy, the years of unnoticeable work, perhaps later the charge of an important parish—in some few cases there is the elevation to the episcopate—and then a grave, honoured, indeed, but silent, a ‘month’s mind’ and an anniversary; and another comes and takes up the work, and adds a new link to the golden chain which has remained unbroken since the days of St. Peter.”

All the materials which her own diligence, assisted by many who were interested in the undertaking, has laid at the biographer's disposal, have been turned to good account in this interesting and edifying volume, as we might expect from the skill of so practised a writer.

II. *Our Flag: a Lay of the Pontifical Zouaves; and other Poems.* By KATHERINE MARY STONE. (London: Burns & Oates; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

THE poem which gives its name to this attractive volume celebrates the gallant stand made against the invading hordes of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi by the soldiers of Pius IX. The marginal notes make it quite a lucid narrative of that struggle, of which Mrs. Stone was more than an eye-witness, as an active and devoted member of the field ambulance attached to the Pontifical army. The chivalrous spirit which prompted her to devote herself to such a cause with such persevering fidelity accounts partly for her extraordinary devotion to Ireland. This devotion is all the more wonderful when we learn that Mrs. Stone belongs to one of those ancient English families whose prejudices with regard to the stepsister island are often of a less generous kind; and our wonder is increased by the statement with which “An Alien's Greeting” begins:

“My eyes have never rested yet upon thy wild, green shore,
My feet ne'er trod thy hallowed glens peopled by saints of yore;
No kindred stream of Irish blood is coursing warm and free
Through the full heart that ever beats faster at name of thee.”

Yet this "alien" manifests a vivid knowledge of Irish history and Irish character, and not at those remote epochs only to which distance lends an azure hue of enchantment. Skilled as Mrs. Stone is in the mechanism of her favourite ballad metre, so warm a heart could not but overflow into good poetry.

WINGED WORDS.

1. Physical Science has no more to do with metaphysics than a piece of iron has with the north star; but if a piece of iron lies near the compass, that compass is deflected from the north.

2. The recent popularisation of science has necessarily multiplied her camp-followers, a race more noisy and boastful than her soldiers.

3. Scientific truth cannot contradict religious truth, but scientific error can; and the path of science ever lies, through error, more or less partial, to truth.

4. Archbishop Whately once remarked to me that prolixity exercises a more deceptive influence than all the sophisms classified in books of logic. In our day, some ethical "non-sequitur," which would have been detected at once if compendiously stated, escapes confutation because it is hidden in a work of three volumes. The bulk of the work is on Natural Philosophy; the reader is grateful for the manifold information it gives him, and unwarily swallows some moral or metaphysical inference, so false that it hardly affects demonstration. It is but implied; yet the assumption passes for a proof, because it is surrounded by grave scientific details of unquestionable value. A good table of contents might have exposed the fallacy.

5. It is often taken for granted that an eminent writer on Physical Science must be trustworthy in his metaphysical inferences. As well might we assume that a successful lawyer must be a good natural philosopher.

6. Historical Theism began with the promise of a Messiah. When Christianity became man's heritage, it remained still the primal Theism, though developed and with the Promise fulfilled. It is by the link next the hand, not by the first link, that Humanity must take hold of the chain.

[These thoughts occur in a brief introduction prefixed by Mr. Aubrey de Vere to a work which he has recently edited. Our admiration for his poetry does not hinder us from regretting that his prose writings are not more numerous. When shall we have a collection at least of his published essays?]

POWDERLY'S MILL.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERRENVIL," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE FLOOD.

MAY had set in warm and lovely on the banks of the river; and on the evening after that of the festival, Pansy again spread the supper-table under the acacia-trees. This time it was not neglected. The old man smoked close by and watched his daughter's movements, whilst Roger helped Pansy to pour the cream into the basins. As they were sitting thus at peace, Stephen Cumber opened the garden wicket and came down the sun-red path. He approached the supper-table, and after greeting unhappy Jacob, looked quietly round for a seat. The old man's pipe fell and was dashed to pieces; Pansy turned pale as death, and Roger rose to his feet with an angry word.

"Stay, Roger!" said Jacob. "This gentleman is my—my friend. The new tenant for the Weeping House. Fetch another basin, Pansy; perhaps he will taste your cream."

"We have met before, sir!" said Roger, trying to control himself.

"Yes," said Cumber to Powderly, "we met yesterday at the village, when some meddling people who, perhaps, meant well, tried to persuade your daughter that I paid her disrespect. But admiration is not insult, Mr. Powderly."

"No, no," said the old man; "no, certainly."

Pansy drew a great breath of relief. "Oh, if you are father's friend," she said, "of course you could not mean to be rude. I am afraid I was not good-tempered, and—and Roger was over careful of me." And she gave her lover a pleading look, as if begging him not to quarrel with this new friend who had, perhaps, come to ease her father of his anxiety. Roger obeyed her with an effort, but the coming of the stranger cast a gloom over the little company. Cumber himself did his best to be agreeable; jested, laughed, and told stories of his adventures in strange countries. He related these with skill, and caught the attention of his listeners, who heard him with some interest, however unwillingly. He put forth all his powers to fascinate them, and the dark night fell and found them still around the supper-table, listening to his voice. When he at last bade them good-night, the lovers gazed at each other wonderingly. They disliked and distrusted

the man, and yet he had taken his place amongst them on the footing of a friend.

After this he came and went as he liked. When Roger was working hard up in the mill he had a pretty good idea that Cumber was haunting Pansy while she performed her daily tasks; sitting on the dairy window-sill talking through the trellis, or lounging by the ironing-table whilst she folded her clear-starched muslins. It was hard for Roger to bear, and harder still for Pansy, since it was by tacit consent of her father that she was thus persecuted. She appealed to him in vain. He would not quarrel with Cumber; he could not quarrel with Cumber. The man was an entertaining man, and Pansy must give up thinking that there was not a worthy fellow in the world excepting Roger Endright. She must be civil to Steven Cumber; nay, she must even smile on him. And when Pansy's bright face changed and looked white and stern, then the old man would fall a-weeping and say that he had not a friend in the world, not even in his only child. Thus trouble fell on the household, and grew heavier as the summer deepened.

Pansy sang no more roundelays, and her laughter was scarcely ever heard. She shrank from her father's eyes, which were often fixed beseechingly on her face, as if he would ask her to do something which he could not put into words. This look of his haunted her all the day; but when she lay awake at night in her chamber beside the wheel, she told herself that she did her father a wrong. Yet he would not quarrel with Cumber, who came and went as he pleased, spending most of the days at her side. He followed her to the fields, into the garden, down to the river; in no spot was she safe from him save in her own little private room. Roger was sad and jealous, and Pansy's cheeks were pale.

The summer wore away, and there came a glorious, golden autumn. The new tenant had wrought wonders at the Weeping House. He seemed to have money in plenty, and did not spare to spend it. The gardens were all trimmed, the wild grass mown, the moss was gone from the paths, and the tear-stains from the walls. The rooms were newly decorated and fitted with handsome furniture. The place was ready for a mistress, said Stephen Cumber to the miller.

One mellow autumn evening, Pansy came out of her chamber where she had been hiding all the day, passed quickly down the old brown steps that led to the water, and unmoored a little boat which was always kept in waiting under the bank. She took her seat quickly in the boat, and working one oar in her hands went paddling up the stream. She was going to visit her grandaunt, her dead mother's dearest friend; she had long been wishing to see her, but feared to walk out alone lest Cumber should spy her and insist on bearing her company. She believed herself lucky to have thought of the boat.

Once in the midst of the stream her tormentor could not reach her. She should make her journey and pay her visit in peace.

She paddled herself about a mile up the river; past harvest corn-fields and meadows dotted with hay-ricks; past kine wading in the stream, and children playing on the bank. Wild ducks screamed and fled, and tethered kids stood bleating at her. By-and-by she rowed herself up to the bank, tied the boat to a tree, and took her way up to a cottage in the fields.

An old woman was sitting in the cottage doorway, with horn spectacles on her nose, patching some broken linen. She had a sweet, fair face, though seamed and drawn with wrinkles, and wore a snow-white cap on her head and a snow-white kerchief on her bosom. A lavender bush was growing at the cottage doorway, close to her knee. Her presence was very peaceful, very tender, very good. She looked up suddenly and saw Pansy coming towards her.

"Ah, my dear!" she cried, stretching out both her hands, but not venturing to stand up. "I thought you were never coming any more."

"I want to talk to you alone, granny, and I have not long to stay."

"Speak, then, my darling, for they're all out with the hay. There's not a soul but myself about the place."

Pansy dropped on her knees and buried her face in the old woman's lap.

"Oh, granny, that dreadful man, that Stephen Cumber!"

"Nay, is he at it still? Then what is Jacob about?"

"Father leaves me at his mercy. Father is somehow in his power. And Roger's patience is gone. Roger will kill him!"

"Roger must not do that; 'tis a strange case," said the old woman, musing. "And what does this man say to you, dear? Does he ask you to be his wife?"

"Twenty times in the week, granny. Every time he asks I tell him that I will marry Roger. And still he asks again: and his love-making is fearful."

"Jacob allows it to go on?"

"Father seldom speaks to me, and he is cold and hard with Roger. He keeps him working overtime, so that we scarcely ever meet. The end of it will be that I shall run away with Roger."

"No, dear, no. You must not be a coward, Pansy. You have come to me for counsel; now will you take it?"

"I will, granny, if I can."

"You can, child, and you must. Go boldly to your father, and ask him what it means. Never mind his anger, but do your best not to provoke it. Declare your mind bravely, and appeal to your father's protection against this stranger. Upon the answer that he gives you must depend your future conduct."

"I fear, I fear!" said Pansy. "Father is so changed." Yet as she stepped into her boat to return homeward she was thinking of how best she could obey her friend.

She fell into a reverie as she floated down the stream. The sun had just set; the white cups of the water-lilies were brimming with ruddy light; the river was smooth and full, with a dark-red flush upon its waters. Pansy guided her boat carefully through the rushes at the narrow parts, and her shining dark head and white-kerchiefed shoulders were defined with soft distinctness against a stormy crimson sky. These difficulties past, of rushes and tangled water-weeds, Pansy slipped her oar and sat still in the end of her boat whilst it drifted very slowly down the broadest part of the river towards the mill.

Her hands were crossed in her lap, her eyes fixed on the water. She was rehearsing in her thoughts that coming interview with her father. Now, the mill came in view, big, brown, and homely, the bridge with its gracious arches, stained with a thousand hues, the rows of drooping trees and pallid walls of the Weeping House. Pansy sat as though asleep with her eyes cast down on the water, unconscious that she had drifted so near to home.

Suddenly the boat was drawn to one side by a heavy hand; its keel touched the water-steps of the Weeping House; Stephen Cumber was by her side and rowing swiftly up the stream.

Pansy sprang up with a cry, and put her foot on the side of the boat.

"Sit down, pretty one, sit down!" said Cumber. "What will you gain by drowning yourself?"

"I shall escape from you," said Pansy, wildly.

"Sit down, or I shall have to hold you," cried Stephen, grasping her by the hand.

"Oh! don't touch me," moaned the girl, "and I will be quiet!" And she sat down in the furthest corner of the boat.

"Why will you always hate me?" said the persecutor, humbly. "I love you better than life. I would put my hair under your feet."

"I would tread on it, then," said Pansy, wrathfully.

Cumber turned suddenly pale, with a dark, frightful pallor.

"Am I a monster," he said, "that you cannot try to love me?"

"Oh, heaven! give me patience!" cried Pansy. "Have I not told you a dozen times that I am pledged to Roger Endright? Him I love dearly; you I hate and scorn!"

Cumber stopped rowing and bowed his face upon the oar. Pansy sat up erect and looked all along the banks in search of some one who might help her. But there was not a human figure to be seen.

Cumber raised his face, which bore traces of real anguish. "I know I am mad to plead with you," he said, "but you have taken away my spirit and my strength. No woman ever was loved as I have.

loved you, Pansy. I am not a good man; but since I have known you, I have felt that I may yet be something different from what I have been. Pansy, little Pansy—will you take pity on me?"

"You speak of pity," said Pansy—"you —!"

At this moment the figure of Roger Endright caught her eye upon the bank, where he stood gazing frowningly towards the boat. Pansy gave a scream of joy, and stretched her arms towards the land. Cumber uttered a curse, and pulled the oars with all his might.

But Roger flung off his hat, his boots, and was in the river. He swam faster than Cumber pulled, and was soon alongside of the boat, while Pansy stood on the edge of the boat, ready to spring to him into the water: but Roger waved her back, and laid hold of the boat with his hand. Cumber, livid with rage, struck him on the fingers with the oar; now that hand, now this, as Roger kept rapidly shifting them, still drawing the boat nearer, and a little nearer yet to land. He must have crushed Endright's hands, had not Pansy watched her opportunity, and tilted, now one oar and now the other, into the water. And the boat was drawn to land, and Pansy sprang out in a twinkling, and helped Roger up the bank.

"You shall both remember this," said Stephen Cumber. He was standing with folded arms alone in the boat.

"You villain!" cried Roger Endright. "I will settle accounts with you yet."

"No, Roger, no!" said Pansy. "Let him go his way!"

"Yes, I will go my way," said Cumber. "The way I meant to go when I first came here. You may tell Jacob Powderly that Stephen Cumber said so. Tell him that hope is past; that time is up."

Pansy looked over her shoulder back at him, and the colour left her cheeks. "Oh, Roger, what does he mean?" she whispered.

"Mean?" said Roger, boldly. "Why, of course he wants to frighten you." But they both felt at the moment that there was more than idle boast in the stranger's threat.

The next morning, when Pansy had set up her milk in the dairy and fed her poultry in the yard, she went to seek her father, according to counsel received. He was standing at the door of the mill, looking ill and nervous as it had been his custom to look for months past.

"Father, I want to speak to you," said Pansy at his elbow, and the girl's grave face was raised smileless to his own.

"Is it about Stephen Cumber?" asked wretched Jacob Powderly.

"Yes, it is about Stephen Cumber."

"Come this way!" said Jacob. And Roger, who knew of her intention, and was watching at that moment from an upper window of the mill, saw father and daughter disappear into a little private room which Powderly called his counting-house. And Roger watched that

door, off and on, for more than an hour. And all the time it was shut, and no one went out or in.

That hour seemed as long as a year to Roger Endright. At last the door was opened, and Pansy came out. Was it Pansy who came out, or could it be somebody else? Walking with a white, rigid face and staring eyes, her hands stretched stiffly before her, as if she were blind and would feel her way. She passed thus, like a ghost, across the yard to the house.

Roger hurried down from the mill and began a search for her: in the kitchen, the garden, till he found her in the orchard, sitting motionless under an apple-tree.

"Pansy! Pansy! Oh, Pansy! what is the matter?"

Well might the young man cry and shudder to see her. She looked as if she were dead; as if she had died in mortal anguish. Her face was white and stiffened, her lips were writhen and blue. Roger fell on his knees before her, and clasped her round the waist.

"Oh, Pansy! look at me! Breathe, or move, or speak!"

Her eyes relaxed gradually from their hard, unnatural stare, and rested as if by chance upon Roger's impassioned face. She gave a long, quivering scream, and flung herself into his arms.

"Oh, Roger! Roger! Would to God we were both dead!"

"No, love, no, with such a happy life before us!"

"Nothing before us but rage, and hate, and shame. Whisper, Roger, till I tell you."

She whispered low in his ear—hurried, broken sentences—her father's terrible secret—Cumber's horrible claim.

"Oh, Roger, dig my grave, and lay me into it yourself! Do not give me up to him. Oh, Roger, could not you kill me?"

"Hush! hush, my darling! Keep quiet, and I will tell you. I will not give you up: not if the devil should come to drag you out of my arms."

Pansy clung to him and was still for a moment; then she broke forth again: "Oh, Roger! Roger Endright! I can't let father die!"

"May God look to him, Pansy! You and I will not pay for his sin."

Pansy moaned and said nothing. Roger took her by the hand, and they walked the orchard together, back and forward, and round and round, as if they sought at every turn for a cure for the woe of their hearts. The leaves lay thick under foot, scarlet, and orange, and brown; the ripening fruit and changing foliage made a red-gold roofing above their heads. And over and through the landscape shone that lurid, stormy sky which had dyed the river on the night before.

"This happened so long ago," said Roger, "there cannot be any proofs."

"Father says the proofs are there," said Pansy; "and long ago can make no matter."

"Then I tell you what it is," said Roger, "we must help the old man to escape. He shall give this wretch the slip. You and I must hide him."

"But he threatened father if he attempted it," said Pansy; "and he watches our every movement from the windows of the Weeping House."

"Nevertheless, we will do it!" said Roger.

That night the rain began to fall in heavy torrents. Jacob Powderly seemed to have fallen into a kind of stupor, and sat up in the highest room of the mill, watching the rain descending into the river. When the wheel had stopped for the night, Roger went to look for him.

"Father!" he said, touching his shoulder, "I am going to try to save you. As soon as the night is dark enough, you and I shall ride from here. We will make for the town of N——, where I will hide you safely in a cellar, until I find a vessel sailing from the country. I will ride back here before morning, and no one shall even guess where you have gone."

"No, no, let me die," said the old man, apathetically.

"But you shall not die!" cried Roger, stamping with his foot. "Rouse up, old man, and think of your daughter!"

Jacob started, and rose to his feet. "You are right, Roger Endright," he said. "Let us get out of this quickly."

The rain fell and fell. The night was so dark and the water came so thickly from the clouds that it seemed folly to think that movements made at the mill could be seen by any inmate of the Weeping House. All lights were extinguished early as if the household had gone to rest; only one shaded lantern was used at that side of the dwelling which fronted inland. The horses were at the door; Jacob and Roger were muffled, and ready to start; Pansy was hovering round them, stepping about on tip-toe, and wringing her slender hands in a passion of silent suspense. The door was suddenly thrust open, and Stephen Cumber came in, with water dripping from his cloak.

"Not so fast! not so fast!" he cried. "The night's too wet for a journey."

Roger sprang at his throat. "There will be murder done this night by you or me!"

"I do not want your blood!" said Cumber, terrified. "Hands off, man! hands off!"

Pansy flung herself between them. "Father is dead!" she shrieked, in a wild, unearthly note that pierced their ears like a sword. The two men fell apart, and gazed on the prostrate miller. He had fallen flat on the floor, and looked cold and gray as stone. Roger thought for a

moment that it would be well if indeed he were dead. He knelt down quickly, and put his hand on the old man's heart.

"No, he is not dead," he said. "Let us carry your father to his room."

He placed Jacob on his bed, and Pansy sat by his side. Cumber, in the meantime, had put away the horses into the stable, and seated himself at the kitchen hearth to watch the rest of the night. It so chanced that Roger did not go into the kitchen; but when he found that Jacob was better, he returned to his chamber in the mill. He never doubted for a moment that Cumber had run away, and Pansy fastened the doors and sat to watch by her father's side.

The rain fell all night. Very early in the morning, Pansy crept down to the kitchen like a ghost to prepare some food for her father.

Stephen heard her coming, and did not rise from his seat. When Pansy came in at the door and saw him sitting at the fire, a shriek rose to her lips, but she held it bravely back. She looked deathly pale and cold in the dreary dawn as Cumber stood to receive her with a pitiless face. She drew up her slender figure, she threw back her head, her whole form seemed to expand with hatred and scorn. But suddenly she remembered her helplessness; the utter unavailingness of her pride. She shuddered and bowed her head, and sank kneeling at her enemy's feet.

"Oh, have pity! have pity!" she cried. "What good will it do you to bring an old man to death; and what comfort will it be to have a wretched and unhappy wife?"

"Rise!" said Cumber, sullenly. "I won't have you kneeling there. I tell you, Pansy Powderly, my motives are my own concern. I have sworn to make you my wife and to treat you well. I love you better than my life, and I will make you a happy woman. Put your hand in mine, and bid Endright leave the country, and from this to the day of my death you shall never have cause to repent."

Pansy crouched closer to the ground, and did not speak.

"Do you agree?" asked Stephen Cumber, coming a step nearer to her.

"No!" cried Pansy, suddenly, throwing up her hands.

"Then listen to me!" said Cumber, enraged, speaking between his teeth. "My patience is now exhausted, and I will not talk any more. I will give you two whole weeks to think the matter over—two whole weeks to say good-bye to Roger Endright—or to prepare your father for his doom. This is Saturday morning. On this day fortnight I shall expect my final answer. Hang a white handkerchief from your window before six o'clock in the evening. I shall see it from the Weeping House, and shall know what it means. But if darkness should chance to fall, and the signal not be seen—then—then—I will take horse for London, and Jacob Powderly's blood will be on his daughter's head."

Having uttered this threat, the enemy left the house.

The rain fell and fell all through that terrible fortnight. Farmers began to tremble and to talk of the autumn floods. Jacob Powderly got better, and tottered in and out of his mill; and Roger went about his business like a man who was mad or dazed. He knew of Cumber's threat, and the days fled swiftly away. In vain he urged Pansy to fly with him, and leave Cumber to work his worst: for the girl stuck close by her father, although every hour that passed seemed to drain a drop of blood from her heart. Her step got weak and slow; her hands were thin and hot; her face was wasted so small that it looked like the face of a child; her eyes, that had been sweet and roguish, were become gloomy and large and wild. If she saw any white thing flutter she burst into frantic weeping. Her only hope in the world was the thought that she soon must die.

But Roger was a strong young man. All day his thoughts ran on plans for defeating Stephen Cumber. He thought of killing him in that lonely Weeping House; but his soul shrank from the crime, and he was not the stuff for a murderer. He thought of another effort at escape; but the old man refused to move, and they could not drag him away against his will. Of one thing Roger was sure—Pansy should not be Cumber's wife, while he, Endright, lived.

And meantime the rains fell. The river had risen high. The country was soaked with water. Cumber was sometimes to be seen smoking his pipe among the trees on the opposite side of the river, heedless of the rain, but not daring to cross the stream. The dreaded Saturday came round. Pansy had been so ill the day before that she had been obliged to keep her bed; but on Saturday morning she arose. The mill stopped work early; and late in the afternoon Pansy went toiling up the creaky stairs to where Roger sat alone. It was very high up, the highest chamber of the mill, and the window looked on the river and over the country for miles. Roger was sitting at the window, his arms spread upon the sill, his face buried in his arms. A terrible tempest of hate, and love, and despair was raging in the young man's soul.

"Roger!" whispered Pansy, creeping to his knees, and clinging to them. "Oh, Roger! Roger!"

"What is the use of coming to me, Pansy? You know what you are going to do."

She made no answer, but stooped and kissed his feet passionately.

"Roger, did you ever see a fellow-creature hanged: not your own father, but the wretchedest fellow-creature?"

"No, Pansy, no! God pity you, my poor love!"

"Oh, Roger, look at me—for I have come to bid you good-bye."

He raised his haggard face. He caught her in his arms, and folded her to his breast.

"It shall not be good-bye. I swear before my God that it must not be good-bye."

"It must, love, it must. Roger, promise me that you will never see me again: not until I am dying. But don't go far away—not very far, I mean—for I shall send for you on my death-bed."

"Listen to me, Pansy! I know that I shall kill him. Take courage and defy him, and let him do his worst. His power may not be so terrible as you think."

"Roger, do not tempt me. I am sick, I am weak." She leaned heavily on his shoulder, and a cold dew came over her face. He held her up half swooning on his arms. Suddenly a bell rang in the distance, away out in the fields: a pleasant, clear bell, which was wont to ring in the evenings, to tell all weary labourers that the toil of day was done. It was called the bell of six o'clock, and time had been when Pansy had smiled to hear its voice, singing out its song of rest to the tired world. Now it tolled like her knell of death. She uttered a sharp, wild cry, and flung herself from Roger's arms, fled down the creaky stairs, and across the dusty floors, out of the mill. She regained her own little chamber, white, frantic, tearless, and leaned out of her window. The water had risen quite near to her, it was strangely, fearfully near; but the girl did not think it odd. She only thought that it would be very easy to reach it, to slip away into its depths, and escape from the anguish of life. She crept up on the sill and touched the waters with her foot. It was horribly inviting. Roger was no more to her for ever; a minute would snatch her from the enemy and give her rest. It was now beginning to get dark, yet she could see the Weeping House gleaming in the distance; she could see the rows of trees, and could faintly descry the path by which Cumber should ride towards London.

Rest! Again she touched the water with unshrinking foot. One slight movement downwards, and she was gone. Ah! but would Roger come to meet her in that dreadful grave in which an angry Creator must bury her rebel soul? Should she fly from the servant of evil to give herself to his Master? Must she fling herself into darkness when only a little patience would carry her on to heaven? No—she would cling to God! She drew back her foot. It was now utterly dark. Suddenly there came a sound like horses' feet beating the opposite side of the river. Cumber was setting out on his journey. She gave a faint cry, tore the kerchief from her bosom, tied it to the window-frame, and let it stream out on the night. Roger at his upper window heard the cry, strained out over the sill, and saw the white signal fluttering down below. At the same moment fifty lights sprang up in the Weeping House. Cumber had been on the watch,

and this sudden illumination was his answer to Pansy's sign. The river swelled and swelled; smooth, treacherous, and silent; the lights twinkled in its bosom: the glittering Weeping House was reflected in its face. Roger shut his window. Pansy's head began to reel, and the sight went out of her eyes, she rocked to-and-fro, and stretched her hands out blindly, trying to save herself. Then she swung back heavily into her chamber.

After a long, death-like swoon, Pansy's senses returned to her. Something was bearing her up; her father's arm, or Roger's? She raised her hand and let it fall, and then there was the splash of water. Oh, heaven! she was in the river. She had then flung herself into the river after all! Oh! wicked and impatient, so to fly in the face of God. She should never now see her love, in this world nor the next. Death was now at her side; death was freezing her heart; a minute more and her spark of life must be extinguished. And then the dreadful *To Come*. Oh! that terrible shore of Eternity to which these waters were bearing her.

She was too weak to struggle. Thoughts drifted through her mind, as her body drifted on the flood; she muttered some childlike prayers, and thought of forgiveness. She opened her eyes at last, looking death in the face, and saw the dim, gray sky brooding overhead—a dim, sullen sky in which she could see neither star nor angel. Despair seized on her heart, and she closed her eyes once more.

Some sound fell on her ear, like the thud of an oar; and then a wild, strained cry, a cry like a woman's shriek from a man's voice—"Pansy, oh, Pansy!" A long, hopeless call.

Pansy struggled to cry, as the truth flashed through her brain. The flood had come; the water had swept her from her chamber; Roger was seeking to save her, and she could not lift her voice. This, indeed, increased the agony of her dying.

A fierce desire for life took possession of her heart, and brought her voice to her lips. She made a shrill, prolonged cry, and, at the same time, raised a white, gleaming arm. Roger heard and saw; he gave a long, glad reply. She heard his voice talking in the distance: he was praying aloud; and this music frightened death from her veins. Something dark came alongside of her; something that was a boat. And Roger bent over her, and raised her dripping out of the water.

"Oh, Roger, where is father?—and Bab?"

"Safe at the bottom of the boat. Now to keep alive till the waters begin to fall."

The rains were now over; the dull sky broke up, and the moon came out, looking on an awful picture. A vast world of waters, a sea without any shore: here and there the top of a tall tree or the chimneys of a hidden house. The upper storey of the mill still rose above the

flood, and also that of the Weeping House. As the moon shone out, its light fell full upon the chimneys of the latter, and on a row of narrow windows under the roof. Cumber's dwelling was about a hundred yards from the boat, and as the light revealed it to the lovers, their eyes suddenly met. The same thought flashed into both their minds.

"Roger, we must save him," said Pansy, speaking first.

"I swear I will not save him. Let him die."

"Oh, Roger! don't let us be murderers!"

There was a long silence, during which good and evil wrestled fiercely in Roger's heart. Meantime, he guided the boat carefully, for there was danger on every side. The tide kept floating it nearer to the Weeping House, as if some strong, pitying angel had got the helm.

"No, I am not a murderer!" muttered Roger at last. "In God's name, he shall have his chance!"

The boat came close to the windows of the Weeping House. Roger smashed the glass with his oar, and shouted loud and long into the building.

"Hallo! hallo! Are you there, Stephen Cumber?"

Pansy shuddered as the call died away, expecting to hear a dreaded voice in reply. But no sound followed; nothing broke the ghastly and utter stillness of the night. Once more Roger shouted; again, and yet again; but there was no living creature to make reply from the Weeping House.

These lovers were only human, and an awful sense of relief flooded their hearts. They did not dare to speak, gladness seemed so guilty; but they felt that God had removed their enemy even whilst they had unwillingly tried to save him.

"You see it is no use," said Roger. "The man is either drowned or he left home last night—before the flood began."

Here was a new and terrible thought, which swept all the half-guilty gladness out of their souls.

The waters began to fall. Roger made sure of this by watching their mark on the walls of the house. He fastened the boat by the window, and protected it from passing rubbish with his oar. A long hour passed, and the waters had plainly sunk. Then Roger took the framework out of the window by their side, and helped Pansy and her father and the old woman into the attic of the Weeping House. And there they remained in safety until the sun shone over the ruins that the flood had made.

Stephen Cumber was found drowned in his bedroom on the lowest floor of the Weeping House. Jacob Powderly did not long outlive the wetting and the terror of that awful night; but he died in his daughter's arms, and not on a scaffold.

That flood did serious damage in the country; crops were swept to destruction, walls were carried away; many lives were lost, and many a home was ruined. There was scarcely a vestige left of Powderly's Mill; age had sapped its foundations, and the water had crumbled it away. When Roger and Pansy Endright stood hand in hand, man and wife, there was but little of the goods of this world which they called their own; yet they did not grumble at this in their profound thankfulness. They had life, and health, and industry, and a fair and honoured name.

THE END.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

ON Ida's mount, as poets sing,
Where gentle zephyrs faint and die,
'Mid king ferns and anemonies
Reclined the royal shepherd boy.

He lay beside a lonely tarn,
Set like a jewel on the mountain,
And gazed upon the star-like flowers
Reflected in the silver fountain.

A sudden fragrance loads the air,
The gleaming peak of Ida flushes,
And 'neath a flood of rosy light
The conscious mirror pants and blushes.

He looks, and lo! three glorious forms
Upon the fountain's margin stand;
The wild flowers kiss their feet, and twine
Submissive round each god-like hand.

Stern dignity, and queenly power,
And haughty insolence of will,
Beam in great Juno's lustrous eyes,
Like sunrise on th' Ionian hill—

Eyes, whose cold refulgence never
Yet was mellowed by a tear,
That tell of pride too deep for passion,
And conscious strength not knowing fear.

To fires that flash from Juno's eyes
His loving heart no throb returns,
But from Athene's thoughtful orbs
A deeper, holier radiance burns.

Upon her calm, reflective brow
Wisdom majestic sits enthroned,
And her disparted lips breathe forth
Mute eloquence and lore profound.

And grace is hers, and dignity,
And marble stillness, perfect ease
As when in dreams she stood before
Her Phidias and Praxiteles.

Too calm, too cold! Her tranquil smile
His measured pulses cannot move;
The wisdom of the head, not heart,
He views with reverence, not with love.

Another comes : she who till now
Had stood retired and half unseen
With timid and reluctant step
Moves into light, the Paphian Queen.

The veins beneath her golden hair
Seem fraught with liquid fire within;
Their throbbing pulses, as they swell,
Cast shadows on her pearly skin.

One upward, thrilling look of love,
Passion and shame together blending,
On him she casts, then stands confused
With blushing brow, and eye down bending.

Through every fibre of his heart
The life-blood dances as it flies;
He bows before her lightning glance,
The fervour of her downcast eyes.

Before the power of mighty Love
He shades his brow, and bends his knee,
And thus unconsciously proclaims
A deep and subtle mystery.

We love not truly if we fear—
Wisdom we reverence, not adore—
But Wisdom, Power, and Eloquence
Abide with Love for evermore.

Yes, Wisdom dwells with faithful Love,
And Power still lurks in Beauty's eyes;
Wisdom is fair, and Power is strong,
When linked with human sympathies.

CATHOLIC ASPECTS OF MR. TENNYSON'S POETRY.

BY THE REV. JOHN HEALY.

AMONGST the writings of the great African apologist is a short treatise which he calls "The Testimony of the Soul," wherein he endeavours to prove that the soul is naturally Christian—*anima naturaliter Christiana*. With that invincible logic, which, though it could not save himself from error, brought millions to the Church, he shows that the human soul, when unschooled in the discipline of error, by its feelings, tendencies, and aspirations, bears testimony to the truth of the fundamental dogmas of Christianity. In a somewhat similar sense, we think, it may be shown that, at least among Christians, the poet's soul is naturally Catholic; that is to say, it frequently bears unwilling and sometimes unconscious testimony to the truth and beauty of the doctrines, rites, and practices of the Catholic Church. But as this statement is by no means self-evident, we will take the liberty of developing it at some length.

Edgar Allen Poe, one of the most gifted of the Lost Sons of Genius, tells us that "Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem," and he adds, "that pleasure which is the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure, is found in the contemplation of the Beautiful." This last statement, in its highest sense, can hardly be questioned, at least by those who believe, as all Catholics do, that the essential happiness of heaven consists in the unveiled contemplation of

the Beauty of the Divine Essence. So also in created things it is only natural that the highest and purest pleasure should be found in the contemplation of those forms of Beauty which, after all, are only the dim reflection of the Uncreated Beauty of God. According to this theory, Truth is the gratification of the intellect, Virtue the perfection of the will, Passion the excitement of the heart; but the soul contemplates, and is elevated and pleased by the contemplation of the Beautiful; and this pleasurable excitement is what pleases in genuine poetry. This doctrine is not very abstruse, and appears to us substantially correct; but it needs some explanation. By the "Soul" we presume the writer means man's emotional nature; then his theory is not different, except in words, from that of a recent critic who maintains that the function of art, especially poetic art, is "to quicken our life into a higher consciousness through the feelings." The poet's soul is not only keenly perceptive, but vividly emotional; in him thought and feeling are indissolubly blended "like two streams of incense free from one censer," or like the solidity and grace of some grand old Gothic cathedral which are separable in the abstract, but cannot be disjoined in the concrete fact. "Beauty," too, must be understood in a wide, substantive sense; for the Good, and the True, and the Human, are also beautiful, and as such belong to that fair and bright domain which is the region of the poet's birth:

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
 With golden stars above;
 Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
 The love of love.
 He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
 He saw through his own soul.
 The marvel of the everlasting will,
 An open scroll,
 Before him lay—"

Understood in this sense, the Beautiful is the sole legitimate province of the poem, but it is mental, or ideal beauty, beauty of thought expressed in melodious language. Art in all its various forms deals with the Beautiful. It is the sculptor's purpose to produce shapes of beauty in bronze or marble; the painter does the same in colours; the musician by sounds; the poet in measured language. Thus the purpose of all art is "to quicken our life into a higher consciousness," the means employed is the contemplation of the Beautiful, the artists only differ in the material *ex qua* which is peculiar to each. Thought and its organ, language, is the subtlest and most plastic material from which the poet moulds his forms of enduring beauty, first conceived in his own mind, and then reproduced, so that we can perceive his perception. Hence, the Greeks, who seldom misnamed anything, called this artist the "poet" *par excellence*, that is, the

“creator,” and exactly in proportion to his power of creation or mental vision is the perfection of his poetry. Metre and rhyme are mere accidentals, adding, indeed, to the finish and mental pleasure, but not essential to genuine poetry. Hence, Sir Philip Sydney’s “Arcadia” and Fénelon’s “Télémaque” have always been regarded as prose poems of great beauty, nor is there anything like metre in Walt Whitman’s democratic effusions. But the poet must be a *Seer*; in the exercise of his art he roams through the universe searching for the beautiful; and when he finds it, he endeavours, according to the measure of his gift, to reproduce it. And not alone in the various aspects of external nature, in the lights of heaven, the changeful sea, the voices of the streams, the songs of the birds, and the rich vesture of summer woods, does the poet find fitting themes for lofty flights of imagination—these are only as the shadow to the substance in comparison with the fairer and more substantial beings of the moral universe, and it requires a far keener vision and diviner gift, to discover and reproduce them. Here, especially, the poet must be “dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love;” he must fathom the inmost depths of the human soul, and be able to throw light on the hidden things of darkness. In the drama he depicts the great actions of kings and heroes, weaving with cross purposes the fateful web of human woe; on the lyre he strikes the chords of individual passion; but it is in the lofty epic he must put forth his highest strength, when some all-engrossing theme of momentous issues is developed, brimful of interest to generations and kingdoms yet unborn.

Thus, the poet scans the whole moral and material universe; he even dares, in what is sometimes an impious gaze, to lift his eyes to the Infinite, and fathom the mysteries of the Divine Economy. He sees, or fancies he sees, “the marvel of the everlasting will an open scroll before him lie.” He cannot well do without some form of religion; if he has not that revealed by God, he will make one to suit his own purposes, a strange admixture of truth and error, interwoven primarily with a view to artistic effect, in which the bright rays will gleam through palpable darkness. He will put up with such transparent shams as the “Religion of Culture,” or of Humanity, or some other entity, which will best suit his purposes. But when all the tracts of earth and heaven sweep before his inward eye, there is one thing of light and beauty which must cross his field of vision. The City on the Mountain cannot quite be hidden. If the Catholic Church has “imperious dogma,” she has also “tender humanities;” and if the imperious dogma is repulsive to the pride of intellect, the fair humanities will attract the sympathies of the artistic soul. He will not, indeed, have the full, clear vision of a believer; the lines of light will be lost or deflected in their passage through the turbid medium of

ignorance or prejudice; but he will, at least, get isolated glimpses, though he cannot realise the perfect harmony of her lineaments and the fullness of her radiant beauty. Somewhat like the Chaldean Seers of old, who with naked eye mapped out in their own bright skies the courses of the larger planets, the far darting glance of genius may perceive many things hidden from the vulgar gaze, but it needs the telescopic power of faith to reveal with precision the marvellous harmony of the spiritual world. Yet the genuine poet, even with the light of reason alone, will see many things to admire in the Church—the suitability of her doctrines to the wants of human nature, the majesty of her ritual, the beauty of that holiness which clings to her like a garment; and seeing he must sing, for it is his nature. As the trees burst into bloom when the quickening spring breathes upon them, the poet will burst into song when brought face to face with things of beauty.

We might illustrate our meaning by quotations from Shakspeare, from the puritanic Milton, and the scoffing Byron, but we shall content ourselves with producing a few passages from Mr. Tennyson in support of our doctrine. In him, indeed, we ought to distinguish two distinct phases of the poetic spirit—we had almost said two distinct poets. We have little sympathy with Mr. Tennyson, as the Teacher of the Present, or the Prophet of the Future. We cannot, as he seems to do, regard the mind of man as either self-sustaining or self-controlling without aid from above. The sorely-tempted soul can surely find better reasons against self-destruction than are put forward in the "Two Voices;" indeed, in that colloquy the still small voice, that urges annihilation as a refuge from the withering palsy, seems to have the best of the argument. All the poet's mind seems clouded with dark doubts about the future; he has no certain hope of an immortal life beyond the grave; he does not even urge Plato's argument that the soldier must not leave his post without the general's order. If selfish considerations of a purely natural order were the best reasons against the "still small voice," better than palsy or dishonour to many minds would be Cato's "*nobile letum*."

Neither can we admit that it is man's highest destiny in the future, to

"Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun—"

Or that his loftiest aspirations should be to

"See the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

All this is excellent in its way, but it must not be the be-all and end-all of human existence. Material progress is good, but we cannot

make it our god; "the dread anatomy of culture," as George Eliot calls it, would stifle every spiritual aspiration, and carries with it into the bright regions of poetic fancy the odours of the dissecting-room. It may be the highest purpose of our lives in the estimation of this nineteenth century civilization, but, most assuredly, material and scientific progress is not inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount, as the *summum bonum* of human existence. Mr. Tennyson, indeed, inculcates in his poetry reverence for Law, Order, Duty, and Obedience; the perfection of his ideal hero consists in "self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control." Arthur, the blameless king, "reverences his conscience as his king," and this supremacy of conscience, sometimes painful but always salutary, is as a shield to arm a man against himself. But the poet's Law is without a sanction, his Order has no standard of perfection, and there can be no Duty, but mere expediency, when there is no Supreme Will to impose an obligation. He perceives, indeed, the exquisite symmetry of the bridge of social perfection, but he forgets the foundations on which it reposes, and the keystone which gives it strength.

Not so, however, in the cycle of Arthurian poems; there Mr. Tennyson shows himself a far different, and, we think, much superior artist, because he has before him a loftier ideal. We suppose the poet has no Catholic sympathies, but he is too faithful to the instincts of his art not to perceive the grandeur and moral beauty of those old Catholic times, and too honest not to reproduce them faithfully. Here he is the poet of a romantic past in which the spirit of religious chivalry solders that goodly fellowship of famous knights, inspiring them with lofty purpose and unselfish daring. Not, indeed, unmoved by passion, or unstained by crime, are all the members of Arthur's court, but in this they are only the mirror of the mighty world, in which the tares and wheat will always grow together; and even Launcelot and the guilty queen know how to wash away the soilure of their souls in the fountains of true repentance.

But in Arthur himself and the maiden knight, Sir Galahad, the poet has created the fairest ideals of romantic chivalry, and endowed them with that spiritual vitality, which it is the gift of the Catholic Church alone to breathe into living souls. One will search in vain the records of Protestant kings for any monarch like Arthur, but the prototype may be found in Edward, the Confessor-king, or still better in St. Louis of France, the brave, the chaste, the chivalrous, a hero who led a blameless life like Arthur, and died even a nobler death. The institution of the military orders has been generally misunderstood and misrepresented, but Mr. Tennyson has caught up the spirit that animated the Church, and expresses her ideas and her purpose in glowing language. That a soldier of the cross should be chaste as well as brave, that he should give the undivided service of his heart

and sword to the King whose standard he followed, was the idea of the Church. Like St. Paul, she holds that marriage divides the mind; "for the unmarried man is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God, but he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and *he is divided*." (1 Cor. 7, 32.) This undivided service the Church demands from her priests, from her monks and nuns, even from her soldiers, and in Sir Galahad we have her ideal of a militant knight exactly realised:—

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

Other knights may seek to win the fickle favour of the Queen of the Tournament:—

"But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor lady's hand in mine;
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill,
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will."

We fear there is now-a-days some inconsistency between the ideas of soldier and saint, and that martial prowess is seldom associated with purity of heart. We have no large-souled heroes of the ancient type, like the Godfreys, and Bayards, and La Valettes, those lustrous stars shining in the firmament of the "dark ages" with a glory that cannot die. With better reason than even old Caxton we may ask, "O ye knyghtes of England, where is the custome and usage of noble chyvalry that was used in those days? what do ye now but go to the baynes and play at dyse? And some not well advysed use not honest and good rule again alle ordre of knyghthode; leve this, leve it, and rede the noble volumes of Saant graal, of lancelot, of galaad, of trytam, of perseforest, of Percyual, of gawayn, and many more. There shall ye see manhode, curtesye, and gentylness."

Mr. Tennyson has indeed left us a noble volume of the Holy Grail, in which he shows us manhood, courtesy, gentleness, and faith—qualities, some of which at least, are fast dying out amongst the knights of England and of Europe too. The healing virtue of the Holy Cup, its miraculous vision hidden from an unbelieving world, and vouchsafed only to pure and holy souls, the Quest vainly undertaken by the sensual and frivolous, but successfully accomplished by the "just and faithful knight of God," are all the poetic expression of

Catholic doctrines. The holy nun first beholds the Cup of healing who

“ — prayed and fasted, till the sun
Shone, and the wind blew thro’ her, and I thought
She might have risen and floated when I saw her.”

And her eyes seemed to the beholders

“ Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them, beautiful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness.”

This pale nun, unstained by any sin, devoted to the silent life of prayer, ardently longing for the cleansing of the wicked world, tells her brother, Percival, how she saw the Holy Grail:—

“ For waked at dead of night, I heard a sound
As of a silver horn from o’er the hills
Blown, and then
Streamed through my cell a cold and silver beam,
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed
With rosy colours leaping on the wall.”

And one there was amongst the knights of Arthur, Sir Galahad, “ who ever moved amongst them in white armour,” to him she told her vision; and when he heard the wondrous tale, his eyes became, like her own, filled with spiritual light.

“ And she, the wan sweet maiden, shore away
Clean from her forehead all the wealth of hair,
Which made a silken network for her feet.”

And out of this she platted him a strong sword-belt, with the Holy Grail inwrought in crimson colours. Thus armed in faith and purity, he went forth on the quest at her bidding, steadfast of purpose and patient of toil, nor ceased he till God crowned him king “ far in the spiritual city.” And all Arthur’s knights, bound by solemn vow, set forth on this quest a twelvemonth and a day; but their hearts were not clean and their motives were not holy, so they were led away by wandering fires, and all their toilsome searching was in vain. Only Sir Percivale the Pure, obtained a passing glimpse of the Holy Cup, and then returning, left the court and tournament,

“ And passed into the silent life of prayer,
Praise, fast, and alms, and leaving for the cowl
The helmet in an abbey far away
From Camelot, there and not long after died.”

It will be seen from these extracts not only that the Holy Grail gives spiritual life to the worthy communicants, but that the poet

recognises in prayer, and fasting, and alms, a cleansing efficacy which is quite new to the Protestant mind.

St. Paul orders women to veil their heads in the Church "propter angelos," and some commentators understand the reference to be to the invisible angels who surround the altar in adoration when Christ comes down from heaven at the moment of consecration. The maiden knight "saw the fiery face as of a child that smote itself into the Bread," not unattended, however, for, as it is elsewhere expressed,

"A gentle sound! an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail,
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail."

Not alone in this noble poem but frequently elsewhere, Mr. Tennyson gives eloquent expression to Catholic ideas. The queen-dom of the Blessed Virgin over angels and men, her intercessory power, and, above all, her compassionate sympathy for sinful or sorrow-laden souls, are frequently referred to. The filial love and confidence of the Catholic heart is very truthfully portrayed in "*Mariana in the South*." The desolate maiden appeals to her "sweet mother" in heaven with all the endearing epithets familiar to the Irish heart. "Ave Maria, made she moan," "before Our Lady murmured she," "Mother, give me grace to help me of my weary load." Perhaps the Commissioners of National Education would not object to insert this beautiful poem in their books instead of "*Mariana in the Moated Grange*," to which it is far superior in melody and tenderness.

According to the Catholic idea the Church is one great family embracing all holy souls in heaven, on earth, and in purgatory, with Jesus Christ as their Living Head diffusing vital energy through all the members, and making of all the Church one complete and perfectly developed organism. There is, consequently, an intimate union between all the members of this mystic body, partially maintained by faith and hope, but perfected by charity. And there is not only union but communion, from which necessarily results in a living body inter-communication, maintained by sympathy, charity, and fellowship in good works: "*Si quid patitur unum membrum, compatiuntur omnia membra; sive gloriatur unum membrum congaudent omnia membra.*" Unprotestant, indeed, is this theory, but very natural, or rather very supernatural, and very beautiful, as the poet partially expresses it in the words of the dying Arthur to Sir Bedivere,

"But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Neither is the poet insensible to the majesty and beauty of Catholic worship. Not in a conventicle, with a wooden table for an altar, and bare white walls like a workhouse, can God be most fittingly worshipped. "Snowy altar-cloths," "tapers burning fair," "silver vessels sparkling clean," the music of shrill sounding bells, the organ's rolling harmony, censers swinging incense-clouds to heaven, make the appropriate ritual for the gorgeous shrines of the poet's imagination. Indeed, that spirit of scepticism and negation, which would substitute individual opinion for the certainty of Catholic faith, has proved utterly destructive, not only of poetry, but of all the other fine arts. The sceptic's "hollow smile" and the sophist's "frozen sneer" are deadly to the bloom of poetry, nor does Mr. Tennyson disdain to sprinkle "holy water" in order to hedge in the sanctuary of the poet's mind from their blighting influence. In this respect he proves himself true to Catholic and artistic instincts, for the Church makes poetry and the fine arts her handmaidens in the worship of God. If He is entitled to man's homage and service at all, He is entitled to the loftiest efforts of his genius. Hence it is the Church uses poetry and music in her services; the niches of her temples are filled with the sculptor's noblest works; in her storied windows she tells simple souls the history of holy lives, or melts them into penitential sorrow by holding up before their eyes the memorials of our Saviour's passion. She avails herself of every aid to raise men's thoughts from earth to heaven, and all the more willingly because these forms of holiness and beauty pre-eminently become the House of God, who is the Author of all holiness and of all beauty. Nor does she fear that these things will in aught divert the simplest minds from the Creator to the creature; the process is quite the reverse. The same feelings which make a child kiss the mother's picture, prompt a Christian to kiss the sacred symbol of man's redemption, and bow the knee before the sculptured saint. And here again the poet's soul, naturally Catholic, testifies in our favour. When the people are represented as crowding round St. Simeon Stylites, and kneeling at the foot of his penitential pillar, at first in his humility he dissuades them:—

"Good people, you do ill to kneel me;
What is it I can have done to merit this?"

But correcting himself a moment after he adds—

"Yet do not rise; for you may look on me,
And in your looking you may kneel to God."

Exactly. Catholics praying to saints for their intercession, or kneeling before the images of Christ and his saints, look on these holy memorials, and "in their looking kneel to God," and to Him alone, as the Author of grace and mercy. Indeed, this beautiful poem on St. Simeon Stylites is far from being penned in the scoffing spirit of those who cannot understand the things of the Spirit of God. With wonderful fidelity the poet perceives the true significance of that extraordinary life of superhuman austerity, and sounds the depth of self-abasement which prompted all his acts. Even when purified by thrice ten years of penance he still considered himself—

"From scalp to sole, one slough and crust of sin,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils—"

Mr. Tennyson's wide-eyed vision of the majesty and power of the Church is well exhibited in the language of Cardinal Pole in "Queen Mary."* A friend, who has a keen appreciation of Mr. Tennyson's poetry, brought to our notice the following beautiful passage:—

"When did our Rome tremble?
The Church on Peter's rock? Never! I have seen
A pine in Italy that cast its shadow
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the pine.
The cataract shook the shadow. To my mind
The cataract typed the headlong plunge and fall
Of heresy to the pit; the pine was Rome.
You see, my Lords,
It was the shadow of the Church that trembled."

These be tropes, as Gardiner said, but tropes that gracefully clothe the naked truth of the Church's enduring power and unchanging doctrine. To men who rapidly glide down the stream she may seem to tremble or to change, but it is only her shadow flickering on the water which they see. Because, the Church does not go down with them in the wild career of headlong plunges, which they call progress, she is, forsooth, behind the age and unsuited to the times. But the ages roll on to the ocean of infinitude, and the Church remains firmly rooted in the solid rock. Not, indeed, without growth and development, for the mustard-tree yearly throws out new branches and affords a wider shelter to the birds of heaven; but its growth is from within, the germ of every new branch and blossom was in the seedling when first cast into the soil.

[* How closely, however, Mr. Tennyson follows in this drama the atrociously prejudiced and inaccurate history of Mr. Froude has been well brought out by Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C., in an article contributed to our fourth Volume (pp. 572-587) on Sir Aubrey de Vere's "Mary Tudor" and Mr. Tennyson's "Queen Mary."—Ed. I. M.]

On the whole, we must allow that Mr. Tennyson has a large and appreciative sympathy for "the tender humanities of the Catholic Church," and we must do him the justice to say that prejudice has not dimmed the brightness of his vision, nor scepticism chilled the warmth of his poetic emotions.

WINGED WORDS.

1. A wise man, lately taken from us, Mr. Walter Bagehot, once quoted to me some words which I do not remember ever having seen in print, which owe their origin, I think, like many other noteworthy things, to Dr. Newman: "When we have stated our terms and cleared our ground, all argument is generally either superfluous or fruitless."—*M. E. Grant Duff.*

2. Ye stand the nearest to God, ye little ones! The smallest planet is nearest to the sun.—*John Paul Richter.*

3. Nothing leads to the loss of liberty more certainly than licence and defiance of law and order.—*Dr. W. C. Magee.*

4. He who puts off repentance till to-morrow has a day more to repent of and a day less to repent in.—*Anon.*

5. He blamed mothers severely who lazily allow themselves to be made slaves of by their children. "Selfishness is worse for their health than little hardships," he used to say, "and even if it were not so, they had better die than grow up selfish."—*Mrs. George Boole.*

6. Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.—*Joubert.*

7. What is marvellous in the saints is not their miracles but their conduct. Give credence at least to their conduct, for nothing is better attested.—*The Same.*

8. Ideas never lack words; it is the words that lack ideas. As soon as an idea is fully perfected, the word presents itself and clothes the idea.—*The Same.*

9. In order to read with fruit, the attention must be rendered so firm that it sees ideas just as the eye sees bodies.—*The Same.*

10. All good verses are like impromptus made at leisure.—*The Same.*

11. Spite and ill-nature are among the most expensive luxuries in life.—*Brunel.*

12. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.—*Richard Sharp.*

13. Manners are the shadows of virtues.—*Sidney Smith.*

14. Manners are the fruit of noble nature and of loyal mind.—*Tennyson.*

15. Some men, nursers of their wrath, cannot be satisfied until they get it into the concrete. They can't say, "Confound it!"—they must be able to say, "Confound him, them, or you!"—*Colonel Lockhart.*

16. It is only those who are ready to give up, who can hope to receive.—*L. B. Walford.*

17. All true reputation begins and ends in the opinions of a man's intimate friends. He is what they think him, and in the last result will be thought to be so.—*Haslitt.*

18. Never be afraid to give up your best to God, and He will give you his better.—*James Hinton.*

19. A coffin is a private box with which we are all presented when the curtain rises on eternity.

20. Avarice is any attempt to spend less than double one's income.

21. The future is past thinking about for the present.

22. Idleness is a common very pleasant to stray over, but on which only geese and donkeys live.

23. Ridicule is the ogre that keeps so many good resolutions in prison.

24. Pertness is the wit of the ignorant; and whims are flies that buzz about in the empty chambers of the brain.

[These six last thoughts we find in the note-book of a friend who attributes them to *Tomahawk.*]

25. I have never been able to discover that a man is at all the worse for being attacked. One foolish line of his own does him more harm than the ablest pamphlets written against him by other people.—*Macaulay.*

26. No man was ever written down except by himself.—*Bentley.*

27. Toleration in the Church, of anything opposed to the principles of the Church, ceases to be toleration, and becomes indifference.—*Gerald Fitzgibbon, jun., Q. C.*

28. There is no great difficulty in being tolerant towards those who are far off. The difficulty regards those who are near.—*Canon Smith.*

29. The waves which dash upon the shore are one by one broken; but yet the ocean conquers after all.—*Anon.*

NOTES ON NORTH ITALY.

BY NATHANAEL COLGAN.

IV.—VENICE.*

First impressions of Venice—Gondola navigation—The Doge's Palace—Tintoretto's Descent from the Cross—Fra Mauro's mappamondo—The Venetian Academy—A day in a Gondola and a visit to the Monastery of San Lazzaro.

It would be impossible for even the most cold-hearted of mortals to look on Venice for the first time without feeling the current of his blood quickening. It was an exciting moment when, at about five o'clock this evening (Sept. 18th), the train in which I had started from Bologna at mid-day steamed out with a shrill warning whistle on to the long arched causeway which carries the railway line across the Laguna from the mainland to the islands of Venice. The passengers in the second-class compartment with me seemed to be all strangers to Venice. First there was the inevitable honeymoon couple—this time a young Frenchman with his wan-looking bride, homeward bound from Rome to Paris; then there was a prosperous-looking, dogmatical canon from Bologna; and finally—the life and soul of the party—a round, bullet-headed, fiery, earnest, warm-hearted little Neapolitan who, as he told us, had started from Naples the day before, and was now travelling “through” to Venice. The little Neapolitan varied the monotony of the five hours’ journey from Bologna by fierce wranglings with the canon about the merest trifles, and by tooth and nail onslaughts, equally fierce, on a pair of cold chickens which he carried with him wrapped up in a copy of the *Fanfulla di Roma*. But no sooner had the distant towers and domes of Venice come into sight, starting up from the very surface of the glassy-smooth Laguna and blushing with the warm crimson tints of sunset, than we all jumped to our feet and crowded round the carriage-windows to gaze on the historic islands and catch sight of our first gondola. “Ah, there she is! *Bella Venezia!*” burst from the lips of the enthusiastic little Neapolitan, as he jerked his polished chicken-bones far into the Adriatic, plugged his half-emptied wine flask, clapped on his straw hat, and leant out of the window while the train steamed slowly across the Laguna. Five minutes more, and I jumped on to the platform of

*The original plan of this series has been departed from by the insertion of the present paper. The only excuse I can offer for this breach of faith to the readers of the *IRISH MONTHLY* is the one already offered in the footnote to No. 2 of the series, on Florence.—N. C.

the Venice terminus, and passing out from the doorway stood at last on the banks of the Grand Canal.

What a contrast to the ordinary railway station! No long rows of cabs and omnibuses, with curious deformities in horse-flesh; but instead, a serried line of funereal, black-hulled gondolas, drawn up with their shining iron beaks a few yards from the station door at the margin of the smooth canal. The bronzed gondoliers, as they strove madly for a front place at the risk of "ramming" each other down with their knife-edged iron prows, yelled and flourished their oars like the commodores of an African war-fleet on the Lualaba. But as soon as he had made lawful prize of some agitated father of a family, a portly Briton, perhaps, oppressed with luggage and fluttered round by a bevy of grown-up daughters, the tempest of the gondolier's soul would be magically stilled; he would settle down gravely to his oar, and with long, powerful strokes, send his gondola shooting up the Grand Canal, his brain, perhaps, busy calculating the net fare of the trunks and grown-up daughters packed amidships. On such occasions, the solitary unit, with no luggage worthy of the name, must only wait until things have found their level, until, the big fish having been caught, the small fry rise into sudden importance. There was not long to wait, however. In less than five minutes I secured a gondola, and seated on its immaculate white cushions beneath the shelter of its canvas awning, went gently gliding up the broad canal.

The first thing that strikes a stranger in Venice is, perhaps, the peculiar silence that lies over the city. It is not the silence of desolation; for the canals are alive with barges and gondolas, stealing along or flashing to and fro with their noisy oarsmen. It is rather a background of silence, against which every sound stands out with as startling distinctness as the plash of a stone in a lonely mountain-locked tarn. The dull, monotonous hum from the traffic of a thousand streets which hangs over most great cities like a deadening cloud, absorbing and blunting each individual sound, is altogether wanting in Venice with her watery highways. The dipping of an oar, the cries of the boatmen in the far distance, the lapping of the water against the prow of a gondola, such sounds as these, confined as in a funnel between the double lines of lofty buildings, glide along the smooth surface of the canals through the silence of the air and strike on the ear with strange sharpness. Walk out alone along some high-lying open country road some hours after night-fall on a clear frosty night in February, and when you are far removed from town or village, stop, and note how distinctly in the deep silence the tinkling of a tiny drain by the roadside, the jolting of a heavy cart-wheel miles distant, or the sound of far-off human voices strikes on your ear, and you can understand the peculiar charm that lies in the silence of Venice.

Gliding past long lines of mellow, sun-dyed palaces, each pillared

façade, half Gothic, half Saracenic, a study in itself, we came at length in sight of the venerable Rialto, at once recognisable to a stranger by its lofty arch and range of marble shops. Here we turned off the Grand Canal, and went winding and twisting through a perfect labyrinth of narrow, dark canals till we reached by a back way the landing-place of the Hotel Belle Vue, whose front looks down to the Molo along the Piazzetta.

The skill shown by the gondolier in navigating these narrow water-courses is astonishing. The gondola is moved through the water by a process intermediate between rowing and sculling. The oar is not placed in a line with the keel, as in sculling with one oar, but rests against a peculiarly carved notched upright, fixed at the side of the gondola, and the gondolier, standing on a small after-deck, rows from the breast outwards with his face towards the bow, a position he is forced to take, since he is at once rower, steersman, and look-out. The most curious part of the process is the stroke itself. Any one who has ever handled an oar knows that the effect of rowing a single oar from a boat's side is to send the head of the boat completely round after a few strokes. But the Venetian gondolier, by sinking his oar with an irregular plunge, and by giving the blade a certain twist in the water, contrives to shoot his gondola along with unerring precision in a straight line; and by nice adaptations of the dip and twist of the oar he can rapidly alter the gondola's course. In treading these narrow canals, in fact, the gondolier's oar, at times, seems to act half instinctively, as the wings of a startled bird when it flits swiftly through the interlaced branches of a thicket without touching a leaf or twig. It is highly probable, indeed, that long practice does actually make the action of the gondolier's arms in rowing and steering almost instinctive. To steer clear of an obstruction of a particular nature and position, a certain invariable motion of the oar, and, consequently, a certain invariable action of the rower's arms is required; and by the constant association of the particular obstruction with the particular action of the arms, it follows, no doubt, that eventually the mere sight of the obstruction is sufficient to cause the appropriate action of the arms without the intervention of the reason or the will.

We are generally inclined to associate Venice and the moon; perhaps, because the city by moonshine is so weirdly beautiful that travellers are prone to dilate with peculiar fondness and floridity of style on its moonlit aspects; or perhaps, because of the extensive circulation of those clever, ghastly-tinted *vedute a chiaro di luna*, or moon-light views of Venice, sold by the photographers round the square of San Marco. It was full moonlight, at all events, on the night of my arrival in Venice; and the view along the Grand Canal was certainly very beautiful, as shortly after ten o'clock I passed down its glistening waters in a gondola from the Molo to the Rialto. Beautiful, however,

as is the moonlit aspect of Venice, with its strong contrasts of light and shade, its sunlit aspect is incomparably more beautiful. There is always a certain air of melodrama, of artificiality and chilly ghastliness about these moonlight views of cities, where all colour is merged into sable and silver; and Venice, moreover, in losing by moonlight its glorious colouring, loses one of its most distinctive charms. It is the mellow tints of her old buildings, varying with the rising and sinking of the sun, quite as much as the form of the buildings, that makes Venice the delectable haunt of painters, and makes her daylight aspect, whether seen from the distant offing or from the bosom of the Grand Canal, an ever-grateful study for the eyes.

Sitting in the dining-room of the Hotel Belle Vue, at eight o'clock next morning, snatching a hasty breakfast and drawing up the day's itinerary from Bædeker, I caught my first sight of Venice under full sunlight. From the window I could see down along the Piazzetta or lesser square of St. Mark to the Molo, where the lines of sable gondolas were drawn up, backed by the waters of the Laguna twinkling and shimmering in the pure September sunshine; the domes of St. Mark rose up against the clear blue sky within less than a stone's-throw of my chair; and by just lifting my eyes from my book, I could study the grinning griffin heads and impossible mediæval lions on the northern wall. The Piazzetta at this early hour was dotted over with bright Venetian girls and women, barefooted, and with classically-coiled hair, who kept tripping backwards and forwards between the great well in the courtyard of the Doge's Palace and the narrow streets leading into the city from the Piazza, each carrying her pair of bright copper water-buckets slung from a pole across the shoulder.

This first day in Venice was chiefly occupied in visiting the Doge's Palace and the picture gallery or academy. Before ten o'clock, however, the hour at which these and most of the public buildings of Venice are opened, there was time left to make a closer study of the cathedral of St. Mark, and pay a visit to the church of Santa Maria di Salute, lying on the opposite side of the Grand Canal. St. Maria, internally, at least, I found to be a very fine church, a perfect rotundo, capped by a lofty dome and surrounded by a species of circular aisle resting on massive columns. The interior is very plain, with its bare, whitewashed walls; but its harmonious proportions, and the glorious flood of light which pours in from the great central dome, make one feel a sense of gladness and expansion, the very opposite of what is felt in the oppressive gloom and splendour of St. Mark's.

Next to the flock of guides infesting the precincts of St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace, there is, perhaps, no greater nuisance in all Venice than the gangs of able-bodied idlers that hang round all the gondola stations and landing-places, to make officious pretences of assisting one's embarkation and disembarkation. Of this nuisance I

made experience for the first time in crossing and recrossing the Grand Canal between the Molo and Santa Maria. The moment you hire a gondola, one of this gentry rushes forward, seizes the prow of the boat as if to steady it, and tenderly holds your arm while you step in. Then the hat is held out gravely to receive the wages supposed to be earned; and precisely the same process is gone through *da capo* on disembarking. If one of these fellows can but touch your person, or your gondola, or even your walking-stick or umbrella at the critical moment, he feels justified in holding out the hat for his reward; but, it must be granted, that unless he has been able to establish this direct contact with your person or your immediate belongings he will not insist on payment, though he may apply for it. The only satisfactory way to deal with them, in fact, is to provide one's self with a pocketful of two-centesimi pieces, each value about one-fifth of a penny, with which currency one can always apportion them a reward nicely adjusted to the exact value of their services. If the passenger is strong-minded enough to adopt the bolder course of refusing any reward whatever, he is pretty sure to become the subject of some outspoken personal criticism, intensely appreciated, of course, by the watermen assembled round the landing-place. The gondolier himself on these occasions is generally an accessory before the fact. He seldom ventures to encroach on the prerogatives of these waterside vultures who hang round the landing-places to pick up what they, no doubt, consider an honest livelihood; for the *lex non scripta* of the Venetian canals is inexorable on this point. No gondolier, without losing caste, may venture to assist the embarkation or disembarkation of his fare in the presence of one of these waterside idlers.

Walking round the arcades of the fine quadrangular courtyard of the Doge's Palace, almost the first thing to strike one when he begins to study detail is the dismal series of marble slabs set into the walls to record the defalcations of a long line of Venetian finance ministers. The names, the crimes, and the sentences of these corrupt ministers, exiled or executed for malversation of the funds of the Republic, are here graven in lasting marble, as if the shame of its ministers and citizens were not at the same time the shame of the Republic. These marble criminal records were, no doubt, primarily intended to point an unmistakable moral for future ministers; but so great is their number that one would be almost inclined to say, not ironically, as Voltaire said of Admiral Byng's execution, but in sober earnest, that they were designed, and successfully designed, *pour encourager les autres*. They may very possibly have been meant, at the same time, to set forth to posterity the high moral tone of the Republic; but, unfortunately, posterity might very fairly draw from their number a directly opposite inference.

Without treading in the steps of a hundred writers who have

already exhausted the subject, it would be impossible to give anything like a detailed account of the noble Palace of the Doges. Its vast halls and council-chambers, wainscotted in dark woods, and painted, walls and ceilings, with the great frescoes of Tintoretto and Veronese, have a plain, solemn grandeur and richness of colouring quite obsolete in these days. The treatment of some sacred subjects here by the Venetian painters is very unpleasing. One picture in particular, a Descent from the Cross, by Tintoretto, in the Sala del Senato, strikes one as being absolutely repulsive in conception. The action in this painting, by an inscrutable flight of fancy, is represented as taking place in an open Loggia hung with gorgeous crimson curtains, and looking out on Venice and the Laguna with its gondolas in the background. Two winged angels are lifting the Saviour's body from the cross, while doges and saints stand on the right and left. What a contrast is this hideous medley of reckless anachronism and fancy run riot to Rubens' grand Descent from the Cross in the Cathedral of Antwerp! It is impossible to conceive what can have been the idea Tintoretto meant to convey in this gorgeously-coloured and revoltingly incongruous fresco.

There is an archæological museum in the Palace of the Doges containing a collection of antique sculpture and some quaint old maps. The most curious object in the whole museum, perhaps, is a great *mappamondo*, a projection of the terrestrial globe on a plane of about five feet in diameter, the work of a Camaldulensian monk,* Fra Mauro, in the middle of the fifteenth century. It is a monument of patient skilful penmanship, not so much a mere map as a map and geography combined. Over each county sprawls a scroll, on which the Fra has written in fine Gothic hand an "abstract and brief chronicle" of the manners and customs, history, and physical features of the country in question. The information embodied in these notes is, for the most part, legendary and untrustworthy, being chiefly drawn from authors of such colossal faith as Pliny and Marco Polo.

I spent half an hour laughing over the quaintnesses of this old map of the world, and took notes of a few of them. On a scroll, placed in the centre of the Malay Archipelago, the Fra has written these exculpatory words:—

In questo mar oriental sono molte insule grande e famose le qual nò. ho posto q. (perchè) nò havei loco.

In this Eastern sea there be many great and famous islands that I have not set down, forasmuch as I lacked space.

It is quite easy to see how the Fra was brought to the necessity of making this exquisitely naïve excuse. Every important town on his

* From the celebrated monastery of Camaldoli, beautifully situated in the mountain district lying round the headwaters of the Arno, and known as the Casentino.

map is marked, not as in modern maps by a mere dot, but by a miniature picture of a walled town with towers and spires; portly argosies, with bellying sails and self-willed pennons, flying sometimes perversely against the wind, stud the sea, wherein leviathan and shoals of fishes are seen taking their pastime; forests are marked by masses of well-drawn trees, mountains, not by conventional shadings, but by carefully-sketched eminences. And these artistic efforts, with the space necessary for the miniature treatises on geography, take up so much room that the honest Frate, when he reaches the Malay Archipelago, feels himself so "cribbed, cabined, and confined," that he is obliged, as he confesses, to omit a few famous and important islands. After some searching, I found my native land marked on the map, with a scroll bearing the following information, chiefly touching, it seems, the petrifying qualities of the waters of Lough Neagh. I give here an English version of the original text which bristles with crabbed contractions and quaint turns of expression, as the information conveyed may be amusing, if not instructive, to Irish readers:

"In this island of Hibernia, which is passing fertile beyond measure (*oltro modo é fertillissima*), 'tis said there is a water, in the which, if a man put wood, the part thereof that sticketh i' the earth becometh in time iron, and that that is rounded with water becometh stone, and that that is above water remaineth ever wood; and if this be worthy of faith, then, me seemeth, a man may likewise believe of the lake of Andama (?); and they that desire to be made copious of these and other marvellous matters let them read in Albertus Magnus . . ."

From the Doge's Palace I puzzled out my way, with the help of one of Bædeker's ever-trusty plans, through a maze of narrow, picturesque streets, across the iron bridge spanning the Grand Canal, to the Accademia delle Belle Arti, the great picture gallery of Venice. There is a noble collection of paintings here by the Venetian masters, the grandest work in the gallery being, undoubtedly, Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, a picture with which we are all, no doubt, perfectly familiar through the medium of copies and engravings. "Radiant" is the only word that can fitly be applied to this glorious painting of Titian, where the Virgin, with fair, ecstasied face upturned to heaven, and form of mild majesty enveloped in grandly-sweeping robes, soars on the clouds, surrounded by a troop of bright, joyous angels. The figures, in their rich depth of colouring, stand out from a background flooded with pure golden sunlight. It is a picture that gladdens the heart to look on, a picture which seems absolutely to warm and light up the great room on whose end wall it hangs.

In one of the rooms of the gallery stands a splendid piece of plaster modelling by Canova, Hercules and Lychas. Hercules, a colossal figure with grand, sinewy limbs and sternly-knit brows, is in the act of hurling his luckless servant into the sea. In one hand drawn back behind his head, the hero clutches the struggling Lychas by an ankle,

and while the body hangs suspended behind him, head downwards, he seems about to whirl it from him, forwards, with the action of a slinger. It is impossible to conceive a more daring piece of modelling.

After nine o'clock this night, I went out for a ramble through the streets of Venice, even more charming by night than by day. The narrow Merceria, the tortuous street which leads from the square of St. Mark to the Rialto, was swarming like a hive with passengers of at least half a dozen different nationalities. The "unspeakable Turk," in immaculate white robes and turban, the grinning negro ship's cook, the wiry Greek seaman, in richly-embroidered jacket, jostled with native Venetians and tourists, Yankee, English, German and French. The chattering of tongues and clatter of feet on the smooth stone pavement made a perfect Babel in the funnel of a street between the lofty, venerable houses. Every few minutes some high-pitched bridge, mounted by steps, had to be crossed, from whose summit a glimpse was caught down dark, mysterious little canals, where the waters lay brooding in silence or gurgled dismally under the prow of a stealthily-gliding gondola. Here, through his open shop-front, played round by strong, fitful lights and shadows as his forge fire waxed and waned with the slow strokes of his bellows, one caught sight of a grimy gunsmith, working with bared sinewy arms—a figure which the fancy immediately transmuted from a vulgar nineteenth century gunsmith into a master-armourer of the middle ages. Farther on, an old book-mart, in whose portly bulging window lay displayed rare store of ancient black-letter tomes, cunningly spread open at the title-pages, tempted the idle wanderer to stop, to look, to covet, to wrestle with his inclination, perhaps, and then, finally, to pass on with resolute steps or rush into extravagance through the shop door. The Rialto was solemn and deserted, with its rows of shops closed for the night, when I walked up its steep flight of steps and stood for a few minutes on the top to look down on the windings of the Grand Canal, dotted over with gondolas, whose prow-lanterns rose and fell softly with each stroke of the oar.

Punctually at eight o'clock next morning, the gondolier I had hired for a day's tour through the city and its outlying islands, called for me to the hotel. It was a lovely morning; the fresh clear air and bright mild September sunshine were positively intoxicating. The middle-aged gondolier, as he walked chattering beside me down to the Molo, with a large bottle of Chianti and half a dozen of long rolls (our frugal provision for the day) clasped in his arms, seemed to feel their benign influence (not of the rolls and Chianti, which were not attacked till several hours later, but of the fresh air and sunshine) quite as much as I did. As I sat under the canvas awning amidships and was rowed smoothly along from the Molo across the Grand Canal into the great channel of the Guidecca, the spotless blue sky overhead, the

mellow façades and towers of the enchanting old city rising up on all sides from the very surface of the glassy-smooth Laguna, it was only by a resolute mental effort that I could summon up the picture of College-green and the bronze effigy of King William. While we slipped gently along the broad Guidecca and Grand Canal from church to church, now stealing under the hull of a great Greek barque from the Piræus, now flitting across the light shadow cast by some fishing-boat's broad, richly-coloured sail, where a strange pictured bird or beast sprawled over a field of orange framed with black or scarlet bands, we passed artists at work on all sides, sketching in choice bits of creamy-tinted palace façade or snatches of winding canal. Some sat at their easels under the awning of a gondola at rest in mid-stream, others on dry land, under the shade of their large cotton umbrellas, and surrounded by small, appreciative assemblies of the Venetian youth. At one point on the shores of the Guidecca, a grave bearded artist worked away at his canvas in deep abstraction, while behind him a pair of young urchins, clad in the airiest of costumes, coatless, vestless, and shoeless, stood coolly criticising his work and comparing it with the original before them. There was a delightful air of connoisseurship in the faces of these youths, as they stood with their half-naked bronzed legs planted wide apart, their hands plunged into the depths of their trowser pockets, and their scarlet fez caps cocked knowingly on the side of the head, solemnly comparing notes with each other on the work of art growing up before their eyes.

It was twelve o'clock when we turned our backs on the city, and made for the open Laguna. An hour's row brought us to the Lido, as the long low island, or sandbank, is called which shuts in the dead waters of the Laguna from the open sea beyond. Here we landed, and, leaving the gondola behind us, crossed the narrow neck of land planted with rich maize crops, and stood on the firm, sandy beach of the Adriatic, lapped by the foam-fringed wavelets. Here it was that Goethe, at the commencement of his Italian journey, caught with delight his first glimpse of the salt sea, a sight which Schiller and thousands of his countrymen, dwellers like him far inland, have lived and died without seeing. How hard it is for an islander to conceive the mental state of a man who has never seen the sea, to imagine the yearnings he must feel for a sight of the great ocean whose name has been sounding in his ears from childhood.

From the Lido, we went to visit the Armenian convent of San Lazzaro. San Lazzaro, so named from its having been formerly the site of a leper's hospital, is a small islet lying about two miles south of Venice, and completely occupied by the gardens and buildings of an Armenian monastery founded in 1717. The monastery is inhabited by an order of monks whose labours are devoted to the spread of European culture among the Armenian Christians. Armenian youths

are educated by the monks, and European literature is translated into and printed in Armenian, and sent out to circulate in Armenia. Landing at the water-gate of the monastery opening out on the Laguna, I was introduced by the porter to a sprightly, affable young Italian monk, who showed me over every nook and cranny of the place. The quadrangle of the monastery buildings encloses a lovely little court filled with luxuriant exotic plants; and behind, a sunny patch of greenery, the terraced garden looks out over the island-studded expanse of the Adriatic. Byron spent three months in San Lazzaro, where he came to study Armenian in 1816; and the monks seem to cherish his memory with peculiar fondness. The room he occupied is shown with pride, his manuscripts, his ink-stand, his Armenian exercise-book are all carefully preserved, and a few stumpy quills he made use of are still "hung up as monuments." The library of San Lazzaro and its little chapel are very interesting; but the printing-office is the great boast of the monastery. Here, I was assured, books have been turned out in no less than forty different languages; and when I entered the printing-office a pressman was turning out the sheets of a new Armenian work in beautiful type. In the show-room, a book of prayers in thirty-two different languages was put into my hands, and I was shown Armenian versions of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and Milton's "Paradise Lost." San Lazzaro is, in fact, quite a polyglot institution. Travellers of almost every European nationality can find here not only literature to read, but monks to speak with, in their native tongue. The view from the terrace of the monastery across the Laguna to the city, flushed by the westering sun, is enchanting. There can scarcely be a lovelier spot about Venice than this island monastery: there is none, certainly, better fitted for the retirement of a poet or student.

At six o'clock that evening the gondola drew up alongside the Molo, and I took leave of my trusty boatman, making him supremely happy and grateful by the addition of a couple of francs to his legal fare.

The next day I left Venice for Verona.

ONE SUMMER BY THE SEA.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

ABOUT half a century ago, on one of the wildest and most beautiful coasts of Western Ireland, stood a pretty little watering-place called Lahinsy. It was a long, low, sunshiny village, lying very close to the ocean, the lodges for the summer visitors running along by the sea-wall. The houses were of the simplest architecture, with little pretensions to style either within or without; the furniture was of the most primitive description, and the variety of ware to be found on a breakfast-table was a study for a Dresden pottery. In fact, it was rather a wholesome place for a nature enervated by luxury to spend a month in; it waked up a desirable perception of the possibility of doing without a great number of things, and still finding existence endurable. Many, of course, complained of the lack of padding and spring-cushioned comfort; but it was not, I think, so much that they were discontented, as that they wished to impress their acquaintances with the idea that they were accustomed to luxury at home.

The village was situated on a bay, but one with so wide an opening that the full roll of the Atlantic broke directly on its shore, sometimes, indeed, with such a swell that the shattered waters sent their white foam over the promenaders passing up and down in the sunshine. At one side undulating sand-hills, alive with rabbits, stretched away into the distance, and at the other jagged cliffs rose gradually beside the wave, leading to a fine elevation called "the Puffin's Nest." There was a beautiful view from this height. You saw away into the blue distance until the clear, ethereal horizon, bending softly down, blent with the sparkling sea; and beneath lay the little village, the apple-women sitting at their stalls, the fishermen going out in their canoes, the bathers plashing about among the breakers, and visitors leaning over the battlement.

Seated on such a height, where the whole line of country was to be seen, the first thing likely to strike a thoughtful observer of natural arrangements was the fact, that it was singular the waves, instead of ebbing back, did not pour their volume over the whole country lying straight on. The village lay on an unusually low level, and for a long way behind the same flat formation of ground continued. It looked like an ancient water-course, and to strengthen such a supposition, quantities of sea-shells were to be found all over the sand-hills running inland, and even further on, in the cultivated meadow-lands.

The soothsayers of the country, old men and women whose age makes their traditionary lore respectable, had various tales to tell of other days: how once upon a time the waves had murmured as far in

as the wooded glen; how a murder had been committed through jealousy; how the waters shuddered back from the dead body flung into them, and ever since had stopped their impetuous progress at Lahinsy, sometimes in angry violence, as though struggling with an invisible keeper for freedom, sometimes sighing and singing on the shore in a voice of silver melody.

And, harmonising with the traditions of the past, there were not lacking Cassandras of the future, to lift a prophetic voice, and point a warning finger into coming years, when all would be fulfilled according to their predictions; but as is the fate of wise men and sibylline utterances in all ages, they spoke to ears that heard not nor heeded. Their listeners were of apathetic temperaments, taking it for granted that what is will be, to-morrow is but to-day removed; and great changes seemed so improbable that they dwelt contentedly on the brink of eternity like every other thoughtless mortal: eat, drank, made merry, and gave but vague attention to the clamour of seers.

Somewhat back from the village street stood the "big house" of the locality, called Lahinsy Lodge. It was rather a bare, bleak-looking abode, well kept and regimental-looking; there were a good deal of bars and iron railing about it, a shut look about the door as though it was likely to open unwillingly, and a drawn look about the blinds as if any exterior action not affecting the interior arrangement was a matter of profound indifference to the inmates.

Within this unprepossessing dwelling the lord of the surrounding soil spent the greater portion of the year—a gentleman who, whatever he may have been as a sea-side acquaintance, an accidental dinner-guest, or a fellow-passenger on a coach-top, was most undesirable as a near relation, an inmate of one's establishment, or a man having any authority over you, however brief. He was of a cold, inflexible temperament, with an utter incapacity for realising the necessity of anything but gaining his own point, and he pursued any course of action securing that end with a dull, insistent perseverance and disregard of other persons' feelings and claims, that was actually something to set a professor of ethics upon new tracks of thought concerning the instability of human nature.

By one of those unaccountable freaks in which nature sometimes indulges, upon this barren fig-tree clung one soft, white flower—his only child, a girl of one-and-twenty. She had just begun to lisp her mother's name when that pale serf of domestic tyranny withered away and died in the chill atmosphere of her husband's shadow. But Baby Lilian expanded day by day into a widening life of sorrowful knowledge, minded by a faithful nurse, who was a foster-sister of her father's, and whose large supply of vital energy was the only thing in the house that seemed to withstand Mr. Langdale's dispiriting influence. "Yerra, I don't care if he was talkin' till he was black in the face—

when he's tired, he'll stop," Nancy would exclaim with perfect truth; and, as a natural consequence of her spirit, she was the only one who had any liberty of conscience, the only one, to use her own mode of expression, who could call her soul her own.

Lilian Langdale was one of those rare and beautiful natures, the outspread pinions of whose souls seem to winnow the air about them, bearing them above the soil and stain of earth, while the shut wings of others are trailing in the dust. There was a sense of purity in the atmosphere surrounding her; if she didn't ennoble and elevate you above your tendencies for grazing upon low levels, she at least made you conscious you were feeding upon grass, and waked an admiration for those who walked in higher and wider ways. Her youth had been a very lonely one, as might be expected, under her father's repressive system and careful habit of pruning the tree Igdrasil of every bud and blossom likely to give it colour and perfume; but fortunately he was not exacting as to her employment of her time. From his incapacity for looking into the lives of others, he never minded how hers went by, as long as that portion of it touching upon his own was spent according to inflexible arrangement: so she had many hours to devote to her own simple pursuits.

Beside the irrepressible Nancy, Lilian had one other friend who stood her in good need, and had been instrumental in forming her character—Father Morris, the old parish priest. He was a gentle and a learned man, one of those who never conclude because a flower blooms in a desert that it is therefore lost, but lives for the eyes of angels as well as men. He had taken a great interest in the motherless child of a man in whom he knew the domestic affections to be at a very low ebb. He had aided and comforted her, year after year, directing the current of her inner life with wise tenderness, helping her to break away the impeding network of small personal desires, as the brooding mother-bird breaks the shell to help her little offspring to the light. He assisted her mentally as well as spiritually, planned her course of study, impelled her to intellectual exertion, and her happy hours were those when she walked up to Cliff Cottage to let her efforts undergo a rigid scrutiny and to change her books. This care of her kind and efficient friend had been a great advantage to her, as otherwise her education had been neglected. During the months she and her father spent in town she acquired a superficial knowledge of 'ologies and music. Her father thought that, as a rule, women were incapable and troublesome, and that any wide educational course only increased those characteristics and took them out of their place, concluding, like many modern writers, that it is not in the nature of woman to keep her stockings mended if she likes to look at the stars. Lilian's one accomplishment, so to speak, was a voice which Nancy used to say "would coax the birds off the bushes"—a voice

exquisitely sweet, penetrating, and pathetic. Her face was of that kind that seems to be transparent and inner-lighted—pale, clear, and well cut, with dark, spiritual eyes, whose long lashes gave it also a look of light and shadow. The lips were delicate and soft; a little look of pain mingled with their sweet expression. Her hair lay back in brown waves from her level brows. Her figure was slight and graceful.

It was a warm July afternoon in Lahinsy, and the whole village seemed to be wrapped in as profound a slumber as Rip Van Winkle's. The sun poured down upon the sea in bright intensity, in through the blindless lodges, sending the inmates into holes and corners, if inside, and on the heads of the apple-women sitting with their backs to the battlement. At such hours, the visitors who had no indoor occupation generally brought out their work or books, and sat under the cliffs, the cool rock shadows falling around them. In one lonely nook, secured from possible interruption, Lilian was to be found with a book upon her knees, Nancy sitting below her knitting a stocking. It was a favourite seat of hers; few came so far, or went up so high; and from its formation it had echoes and resounded to the thunder of the sea. To-day the sea's deep bass awoke no answer; it lay hissing beneath like a great green serpent winding its sinuous body in and out among the rocks and slipping out again with a sullen murmur.

"What a sight of boats are out," said Nancy; "the say is alive with them."

Lilian lifted her eyes from her book.

"All the fishermen aren't out," said she; "there are two canoes side by side beyond at Liscansy; they look like the slippers of a giant gone out to take a dip."

"No doubt," replied Nancy; "but they belong to the Collinses, brothers of the poor child who met her death yesterday, the light of heaven to her,"

"What happened her?" asked Lilian; "you didn't tell me about her."

"An awful death she got," said Nancy, "praises and glory be to God, it gave me a start whin I heard the neighbours talkin' of it. Her father was an industrious poor man, making a livin' be gathering sayweed at the butt of the cliff. Knockadown was the most place it used come in. An' he had a horse, an' a windlass an the top of it, an' used to send down the little girl in a basket to gether it, an' send it up, basket after basket, while the tide was out. A smart little colleen she was they say, very willin' to work an' a great help to the ould man, but I suppose her time was come. She went down yesterday, as lively as you plaze, an' the day bein' fine an' calm, they were in great hopes of havin' a good day's work; she wasn't long gone down whin the rope shakes. 'Begor,' says the poor man to himself, 'she wasn't long

givin' me the signal this time; an' he winds away, when, the Lord save us, what does he see, when the basket come to the top, but the poor child an' she hanging down out of it be the little petticoat; if he had sinse an' not to stop at all, but to folly on till he drew her in over the land, she'd be safe and sound. But the fright got into his heart—he gave wan screech, an' stopped the horse. It shook the basket, an' God bless the hearers, an' every place 'tis tould, the bit of flannel gave way, an' she fell down—down—an' was made twenty pieces of on the rocks below."

"It was an awful death," said Lilian, her eyes filling with tears.

"Ah! see was it," replied Nancy. "I'm tould there wasn't a dhry eye among the neighbours when they seen the ould man walking after her remains when they gathered um up; he was like as if he got a little simple in himself, telling how it happened word for word, and then callin' to her not to leave her ould father."

"I often think, nurse," said the girl, after a pause, "that such deaths are not so dreadful as they seem to us; her guardian angel may have taken away her soul softly, and it was only the breaking of an empty vessel."

"God send it, *alanna*. And sure there was no sin on her, being so young; but the most of us look on things in a nathural way; an' begor, what touches our bodies puts the fear of God in us, more than what would happen our poor sows."

"We ought to go and see the poor man," said Lilian. "If we can't do anything else. we can show we are sorry for his trouble."

"So we can, dear," said Nancy; "sure a kind word is never thrown away. An' glad I am you're ready an' willin' to give it; for the Lord knows 'tisn't a family failing."

Nancy was not one of those rigid moralists who abstain from telling unpleasant truths about people they disapprove of, because their near relations happen to be present. "Arrah, let me talk," she would say, "an' let it off my heart, or I'll burst." And she often, when provoked beyond her powers of self-restraint, denounced Mr. Langdale's mode of action, with no measured eloquence, to his daughter. "Iyeh only his manner," she would reply to Lilian's attempted defence of her father's aggressive ways. "He doesn't mane it, indeed! Moryah, wisha, begor, he does mane it; an' what matther is it whether he manes it or no when he does it? Pon my faith, 'twould be cowl'd comfort to tell me you didn't mane to hurt me, afther cracking me neck. But I won't be committin' sin talkin' of him. What could you expect of a man that doesn't kneel to a priest Christmas or Easther?"

The sun began slowly to decline, the clouds softly changing from pale pink into deepening crimson as it sank behind the western wave. Lilian closed the book she had again been reading, and leaning forward

upon her elbow, began to sing the *Ave Maria*. The sweet pathetic voice floated out upon the evening air in delicate waves of sound, waking innumerable echoes and refrains.

"'Pon my faith, Miss Lilian," said Nancy, heaving a deep sigh when she had done, "you have as lonesome a note as a curlew. You'd take all the heart of me if I was sittin' down doin' nothin' but givin' ear to you."

"But you're very fond of hearing me sing the hymns to the Blessed Virgin, nurse, for all that," said the girl.

"Why, then, I am then," said Nancy, "because they're blessed, an' they'd make wan fancy she was near wan in a way. But in the way of a tune, dear knows I'd like wan that would rise me heart an' that I'd undherstand, a fine hearty jig or a reel."

"Perhaps 'tis time for us to go home," said Lilian, as she saw the shadows deepening.

"Maybe it is then," was the answer; "himself might be home, an' except we want to have him ballyraggin' all night, we'd want to be in before him. I wonder will he have to go agin to-morrow."

"He said he thought he would have to go every day of the week," said Lilian.

"That his business may never end," said Nancy. "I wish it took him out from us every day of the month. My heart leps when I see him lavin' the dure."

While Lilian was pouring the silver ripples of her voice upon the silence, a young tourist was resting on the cliff above her, an alpine staff by his side, and a small knapsack slung across his shoulders. He had a bright, boyish face, with soft, brown eyes, and very sensitive emotional lips, covered by a slight mustache. It was a handsome young face, seemingly about twenty; and there was an air of abandonment to pleasant influences in his attitude as he lay prone upon the ground, his chin resting on his hands. He was looking curiously over land and sea lying beneath him, when the *Ave Maria* broke upon his ear. "The voice of a syren," said he, and he held his breath until it ceased. "I wish I could get a view of the mermaid," he said, half aloud, "as she combs her yellow locks. I wonder what shape is the hat she has on," and he leaned over the cliff. "A graceful-looking young party," he continued, as he watched Lilian stepping from rock to rock. "With such a figure, and such a voice, won't it be hard on me, as an artist, if I find her having a squint or pockmarked?"

A few days passed by, and the young tourist's curiosity about the syren's face remained unsatisfied. She was nowhere to be seen. "She must have glided back into her native element," he would say to himself; "in such a small place as this to disappear so suddenly."

What a mysterious thing, when one comes to think of it, is that strange faculty we have of individual attachment? Thousands of faces pass us on the highway of life, waking no greater emotion than a pleasant, or it may be an unpleasant recognition of their personal identity. Suddenly we see a face coming towards us out of that sea of faces, and it strikes us with a sense of novelty. It seems to us written all over with divine meanings, and revelations, and breathings of immortality, while to others it is the usual oval of fair white flesh with pretty good eyes and, perhaps, a large mouth. We approach, we do not pass, we pause, we turn, and two currents join in one and flow together to the eternal sea. By some such mysterious attraction Lilian Langdale and Gerald Mahon were coming towards each other from different parts of the world, though they knew it not.

TWILIGHT.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

THE swallows pass before my sight,
And plunge so low in circling bands,
That children stretch out eager hands
And think to catch them in their flight.

At last, at last, the day is done—
The fiery shafts pale in the West,
And man and earth are glad to rest,
Half sorrowful from toil and sun.

I hear the children still at play
Among the graves up in the yard—
Ah! yet more thoughtless and more hard
We pass by sadder things each day.

Far on the moor some wild bird screams—
The strange, wild voice of homeless things—
A tired crane sails on listless wings
To her lone rest by silent streams.

The air is heavy still with heat,
Deep stars break through the purple sky,
And deep shades fold the hill-tops high,
Like parted souls in dreams that meet.

On that low branch of lilac near
One robin sings his song alone :
Ah ! tell me, singer, hast thou known
The last fond look of things most dear ?

And outside in the silent street,
So soiled with sin, and wrong, and strife,
Some wearied woman weaves her life
Into pathetic music sweet.

I dream a hand rests on my head,
Ah ! laid in dust these eight long years—
Poor hand I moistened once with tears,
Come back in blessing from the dead !

And linger yet, you loved me best—
The deep, still air with fragrance thrills,
The blue waves clasp the flower-girt hills :—
For just this hour I'd break your rest.

I know not how, or whence, or why,
My heart is full this summer light,
And Life says solemn things to-night,
And strange dreams pass me slowly by.

My absent friend ! thou hast done well,
Thy strong heart has subdued its strength,
And to the Cross for breadth and length,
The proud will chained with magic spell.

Thy lips are sweet from constant prayer,
Thy hands are browned from good deeds wrought,
Thy sad, dark eyes speak tender thought.
And all thy face breathes mountain air,

So far from all that once was dear,
In foreign home and foreign grave,
Yet there the verdant grass will wave,
The wild-flowers grow as sweet as here.

Oh, stay ! your heart is large and glad,
More true and kind each changing year,
The summer light is soft and clear,
And all my soul to-night is sad.

ELLEN DOWNING.—“MARY” OF THE *NATION*.

NEXT comes “Mary” of the *Nation*. Confining ourselves to poets either Irish or Catholic or both—not that we do not admire many who are neither, but because “charity begins at home,” and because this limitation of the series makes our subjects less likely to be hackneyed—we have asked our readers, at intervals of many months and many “Monthlies,” to let us make them acquainted or better acquainted with such poets, dead or living, as Dalton Williams, Adelaide Procter, Coventry Patmore, Aubrey de Vere, Francis Davis, Robert Joyce, and Thomas Irwin. The next for whom we venture to claim their sympathy is the late Miss Ellen Downing of Cork, who, while still very young, won, under the simple pseudonym of “Mary,” considerable fame among the students of that Young Ireland literature, of which the *Nation* newspaper, as conducted by Duffy and Davis, was the centre. “Speranza,” partly from her social position as the wife of Sir William Wilde, is much more widely known, and her poems have been collected into a volume.* So have those of “Eva,” another of the *Nation* poetesses—Miss Kelly, now Mrs. Kevin Izod O’Dogherty. But we question if Munster has not better reason to be proud of her representative amongst this trio, than Connaught and Leinster of theirs.

Those who best knew and loved Miss Downing have been so good as to entrust us with some personal details about her.

Ellen Mary Downing was born at Cork, on the 19th of March,† 1828. Her father was, at the time of her birth, the resident medical officer of the Cork Fever Hospital. Both her parents were well educated and with keen sympathies for everything that regarded their country and their religion. Her mother, in particular, was a woman of literary taste, “well read for *that time*”—which was, we fear, in reality, a more reading age than *this time*, as far especially as ladies are concerned, all the circulating libraries and magazines notwithstanding.

A fragile infant, she was only brought safe through the first perils of life by the tender care and skill of her parents; and she grew up a

* That her gift of song has descended in the male line, our own pages have frequently testified.

† Though thus born on the Feast of St. Joseph, the little patriot strenuously resisted a claim drawn from this circumstance, preferring as her special patron at Confirmation the patron saint of Ireland. Hence the third of the initials “E. M. P. D.” which were appended to three or four of her first poems in the *Nation*. Another important epoch in her life may be recorded here: she made her First Communion on Low Sunday, 1839, in St. Patrick’s Church, Cork.

peculiarly shy and delicate child, shrinking somewhat from companions of her own age, amongst whom, however, she was always a favourite, and preferring the society of her elders.

We have heard that Adelaide Procter, when quite a little child, used to follow her mother about the house with her favourite bits of Mrs. Browning and "oh! mamma, just listen to this." In the same way, and about the same time, our young Cork poetess betrayed her instinct at an equally early age, and had contrived to learn by heart long passages of Moore and Byron before she was able to read them. Another of her favourite books, while still a very young child, was a small Mythology carefully arranged for the young, with extracts from the translations of Homer and Virgil. These and other pet volumes she looked upon as personal friends, as may be seen from her verses written on lending her copy of "*Elia*" to a friend. It speaks well for the early maturity of her taste that she was able so young to appreciate deeply the quaint and delicate grace of poor Charles Lamb. As this is one of the least known of her pieces, let it be our first specimen. It was contributed to the *Nation* of the 22nd of November, 1845, when she was a "maiden of seventeen summers."

"Good-bye, dear *Elia*! for a while
I must resign thy quiet smile,
Content to purchase by such pain
The happy welcome back again.

"Good-bye! If coldly met where now
Thy treasured page is doomed to go,
Come back again, nor deign to wait
The chances of thy future fate.

"But shouldst thou meet reception kind,
As honoured guests are wont to find,
Remain, bright leaves, until you see
Not one on earth can love like me.

"Remain, if others hail a line
Which echoes not some dream of mine.
Remain, if others bless a thought
That I have loved and worshipped not.

"Remain, if fonder eyes should greet
Thy humour rich, thy fancy sweet—
I yield thee with an envying sigh
To him who loves thee more than I.

"But if in all who scan thy page
In smiling youth or reverend age,
More faithful heart thou canst not see,
Beloved book! come back to me.

"Wrong thoughts that in thy pages live
My grateful pity can forgive;
Wrong morals that may hither stray
I do but weep and wish away.

"And all the error, all the wrong,
That to thy leaves of light belong,
Shall not my clinging heart restrain
From wishing Elia back again."

Her nervous temperament was so delicate that, when seven years old, and frequently in maturer years, she fainted away at the mention of a surgical operation. She told her sister, whose recollections I am following, that to hear of the violent pain of any one almost always caused her to feel a precisely similar pain. The excuse she gave for her aversion to arithmetic was the torture caused to her keenly sensitive nerves by the grating of the pencils on the slates.

Silent and shy as she generally was, she could, when greatly interested in any subject, express herself with a clearness and fluency that surprised and amused those round about. Her special delight, however, was to lose herself over some book, not mere childish stories, but even serious reading, like the "Elevation of the Soul," and the "Life of St. Theresa." Later on, she read with zest "Bacon's Essays," "Percy's Reliques," Irish History and Legends, and such portions of Moore, Byron, and Shelly as she was allowed to study.

This thoughtful, affectionate child began very early to write as well as to read poetry—or rather to *make* poetry of her own, for at first she did not write her verses, but kept them in her little head, and only as a great and rare favour permitted her sister, to whom she would repeat them in confidence, to set down her beloved rhymes in black and white; or she would graciously condescend to *print* a copy of one of her little lyrics—for, her handwriting being then and always deplorable, she preferred to imitate printed characters.

When Ellen Downing was about half way through her teens, she came under the spell of the *Nation* newspaper, whose springtime of song seemed all the richer and fresher from contrast to the bleakness and dulness of the winter which it succeeded. The ballads and songs of Davis, MacCarthy, and the rest, she pored over with rapture; and after a while, the temptation came—"Perhaps, if I did my very best, they would print something of mine." Dickens describes himself dropping his first magazine-contribution by stealth and with trembling fear into the letter-box. With more nervous dread, our poet-maiden bore hers to the Cork post-office, sharing her secret with no one whatsoever. Great was her delight when, among the "Answers to Correspondents," on the 10th of May, 1845, she found more than a

mere word of encouragement addressed to her. "Another fair correspondent sends us some sweet, thoughtful verses, which we cannot refuse to publish, if only in honour of her sex and her young vehement patriotism." Then follows a sturdy lyric, not at all childish or girlish, beginning—

"Forget old wrongs! Why, yes,
When they shall cease to wound us."

How many times did the bright young eyes gloat over this first printed poem before she ran to tell her father? We do not ask this question at random, for one of the family circle has given us her recollection of returning from Mass on that mid-May Sunday, and seeing her father on the steps with the *Nation* in his hand, and how he read the poem for her before entering the house, and how proudly he told her that it was Ellie's! That was a happy Sunday for poor Ellie. The signature attached to this first poem was "Kate;" and this is, perhaps, the reason why this "young recruit to our fair band of poetesses" receives on the 5th of July, 1845, a fresh welcome, as "E. M. P. D.," whose "Verses for my own Nannie," end thus:—

"Vain and false the early story—
Fairies crowd not round our way.
But shall we miss their gifts and glory,
While the angels with us stay?
Life has wonders great and wide;
Much on earth to man is given,
All that we can seek beside
We shall find in heaven."

Very good "rhyme and reason" from a girl who was, as we have said, not much more than half way through her teens. But it is a pity that she did not experience greater difficulty in getting into print, and that she appeared so frequently in Poet's Corner as she did after this date. Her earliest pieces seem almost as mature and as finished as her latest. Let us quote, in full, the first of the poems to which she affixed the signature which was her final choice; and, indeed, it was in itself characteristic of her nature that, looking about for a fanciful pen-name, she selected one even sweeter and simpler than her own sweet and simple Christian name, although, in her fireside circle, a younger sister was already in possession of it:—

"My own dear native river, how fondly dost thou flow,
By many a fair and sunny scene where I can never go,
Thy waves are free to wander, and quickly on they wind,
Till thou hast left the crowded streets and city far behind;
Beyond I may not follow; thy haunts are not for me;
Yet I love to think on the pleasant track of my own sweet river Lee

"The spring-tide now is breathing—when thy waters glance along,
Full many a bird salutes thee with bright and cheering song;
Full many a sunbeam falleth upon thy bosom fair,
And every nook thou seekest hath welcome smiling there.
Glide on, thou blessed river! nor pause to think of me,
Who only in my longing heart can tread that track with thee!

"Yet, when thy waters wander, where, haughty in decay,
Some grand old Irish castle looks frowning on thy way;
Oh! speak aloud, bold river! how I have wept with pride
To read of those past ages, ere all our glory died,
And wish for one short moment I had been there to see
Such relic of the by-gone day upon thy banks, fair Lee!

"And if, in roving onward, thy gladsome waters bound
Where cottage homes are smiling, and children's voices sound;
Oh! think how sweet and tranquil, beneath the loving sky,
Rejoicing in some country home, my life had glided by,
And grieve one little minute that I can never be
A happy, happy cottager upon thy banks, fair Lee!

"Now, fare thee well, glad river! peace smile upon thy way,
And still may sunbeams brighten, where thy wild ripples play!
Oft in that weary city these blue waves leave behind
I'll think upon the pleasant paths where thy smooth waters wind;
Oh! but for one long summer day, to wander on with thee,
And rove where'er thou rovest, my own sweet river Lee!"

From the notes with which zealous hands have furnished me the following description must be transcribed textually, if at all. "At this time [ætat. 18] she was in my eyes, and I think others would agree with me, singularly pretty and attractive. A brunette in complexion, with a brilliant though varying colour, her beautiful dark eyes reflected every thought—tender or sparkling, thoughtful or dreamy, according to her mood. Her manner was perfectly unaffected, with a mingling of shyness and frankness; and she had a most affectionate disposition, with a vivid enthusiasm for everything good and noble."

The "affectionate disposition" claimed for her here is apparent in every fragment of her letters which has been placed in our hands and also in much of the poetry which she published. In Mr. Hayes's copious and excellent collection of the "Ballads of Ireland" we have been struck with the comparatively large number of poems by "Mary," which are placed in the division called "ballads of the affections." The simplicity and purity of these are such as we might expect from so pure and gentle a heart; but we might hardly look for such accuracy of diction, and such truthfulness of taste in one so young, contributing to a weekly political newspaper and surrounded by influences not the most severely classic. Just before the piece we have last quoted, the

Nation (which its fair young contributor used at this period to carry about in her pocket for constant reference, "as we were all," adds my informant, "more or less *Nation*-mad"*)—the *Nation* of February 21, 1846, introduced her little poem "My Owen" by a long note which ends thus: "If there be anything in Irish song more passionate, spontaneous, or essentially native, we do not know of it. It has the gushing, bounding character which makes its own music, and could not possibly be read tamely;" and we think it is this piece which a later writer in the *Nation*, in reviewing the poems of Francis Davis the Belfast man, alone prefers to his "Nannie," which we quoted in this magazine. (Vol. v, p. 572.)

"Proud of you, fond of you, clinging so near to you,
 Light is my heart now I know I am dear to you!
 Glad is my voice now, so free it may sing for you
 All the wild love which is burning within for you!
 Tell me once more, tell it over and over,
 The tale of that eve which first saw you my lover.
 Now I need never bluah
 At my heart's hottest gush
 The wife of my Owen her heart may discover!

"Proud of you, fond of you, having all right in you,
 Quitting all else through my love and delight in you!
 Glad is my heart since 'tis beating so nigh to you!
 Light is my step for it always may fly to you!
 Clasped in your arms where no sorrow can reach to me,
 Reading your eyes till new love they shall teach to me,
 Though wild and weak till now,
 By that blest marriage vow,
 More than the wisest know *your* heart shall preach to me."

One merit which "My Owen" possesses is shared by very few of the poems of the *Nation*: it consists of but two stanzas. Our Irish Muse is prone to diffuseness. Our letters to the newspapers are not models of condensation. We are too easily satisfied with the first dress that our ideas clothe themselves in. We do not practise sufficiently the fine art of blotting. We do not strive earnestly enough to condense, to intensify, to clarify, to simplify, to seek, among various manners of expressing a thought, the manner which is best or nearly the best. Let the young writer, or old writer, who dabbles in literary matters, and who imagines he possesses (like an incipient mustache) the "makings of a good style"—let all who wish to see what pains precede excellence read in Mr. Trevelyan's *Life* of his

* The feelings of many in Ireland just before the '48 time are described with considerable power, and with a praiseworthy attempt at fairness, in Miss Keary's novel, "Castle Daly," of which some of the characters were supposed to be writers in the *Nation* newspaper.

brilliant uncle those pages which describe Macaulay's method of composition. This study may incite them to wage a relentless war against the tawdry and the commonplace—which does not at all mean that they are to be stilted or affected.

But this does not particularly regard “Mary” of the *Nation*, to whom we must return another time.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

All who love the Irish nation and the Catholic faith may be excused for feeling some gratification at every new proof of the untrustworthiness, inaccuracy, and partisan spirit of that self-styled historian who has exhibited in his writings the most virulent hatred for the Catholic religion and the Irish race. A writer in the *Academy*, March 9, 1878, who shows himself in many ways well disposed towards Mr. Froude, and who blames Mr. Freeman for pursuing too relentlessly his recent exposure in the *Contemporary* of Mr. Froude's *Nineteenth Century* caricature of St. Thomas of Canterbury—this evidently impartial writer, who gives Mr. Froude credit for personal honesty, furnishes us, nevertheless, with the following estimate of the qualifications which the author of the *English in Ireland* possesses for the office of a truthful historian :—

“It cannot be too widely known, that in his main charge against Mr. Froude, of *habitual inaccuracy*, Mr. Freeman is entirely borne out by all competent investigators who have tested his work by the original authorities. *He is entirely untrustworthy in his statement of facts as well as in the inferences which he draws.*”

Father Edmund Hogan, S.J., has given in his Introduction to the curious contemporary “History of the Warr in Ireland in 1641,” a very remarkable collection of critical testimonies to the same purport: such as the *Saturday Review's* statement that “Mr. Froude's commas cannot be trusted, his inaccuracy of quotation is incurable; occasional beauties of style cannot be allowed to redeem carelessness of truth, contempt for the first principles of morals, and ecclesiastical malignity of the most frantic kind.” Since this was written, Mr. Froude's reputation has suffered still more from such thoroughly competent and unprejudiced authorities as Mr. Lecky and Mr. Freeman. For instance the latter, who is unfortunately free from any

prepossession in favour of that Church of which Thomas á Becket is a canonised saint, has lately given the weight of his great character as an English historian, to this excuse for Mr. Froude's invincible ignorance of the history which he pretends to write :—

"The picture which Mr. Froude draws of Thomas's conduct in that office is one against which it is needful to protest in the name of simple truth. Anything more monstrous never appeared from the pen of one who professed to be narrating facts. In anyone else one would be tempted to speak of foul misrepresentation and shamelessly garbled quotation. Mr. Froude is entitled to the excuse which I have made for him already. This description of the Chancellorship is doubtless only the highest instance of that inherent defect which hinders Mr. Froude from ever accurately repeating the statements of the book which lies before him. It is the crowning case of an ignorance truly invincible of the man and the times of which he has undertaken to write."

* *

The newspapers of Ireland and America inform us that the Newdegate Prize for Poetry has lately been awarded to Mr. Oscar Wilde, of Magdalen College, Oxford, the youngest son of the late Sir William Wilde and of the well-known "*Speranza*" of the *Nation*. When this prize was founded by Sir Roger Newdegate, seventy years ago, it fell on the first occasion to Reginald Heber for his poem of "*Palestine*." Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, secured it next. Among the names of the successful competitors are those of Roundell Palmer (now Lord Selborne), Dean Stanley, John Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, and, I think, Father Faber, with a poem on the Knights of Malta. The latest addition to this catalogue will be referred to amongst the "*New Books*" of our next Number.

* *

Mrs. Oliphant says in one of her innumerable stories, that "some people are very good-natured, ready to exert themselves in any way that is not legitimate or necessary." It was remarked of Coleridge, that as soon as anything presented itself to him as a duty to be done, he felt himself incapable of doing it. Both of these remarks seem to point to the preference which many people feel for works of supererogation over plain and strict duties. Monseigneur Rey, Bishop of Annecy, in de Maistre's time, inculcated another view, making devotion consist in seeking "*le plaisir dans le devoir*." Is this the meaning of a saying which comes to us at second-hand from *The Tomahawk*? "Religion is a great temptation if we had only time to give to it." Religion itself has great attractions which would almost tempt us to devote ourselves to it, so that, if we could forget that it comes to us in the shape of duty, we should almost be drawn to it as pleasure.

Whether this comment gives the meaning of Tomahawk or not, it is true; and it is true, likewise, that many bad temptations have very little attractiveness in themselves, and many evil courses carry their own punishment along with them. For instance, it must be very unpleasant to be a scamp.

* *

The last American newspapers mention that a member of the "reportorial corps" of the *New York World* recently "interviewed" Longfellow, and amongst other matters, delicately questioned the author of *Evangeline* as to his leaning towards the Catholic faith. The poet said he had always felt a deep interest in the Catholic Church, and some of his dearest friends were members of its communion. He added, that the unquestionable advance of Catholicity in America was a sort of protest against the puritan harshness which had prevailed in the States. In spite of the purity and Catholic tone of much that Longfellow has written, we fear he will never imitate the example of his niece Adela, in becoming a convert to that Church towards which the Arthur Kavanagh of his first exquisite Tale felt so very unlike a pervert. We have no doubt that it was to Longfellow Father Burke referred in the following passage of one of his American Sermons on the Month of May. "I remember once speaking with a very distinguished poet, one of world-wide reputation and honour, whose name is a household word wherever the English language is spoken; and he said to me, 'Father, I am not a Catholic, yet I have no keener enjoyment than to witness Catholic ceremonial, to study Catholic devotion, to investigate Catholic doctrines, nor do I find, in all that nature or the resources of the intellect open before me, greater food for poetic and enthusiastic thought, than that which is suggested to me by the Catholic Church.'" This may remind us of that saying of the great sculptor, Canova, who, however, saw the beauty of the Church from within: "There is no true sublimity without the Catholic faith, and no true beauty without the Madonna."

* *

Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War—an Irishman, too, born at Celbridge—was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it; when, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face and said, "But yee can mend it, can't ee?" Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, he found it was empty of silver, and he had to make

amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her meanwhile tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted.

On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner-party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a pre-engagement, saying to his family: "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

* *

The foregoing incident from the life of Sir William Napier may pair with a "parallel passage" which I have saved from *Yorick*, of Feb. 17, 1877—a half-comic periodical which had too much of the tone of Goldsmith's *Bee*, to please the Punch and Judy London public. We may safely attribute this excellent "Twelve Pence Worth" to the author of "On Babies and Ladders"—Mr. Richard Dowling. There are some of his quaint, tender touches about it.

* *

I never fully appreciated the value of twelpence sterling until about three years ago. Happening at that time to be walking down a very mean street on a July evening, I came upon a little group of people. They were standing in a circle on the footway and looking on the ground. From the centre of the group came the sound of a child's voice wailing very softly, not with the loud and obtrusive grief of one desiring sympathy or help, but in a low voice that rose from close contemplation of sorrow. The voice seemed out of place in a street, and would have better befitted a solitude—a darkened room, or barren height.

I drew near, and looking over the shoulders of those around, saw, seated on the ground, a little girl in a white frock. Beside her lay the fragments of a jug, and over the flags and under the feet of the people streamed the milk which had been in the jug. Some one had knocked against the little girl, and her "message" had slipped through her fingers. The doer of the evil had been in great haste and was out of sight.

"She broke the jug and she'll be beat when she gets home." This chorus to the tragedy was uttered by a woman with the authority of experience in the tone.

Just then a policeman came up and stood watching the scene with his arms akimbo. After a little while he said, in a voice of rugged

compassion, the man showing in the tone, the officer preserved in the words :—"Crying will do no good ; you'd better get up and go home."

The child raised her eyes, and, seeing him, ceased to wail. She stood up silently, and gathering the fragments, lifted her white dress and hid them in it. Then she walked slowly and dejectedly through a lane made for her by those standing by. The people followed her slight figure with their eyes as she walked down the street. The policeman, from force of habit, went after her, as though she had been at heart a pugilist, balked by his arrival.

But the little one had not proceeded more than half way down the street when the consciousness of her misfortune overtook her with redoubled force, and going to a door-step, she sat down ; the hand holding the dress relaxed, all the blue fragments fell jingling to the ground, and leaning her head on her hands, she sobbed. The policeman stood and looked at her with his arms still akimbo.

As I was in no hurry, I went to where he was standing.

"How much would it cost to mend that jug?" I asked him.

"Look at it," he returned, without removing his eyes from her. "It's in a thousand bits. Nothing could mend it."

"Would a shilling buy a new jug and milk?"

"It would." He did not remove his eyes.

"Here : give her this."

He now looked deliberately at me, held out his hand, and said, "Thank you, sir," as though I had obtained promotion for him. Without another word, he crossed the footway, touched the child, and bending low over her, somewhat as you see mothers bend over their children when they are ashamed of caressing them any more in the presence of friends, said. "The gentleman sent you this. Get up and buy a new jug and milk, and go home ; and don't forget your prayers, *ever*. D'ye hear?"

I often pass that policeman, and if he be alone he always touches his hat to me, so that I have come into great respect with the people in the neighbourhood. When I am arrested for some crime and committed to his custody, I know he will take off the handcuffs and let me open the door. What better could any man do with a shilling than make such a provision against the future? I feel that my shilling purchased for me a liberty-policy of assurance. I wonder which had the child, the policeman, or I, the greatest benefit of that shilling? Somehow, in this matter, I feel the balance in my favour. It is true I have not yet entered upon my career of crime ; but it's a long lane that has no turning, as the proverb says.

* *

Some sort of engagement was given, that in these paragraphs a clue would be furnished to such poetical enigmas as may, from time to

time, be enshrined in our pages. The ingenious "Paradox," propounded elsewhere, will not be less relished by those who perceive at once that it relates to a certain letter of the alphabet, like the well-known lines on the letter H (are they Lord Byron's, or Miss Fanshawe's?) beginning:—

"'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught softly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to roam,
And woe to the wretch who expels it from home."

This most poetical of enigmas ends with the pathetic appeal:—

"Oh! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour!"

* *

In the first of our present instalment of Pigeonhole Paragraphs, we put together a few testimonies as to Mr. Froude's habitual inaccuracy of statement. No pigeonhole could hold a tithe of the proofs which might be brought forward in support of this thesis. Amongst those crushed out is the following from the *Contemporary Review* of last March. The writer, Mr. Edward Freeman, is acknowledged to be the best authority on the period of history under discussion in Mr. Froude's latest attempt at historical writing. "Historical scholars (he says) are now disposed to set down Mr. Froude's vagaries of narrative and judgment to an inborn and incurable twist, which makes it impossible for him to make an accurate statement about any matter. They see in these lesser writings, that when Mr. Froude undertakes one of the simplest of tasks, that of fairly reporting the statements made by a single writer, he cannot do it. By some destiny which it would seem he cannot escape, instead of the narrative which he finds—at least which all other readers find—in his book, he invariably substitutes another out of his own head." Mr. Freeman proceeds to furnish some amusing instances, in the course of which it appears that Mr. Froude actually translates "prædictæ rationes" by "shortened rations!" This piece of scholarship may pair with Mr. Cartwright's "latent reservation" [*reservatio latè dicta*], or with the gentleman who gave "latè vigilans" as the Latin for a wide-awake hat.

A PARADOX.

A LIQUID there is, now find it me soon :—
 It's far off in the sun, and it's up in the moon.
 In the planets you'll find it, though not in the stars,
 And I'm told it's not seen in redoubtable Mars.
 But perhaps it's too far to look up through the air,
 So let's stay on the earth and explore for it there.
 You'll find it in Germany, England, and Spain,
 But through Russia or Turkey you'd seek it in vain.
 In the depths of the ocean this liquid may be,
 Though it's not in the rivers, the lakes, or the sea.
 It's not in the clouds, yet it comes with the rain
 Till it fills up the cistern and closes the drain.
 In the springs it leaps up, though it's not in the wells,
 In the mountains there's much, but there's none in the dells.
 In Spring and in Winter this liquid resounds,
 In the sultriest Autumn it superabounds,
 While to catch it in Summer your efforts it mocks,
 Though you see it quite plain in the crannies of rocks.
 Though the sunshine it loves, it's not known in July,
 And in August it comes not to gladden the eye.

And now, of this liquid the sketch to complete,
 Of its strange paradoxical *morals* I'll treat.
 Though from strictest teetot'lers it receives no reproof,
 From the hands of the drunkards it's never aloof :
 They put it in brandy and even in gin,
 No naggin of beer but has some of it in.
 In whiskey there's none, yet they mix it in punch,
 And take double at dinner what was taken for lunch.
 So this liquid to find all your faculties strain,
 And you're sure to succeed if you seek it in vain.

S. D. T.

NEW BOOKS.

WE are forced to reserve for our next issue our notices of several books, some of which ought to have been welcomed more promptly. We may mention Mr. Thomas Irwin's "Songs and Romances;" the "Life of Mother Margaret Mostyn," edited by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J.; "Irish Priests and People," a poem by the Rev. M. J. MacHale; "Lives of Columba and St. Brigid," by Sister M. F. Cusack; and the "Life of St. Mary Frances of the Five Wounds," by the Rev. Daniel Ferris.

Allah-Akbar. God is Great (London: R. Washbourne) is an Arab legend of the Conquest of Granada, translated from the Spanish by Miss Mariana Monteiro. It seems to be good in its peculiar kind, and to be carefully and well translated. Its handsome pages are adorned with pretty headpieces from the pencil of the translator's sister.

The same publisher has sent us the second edition of "The Child of Mary's Manual," compiled from the French, very neat and convenient in form and well adapted for its purpose.

Quite a wonderful amount of information is crushed into a little quarto called "Summary of Devotions and Indulgences for the Members of the Rosary Confraternity" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son). It bears the *Imprimatur* of Father Carbery, the Provincial of the Dominicans.

There can be no doubt as to the piety and earnestness of the writer of a pamphlet, the title of which, a very long and cumbrous one, begins with the question, *Which is it?* (London: Burns & Oates). The effectiveness of the form into which his views are thrown is more open to doubt. But Extreme Ritualism, from which Mr. Shaw seems to have recently made his way into the Catholic Church, is to us an unknown land. Mr. Shaw knows best what line of argument had most cogency with himself during his painful struggles towards the one fold of the One Shepherd.

Next month we shall give as full an account as possible of the books mentioned at the top of this page, and also of a useful and important work on the "Social Aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism" (London: Keegan, Paul & Co.) which Mr. Henry Bellingham has partly composed and partly translated from the French of Baron de Haulleville, and which Cardinal Manning introduces in an excellent preface.

ONE SUMMER BY THE SEA.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

PART II.

ON the Sunday evening after his arrival, Gerald Mahon was standing on the shore, when the vesper bell, breaking the sabbath stillness, called the faithful to prayer. He sprang lightly up the shingly beach, and in a few moments entered the little church. It was a simple, unpretending edifice, but perfectly clean, with lights and fresh flowers on the altar, while before it swung the silver lamp, with its soft flame, so dear to all Catholic hearts, for it tells them their Lord is in the tabernacle. The worshippers knelt around, rapt in prayer, the old men leaning forward, their clasped hands resting on their sticks, the women, with their beads between their fingers, rocked themselves to and fro, the little children pulled each other slyly in the corners, or pattered over the earthen floor with their soft little feet. Gerald knelt near the door, while a venerable, white-haired old priest said the Rosary; and when this was concluded, the same beautiful voice he had heard on the rocks gradually filled the little chapel, and the "Kyrie Eleison" of the Litany of Loretto floated out through the open door into the gloaming, the children's shrill treble joining in the chorus. When all was over, the congregation departed: young life, with its impetuous footsteps, pushing at the door, as though a moment lingering were lost, the bent forms going out slowly with the double tread of age. Gerald sat upon the wall near the gate, determined to get a look at this wonderful singing-bird, so suggestive of the Legend of Monk Felix. She came out in a little time, a sheet of music in her hand. She passes quite close to him, and as he unconsciously gets upon his feet as she approaches, she lifts her dark, spiritual eyes for a moment, and returns his look with the simple, unabashed gaze of a thoughtful child.

"The face is in harmony with the voice," said the boy, looking after her until he saw her own door close upon her; "shall I have any chance of knowing her? Yet, I can't but see her sometimes, and I'll paint her from memory."

A chance occurred to bring about an acquaintance between the two young people. Mr. Langdale had gone up to the cliffs one evening to take a walk, rather an unusual proceeding on his part, as he generally spent his after-dinner hours shut up in his private sitting-room—"planning divilment," according to Nancy. He walked rather close

to the edge, stumbled over a stone, and before he could recover himself rolled over, landing fortunately on a ledge of rocks. Though it was possible to scramble up and down on the same spot, it was not at all desirable to come down with any amount of impetus, the rocks were so jagged and pointed. Gerald Mahon happened to witness the descent, and ran to his assistance, and with considerable difficulty managed to get him down, and his foot seemed to be hurt. By slow degrees he succeeded in bringing him to his door, which to his delight he found to be the same that had closed upon his singing-bird a few evenings before. Mr. Langdale used the knocker rather savagely; and hurried footsteps, suggestive of very prompt obedience, were heard along the passage, and the door opened.

"Send Miss Lilian here," he said, imperiously. "And, Nancy Brennan; confound you, you stupid brute. Do as I order you, and stop staring at me."

They got into the drawing-room, and he sank into a seat as Lilian entered.

"What has happened, father?" she asked; "I hope you haven't hurt yourself?"

"No matter what you hope," he answered, "I *have* hurt myself; 'tis well if my foot isn't broken. Ring the bell, will you, and call up that woman."

Gerald rang the bell.

"Let me take off your shoe," said the girl, kneeling at his feet.

"Let it alone, will you?" he shouted, furiously. "What do you know about it? Here," he continued, as Nancy entered, "take off this cursed shoe, and see if my ankle is out of place."

Nancy bared his foot, and examined it with skilful fingers.

"Whethen, indeed it isn't out of place," said she; "there is nothin' at all ails it but a bit of a twist it got."

"Bit of a twist," he repeated, sardonically. "I wish your neck may get one."

"I cross your prayers," said Nancy, serenely; "and the same won't happen, barren I takes to walkin' an my head. But you might as well come into your room, sir, till I pour could wather on it, an' clap on a bandage."

With many impatient curses, he obeyed her, saying as he went out: "Get tea, and entertain this young gentleman, Lilian. He has been very attentive."

She rang the bell, and gave her orders to the servant, then came over and took a seat opposite Gerald at the window.

"What is your name?" she said, simply; "my father didn't mention it."

"Gerald Mahon," he answered. "I am making a tour of the Irish coast, and came here a week ago."

"Yes," said Lilian, "I saw you at the gate of the chapel on Sunday evening."

"I saw you before then," said Gerald, "the first day I came, and heard you singing the 'Ave Maria' on the rocks. I knew your voice again at the Rosary."

"Our choir is very primitive," she replied. "I wonder how it sounds in strange ears. Nothing more having ever been in it, we miss nothing out of it."

"I thought it lovely," said the boy, with a bright smile. "It made me feel as if my wings were growing, and I was going to be good in a burst."

Lilian laughed softly, then checked herself. "I ought to go and see how my father is," she said. "Excuse me for a few moments."

"What a face she has," said Gerald, as she left the room; "and wasn't it lucky for me he rolled over? I wonder is it possible he worries her; he seems to have a superfluity of bile."

At that moment he heard his voice in the distance. "For heaven's sake, girl, don't be annoying me with questions. Send me a cup of tea, and let none come near me except they are sent for. Be less like a fool if you can, and talk to that fellow that was civil to me. A hanged bore it is, the whole business."

Lilian returned, the look of pain more evident about her lips. She busied herself about the table, and rang the bell.

"I ought to go now," said the boy, standing up very unwillingly, but feeling it was the right thing to be done.

"Oh, please don't," said Lilian, earnestly. "Father would say it was my fault. At least"—and she got confused—"he'd think I was uncourteous, after all your kindness."

"I would be delighted to stay," said Gerald, "if I thought I shouldn't be in your way."

"You will not," she replied. "I would be only reading here if I were alone."

The tea came in, and Nancy, to bring a cup of it to her master.

"Do you think is he much hurt, nurse?" asked Lilian.

"Indeed, faith, I know he isn't," said Nancy; "but he'll make the most of it, never fear. Consate is as bad as consumption, an' I'll go bail he won't lave the house for a month."

She carried away the tea, and Gerald and Lilian took theirs almost in silence. She had a worn look upon her delicate face, and the boy watched her with reverential eyes as she sat opposite him, the evening light falling on her hair from the window behind her, and wondered what sort of life lay behind what he saw, and wished he could take the look of pain off her lips before he began his picture.

So the time passed by, and they had spoken over many things, Gerald telling her about his artist life and all the things and places

that had impressed him. But at last he took his leave, rejoicing at his good fortune at having made her acquaintance in such a manner as put him in friendlier relation with her than weeks would bring about in the ordinary way.

Nancy's forebodings were realised. Mr. Langdale confined himself to his room for the next few weeks, making the house very warm indeed for its inmates. Gerald called every day to inquire after him, and generally heard his voice in denunciation of some supposed aggressor. He would linger with Lilian as long as he could, without appearing intrusive, and the look of patient endurance in her sweet face was beginning to give him a good deal of hidden pain. Gerald's pleasant, boyish face and frank manner had completely won Nancy's heart, and she had no hesitation in giving expression to her opinions before him. She would come into the room to the two young people, repressing her animal spirits till she got inside the door. "Yerra, dear knows if I didn't come in a minit to make my heart, I'd never stand," she would say. "The Lord be blessed and praised, 'tis wondherful how the breath holds him; if there was a windmill in front of him he'd keep it goin'. Listen to him now screechin' like a scalded dog, and 't isn't two minits since he ordered me to quit the room an' go to a place I won't mention. 'Wisha, faith I won't, then,' ses I to him, when I was safe at the door; 'tis enough for me to be pladin' with you in this world, an' not to be alongside you in the next.' Oh, then, bhust you," she would add, as Mr. Langdale's voice, again calling her, filled the house, and she was forced to take her departure.

But things returned after a time to their normal condition, and one day, about the end of August, to Nancy's great delight, Mr. Langdale announced that he had law business that would require his presence in Dublin, and would be away for a month. Next day he departed, and a pall seemed to be lifted off the house. The servants laughed in the kitchen, Lilian's little dog, Carlo, gambolled about the house instead of slinking at its mistress' heels, and the cat ventured into the dining-room, and sat on the window-sill in the sun; and Nancy thanked God that they "were able to draw their breath at last."

Lilian had introduced Gerald to Father Morris soon after she had become acquainted with him, and many of his evenings had been spent at Cliff Cottage. The good priest had a keen perception of character, and the young man's simple, earnest, and buoyant nature had won his good opinion. So after Mr. Langdale had disappeared, they all unconsciously drew closer together, and many happy hours they had, walking with Father Morris over the wild country while he was answering his calls. When his duties took him apart, they sat upon the sea-shore, Nancy knitting her stocking, Gerald sketching, and Lilian working or playing at work, while Carlo ran and barked after the ebbing waves. They were perfectly happy, too happy to be think-

ing either of the past or future. The great pendulum of time swung slowly, and when the golden hours were struck, they only listened to the solemn chiming and forgot to count. The colour came back to Lilian's face that used to be pale, like a rose in moonlight, and Nancy would say it "riz her heart to hear a good laugh out of her at last." And many a laugh Nancy herself was the cause of. Gerald had an intense perception of humour, and as he was an Englishman, the Irish-woman's racy method of telling stories and making comments on them was very novel and delightful to him. He did his best to draw her out, which was never very difficult to accomplish.

"Nancy," said Gerald one evening, as they all sat together on the rocks, "were you ever married?"

"Whethen, of course I was," she answered, "so much couldn't pass me. It's so long ago now I amost forget it—an' shure no wondher, an' I goin' on my fifty years."

"Did you ever think of marrying the second time?" he asked.

"Iyeh, fatha ga tho," said Nancy. "Deed, then, I didn't. Wanst is enough for any woman, an' too much for some. An' begor if any wan had the impidence to ax me, I'd give him his head in his hand, as Biddy Collins done." And Nancy laughed till her substantial person shook.

"Why," said Gerald, "how did Biddy dismiss her suitor?"

"Shure you can't but have taken notice of her," replied Nancy, "above at the priest's?"

"Of course I have," he answered. "Biddy and I are sworn friends."

"A clane, decent girl," said Nancy; "but faith, they say very near her temper. She has the name of a sight of money, an' no doubt but she has a good share. Many's the wan goin' in and out there that 'ud slip a shillin' into the heel of her fist, and no wan the wiser; an' a very devout woman, givin' no ear to marriage, an' the likes, but to mind her place an' her sowl. Well, there's a boy of the Conways livin' beyant there in Crown-prown, a mane little blaguard, that 'ud stale a pin out of a child's bib, he's such a negur; an' you never seen such sport in all your born days, an' the hare she made of him last Shroof. Well becomes some play-boy, but they put up Micky Conway to thry his luck, an' well they knowin' 'twas no easy thing to spake of a match to Biddy, an' blew his brains out about all the money an' value she had. So off my little Cahirneen sets one evening, an' never cried crack till he came to the priest's kitchen dure, an' in the lucky hour there was Biddy sittin' within an' she ating her dinner for herself. 'God save you, decent man,' ses she, for she is very civil spoken if you don't crass her. 'God save you kindly,' ses he, making answer. 'If 'tis his reverence you want,' ses Biddy, 'you can see him in a while's time, so come in an' take a hate of the fire.' Beganines he

done as she bid him, an' sat down over right the herth. 'Whethen,' ses he, tryin' to put a bould face on himself, 'it wasn't the priest I wanted this time, but a couple of words I had to say to yourself,' ses he. 'You couldn't hit on a handier time, then,' ses Biddy, 'so open your mind at wanst.' So with that, begor, he ups an' makes known to her all he had, an' all he hadn't, an' this thing, an' that thing, an' that if she shows down pound for pound they can put wan with another, an' live like fightin' cocks. 'Are you done now?' ses Biddy, when he drew breath. 'Well then I am,' ses Micky, 'tis your turn to spake up now,' ses he. 'This is my spake, so,' ses Biddy, standin' up very quite entirely from the table, an' makin' wan drive over for the tongs; 'this is my spake,' ses she, 'that if you don't quit the house this blessed minit, may I never finish my dinner, but I'll split your head open.' Arrah, man dear, he gev wan lep of the chair, an' before you could cry trapstick he was out the dure, the tongs flying at his heels, an' my hand to you, he never drew breath till he was out of sight an' light of the house, Biddy standin' on the thrasthle of the dure shouting 'hulla, hulla, hulla,' as if he was runnin' before a pack of hounds."

Gerald's peals of laughter echoed among the cliffs, and the people sitting out looked round with a smile to see from whence came the pleasant sound.

"Do you know, Mr. Gerald," said Nancy, with a comical twinkle in her eye, "I was often thinkin' since, that if the young ladies refused the gentlemen that way, 'twould put a stop to a power of heart-ache; for then, instead of mournin' an' lamentin' for the sweetheart, they'd be sayin', like Micky Conway, 'Oh, glory be to God, an' hadn't I the escape?'" And there was another general laugh at Nancy's happy method of pouring balm on a wounded spirit. "But here I am shana-hussin," she continued, "when I ought be legging it home to have the tay ready."

"Oh, Nancy," said Gerald, looking at his watch, "'tis too soon for Miss Lilian to go in for the next two hours; 'twould be a sin, such a lovely evening."

"Let her plaze herself," said Nancy. "My hand an' word to you I don't grudge her her liberty; an' there's no one to let a roar at her when she likes to come; but make her stir herself, Mr. Gerald, if it turns could, or either I'll come with a shawl." And Nancy departed.

"Nancy speaks your name," said Lilian, "as if she knew you all your life."

"Why don't you call me Gerald?" said the boy, colouring a little, "and let me call you Lilian. "No one calls me Mr. Mahon at home."

"Gerald is an easy name to say," she answered, and he thrilled with pleasure to hear her speak it. "There are some names that seem to me as if I should stand up mentally to get them out."

"It's like tasting lilies to say your name," said Gerald. "A cherub might be called Lilian; but now, wouldn't it spoil your idea of an angelic intelligence if one were called Peggy?"

Lilian laughed, and told him it was one of his artistic conceits; and they chatted on, while he told her of all his aspirations, his failures, and his dawning success, and of his home and his mother—how young and pretty she was, and how dearly they loved each other—how he used to paint her, and they would laugh and say they would be handed down to posterity like Ary Scheffer and his beautiful mother.

The floating masses of clouds became on fire; the crimson sinking sun rested a moment half dipped in the western wave; bars of golden light shot upwards into the silent skies; and aerial cities, bridges, and shining rivers appeared and disappeared in cloudland, dissolving into new shapes of beauty each moment.

"What a wonderful sight it is," said Lilian; "it often makes me think how strong a spirit must get to bear the sudden rush of splendour pouring out of 'God's Great Town.' Now that sunset almost weighs me down with a sense of infinite loveliness beyond it."

"You are always thinking beautiful thoughts, Lilian," said Gerald.

"Isn't it in the nature of beautiful things to awaken them?" she replied, with a smile. She clasped her hands softly on her knees, and, gazing away into the fading West, repeated, in a low voice, a verse of her own making:—

On such an evening spiritual things
Touch on our finer senses, and we hear
The sudden rushing of celestial springs
Break in divinest music on the ear:
And white-winged thoughts float bird-like o'er the deep
Of our full souls, awakened as from sleep.

"Lilian," said the boy, laying his head upon her folded hands, "I love you."

A sudden stillness seemed to fall upon the world, intensifying every sound, the little children's voices on the shore, the melancholy note of the curlew, and the low wash of the waves. He lifted his head again; the girl's face was pale, and the look of pain was on her lips. "Lilian"—and he took her hands in his—"tell me do you care for me—do you love me?" His face, too, had grown pale with a sudden fear, and his lips were trembling.

"My father," said the girl.

"Tell me," he repeated, "do you care for me? do you love me?"

She looked at his face for a moment. "Why should I be ashamed to say it?" she replied, in her calm, sweet voice. "I do care for you."

"Do you love me?" he asked.

"I love you," she repeated.

The boy laid down his head again upon her hands, and the same solemn hush and sense of ineffable peace fell around them. It was as though their angel guardians had folded them in their broad white wings, shutting them away from the rush and roar of the hurrying world, looking with pleased seraphic eyes on God's precious gift of human love, as it bound together two pure human hearts.

After a time they began to speak again, with a new sense of altered positions, a feeling as if the current of their lives no longer flowed apart, but had met and mingled.

"Lilian," said Gerald, "why did you speak of your father?"

The look of pain came to her lips again. "Ah," she replied, "I am afraid of him. He will be very angry when he knows."

"Oh, you exaggerate," said he, hopefully. "I am not very rich, yet I am not so badly off. I have a good deal of means besides my profession; I am getting on well at that; and when he sees how we love each other he can't refuse his consent. I'll do anything he will ask; I'll serve as faithfully for you as Jacob did for Rachel. Love makes one very patient, dear."

"Well," said the girl, "we will go up to-morrow and tell Father Morris—my father indeed." And her eyes filled with tears. "Any way, we shall be patient, Gerald. We have been very happy, whatever happens in the future."

"Yes," said the boy, clasping her hands to his breast, as they stood up to go home. "Let us thank God, Lilian, for the happiness of this day."

"I thank God," replied the girl, lifting her spiritual eyes to the bending skies. "I thank God."

Next day they went up to Father Morris, and told him of their hopes and fears. He listened to them with deep sympathy, in his own mind sharing Lilian's misgivings, for he knew well, from the disposition of her father, the simple fact of her having a preference was sufficient to exasperate his tyrannical nature. But he spoke as cheerfully as he could, not so much counselling them to hope as in his gentle, wise way trying to strengthen them against disappointment. "Some 'baptised infidel' wrote," said he, "that every thing comes round to those who wait; but I say to you, every thing comes round to those who are unselfish and place their trust in God."

A few more exquisitely happy days went by; Mr. Langdale returned, and again the atmosphere grew chill, and the house became as cold and unnaturally still as if there was a corpse in it. Gerald Mahon one morning summoned up his courage and faced the lion in his lair. Mr. Langdale received him with cold politeness, and smoked his after-breakfast pipe, while the boy stammered over his confession, gave an outline of his expectations, and asked him for his daughter's hand.

"I suppose," he said at last, laying down his pipe and smiling

sardonically, "I suppose, young gentleman, you are aware my daughter will have a considerable fortune."

"I am not," said the boy, hotly. "I know nothing of your means. I don't want your money, but your daughter."

"'Tis extremely kind of you to wish to relieve me of one," said Mr. Langdale; "but to put an end to this folly, permit me to tell you I can't oblige you with either one or the other. I have other views for my daughter, and 'tis just as well for you to take this decision as final, for it is unalterable."

Gerald opened his mouth to speak, Mr. Langdale rang the bell. "Show this gentleman to the door," said he to the servant, "don't admit him to this house again, and tell Miss Langdale to come here."

Gerald left the house in despair and anger, just as Lilian entered the room. "So you have picked up with this adventurer," said her father, in a tone of repressed violence, "while I was absent."

"He is no adventurer," said Lilian, trying to steady her lips. "He can prove to you he is too well born and too well off to be designing."

"No matter who or what he is," he answered, savagely. "I don't care if he was a prince *incog.*; all I tell you is, when the time comes I'll provide you with a husband, and 'tis better for you to repress your instincts till then."

"You'll break my heart," said the girl, the large tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I'll break your will," said he, "and teach you to be obedient."

Lilian turned away, and went to her room. She sat down, trying to think it all out, to try to realise that she and Gerald were as separated as though a wall of iron stood between them; that their lives were torn asunder. How could she bear hers? how see her desolate days narrow again around her a thousandfold more unbearable for their brief expansion and admission of celestial light? How was it possible to do without him? "I will go to Father Morris," she said. "He'll tell me how to bear it—he'll comfort me."

Nancy was in and out of the room, knowing the whole circumstances, but not trusting herself to speak. She had just closed the door on Lilian, who had gone with the restless spirit of misery on her, when Mr. Langdale's bell summoned her, and she entered his room. "So," said he, "you have been encouraging a respectable piece of business, plotting and planning in my absence."

"I never had any hand in plots and plans," said Nancy, "an' not to begin 'em now in the latter end of me days."

"Was this young puppy hanging about here while I was away?" said Mr. Langdale.

"I saw no puppies nor pappies hangin' any place," said Nancy.

"There might be a litter of 'em strung up for all I know. I do be mindin' me business."

"Was this young gentleman coming here," said Mr. Langdale, furiously, "while I was in Dublin?"

"Yerra, you wouldn't lave wan a stim of sinse," said Nancy. "Is it the gentleman that brought you home the night you was afther your dinner an' tumbled down the cliffs?"

"Woman," said Mr. Langdale, pale with passion, "do you mean to insinuate that I was?—"

"I'd be long sorry to 'sinate anything," said Nancy; "but, begor, if you wor to put a loaf of bread in the mouth of every wan that said you had too much taken that night, you'd be the makin' of the bakers."

"Quit the room," shouted her master.

"An' welcome," she replied. "I wouldn't be in it, only you called me."

"I had so much satisfaction out of you, you ould divil," said Nancy to herself, triumphantly, as she shut the door, and going into Lilian's room she sat down, rocking herself to and fro, weeping bitterly. "Oh! praises an' glory be to God," said she, "was there ever born such an ould tyrant? an' does he expect to die in his bed at all? My poor child, that I'd give my heart's blood for, that the like of her isn't walkin' the world! I wish he broke his neck the day he tumbled; but, *marrone!* tishn't the like of him id go; and what 'ill I do at all"—and she wiped away her streaming tears—"she'll pine an' die as her mother did before her; but if she does," she added, with sudden fire, "bad luck from me but I'll have his life."

Lilian met her lover as she was going up to the cottage.

"Come over to the cliff, first," said he, "and speak to me." And he drew her to a seat hidden from the passers-by. He knelt beside her, and, in his old way, laid his head upon her hands.

"What is to be done?" he said. "What is to be done to prevent our lives from being wrecked?"

The girl bent her head over him. His grief had shown her the necessity for being strong, and she had recovered her usual command of herself.

"No one can wreck our lives, Gerald dear," she answered, "but ourselves. Disappointment and sorrow can't overwhelm us: if we have faith we can walk upon the sea."

"There is one way, Lilian," said the boy, "there is one way, and we can be happy. I can't go away from you; come with me, darling, and we can be married at once. Your father is unjust and cruel. Let us fly together."

The girl drew away her hands and clasped them over her aching eyes.

"I thought love was of heaven," she said, in a voice unutterably

sad. "I thought loving you drew me nearer to God. You too fail me; you tempt me to break through my duty. Oh! I am disappointed in you, the worst of all griefs."

"Lilian!" said the boy, catching her hands as she tried to rise, "oh, don't go from me—forgive me! forgive me!" And burning tears fell upon her hands.

"Ah, love," she said, bending over him, "you didn't know what you were saying: you wouldn't like me to do anything wrong. If I wasn't faithful to God how could I be faithful to you? Come on, dear, and we shall tell Father Morris. He always gives one strength."

They came to the priest's door, and were admitted, and their old friend laid aside his book as they entered. Their faces told him at once things had come to a climax, and he was more grieved than surprised when they told him of the morning's interview with Mr. Langdale. He leaned his head upon his hands and said, after a moment's pause, "I will speak to him myself, and try to argue the case with him."

"Tis no use," said Lilian. "I never knew him to alter a decision for any one; he never changes his mind."

"Well, I have not much hope," said Father Morris; "but it can't make things worse to try."

He did try, and the result proved the truth of their predictions. It was an utter impossibility to bend Mr. Langdale's iron will. "He would never consent to their union, and had other arrangements made for his daughter." The vague threat conveyed in the last sentence filled Gerald with additional misery.

"He'll make you marry some one when I'm gone," he would exclaim; "he has some one fixed on, and he'll force you to obey him."

"No," said Lilian. "No earthly power would compel me to do it. I'm not afraid of that. He can do what he likes now; he couldn't make me more unhappy."

A few more days passed away, while they tried to bend their minds to the belief that it was better for them to part. The girl had grown paler and thinner. Her father sneered at her appearance, and made mocking allusions to the effect of love fits; and Nancy wept over her nursling and tore Mr. Langdale in effigy all day long. "Ah, thin," she would say, after hearing one of his coarse remarks, "'tis well for me a hate-fit isn't as wearin' as a love-fit, for there wouldn't be a bit above on my bones."

The last shadowy day of soft September slipped over the edge of time, and Gerald's last evening in Lahinsy arrived. Lilian was to meet him at the Puffin's Nest at seven o'clock to bid him farewell, and he was even now waiting for her at Father Morris's. He and the priest were sitting at the window looking out upon the sea, talking quietly of possibilities, and how to make the best of the world's worst

things, when Lilian and Nancy passed by, and in a moment the former entered the room. She sat down on a seat Gerald had drawn her to, and silence fell upon them all.

"My dear children," said the gentle priest at last, and his voice was troubled, "perhaps it is better for you to go a little apart, and talk to each other alone." He took a hand of each, as they all stood up, and clasped them in both his. "Remember," he continued, solemnly, "that there is no real unhappiness in this world but that which follows sin. Believe, if God sees it best for eternity, He will draw you together in time; and if it be not so, if your paths henceforth lie in opposite and sunless directions, be ye noble and patient. The love that does not make one so under necessary separation, lacks the divine element and is unworthy of Christian souls."

Lilian and Gerald went out, and turned to the Puffin's Nest. Near it Nancy was sitting, her hands clasped over her knees, and her eyes red with weeping.

They sat down, hand in hand.

"It is so hopeless," said the boy, "so hopeless."

"Yes," said Lilian, "it is utterly hopeless. Were we to live for a hundred years my father would never yield, and I would never disobey him, never. I dare not take things out of the hands of God; even you wouldn't be able to make me happy afterwards if I did."

"I wouldn't tempt you again, my darling," said Gerald. "Loving you has made me more worthy of your love. I am less selfish; you have made me a better man, and I thank God, in the midst of my misery, that I knew and loved you. Tell me you are not sorry. My heart's treasure, comfort me by saying you are glad we met."

"I am glad we met, Gerald," she answered. "I will thank our dear Lord for it always."

Great shadows began to creep upon the waters, and a sullen murmur broke from the distant main. The village beneath lay very quiet; a few people sat upon the battlement, and the smoke from the chimneys curled upward into the clear air. Lilian shuddered as she looked at the shut door of her house, and thought of the desolate to-morrow.

"'Tis growing late, Gerald, dear," she said, forcing herself to speak calmly. "My father will soon miss me."

"Oh, Lilian, Lilian," said the boy, throwing himself on his knees, and pressing her trembling hands against his cold face.

"Gerald," she said, in such a tone of anguish that he forgot his own grief for a moment, "don't unnerve me or my heart will break."

They stood up, holding each other's hands. "Let us get it over," she said; "let us say good-by."

"Glory be to God," said Nancy, "I think there's a squall or somethin' comin' on. The say looks awful. Let ye get into the shelter of the rock, ashore, for a couple of minits." And she came up near

them with some difficulty, and took refuge from the rapidly rising wind. Gerald and Lilian moved over beside her, where they were quite protected, yet had a full view of the sea. At that moment a fierce blast rang through the vaulted skies and churned the waves into a frothing mass. A sudden squall broke with appalling violence, sweeping right in from the wide ocean. Their eyes were fascinated as the two great elements struggled in a wild embrace; coming in from the distant horizon was one long, mighty swell crowned with foam; the waves beneath heaved and wrestled as though the whole bay had been a whirlpool. The waves upon the shore were dragged outward, and as if they had iron teeth, tore the rocks and sand along with them. Another rush of wind out of the hollow skies. The swell of water comes nearer, it meets the receding tide—both rise together, and in a moment more sandhills and village disappear, the wind dies away, and over a great expanse of country the deep sea moans and murmurs like a weary child.

"My poor father," said the girl, falling senseless on the earth.

For many a day afterwards Lilian lay hanging between life and death in Father Morris's cottage; but gradually she came back to consciousness and recognised her faithful attendants. Gerald was almost as worn as herself from watching and anxiety; but once she looked at him with the old, tender gaze, and whispered his name, he was his bright boyish self again; and Nancy, when she saw the recognition, went outside the door, and "had a good cry to herself that took the load off her heart." When Lilian was quite recovered, in a few months' time—during which Gerald had been to England to his mother, who was to receive her daughter with open arms—Father Morris married them one morning in his quiet little chapel. There was no one present in the flesh but the servants and the old sacristan; but can we doubt that the white-winged angels were bending over them pleased, as they knelt before the Lord's anointed, their clean hands folded within each other, their pure lips repeating the solemn words that clasped their souls together in one sacred, inviolable union?

They went away to their English home, of course taking Nancy with them. But ever after, while Father Morris lived, the summer days brought back Lilian and Gerald for a month to Cliff Cottage. And they were happy days, albeit Lilian used to think of her father's awful fate till the tears would roll down her cheeks, she and Gerald sitting at the Puffin's Nest, looking down where the village had been, in which they had met their greatest joy and greatest sorrow. And now, as then, their words were always, "Thank God that we met."

They did not belie the promise of their youth; their lives were holy

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and beautiful, their love never lapsed into indifference, as is the wont of feeling in commonplace natures; it retained its old tenderness and freshness to the last. They had sorrows and troubles as is the wisely-ordained lot of mortals; but they were lightened and sweetened by participation. They did their part in stemming the torrent of evil in the world, and the circles, widening from one home of Christian purity and love, grew broad, and deepened to eternities.

By-and-by a little child came with them to Father Morris's cottage, with Gerald's soft brown eyes and Lilian's tender lips, *minus* the look of pain, and Morris Mahon was a great pet of the gentle priest, and "Fader Moss" became his great friend and protector.

Nancy, as of yore, was irrepressible, and altogether necessary to Lilian's children, whom she loved only second to their mother, and whose propensities for fun and frolic it was her delight to encourage. "Yerra, Miss Lilian, hould your tongue," she would answer in defence of some mischief; "is it *morawans* you want to make of 'em. Begor, I wouldn't give a brass pin for wan that hadn't some *sprah* in him; they aren't good for king or counthry." She would sometimes, too, talk of other days, but Mr. Langdale's name was even then a little unpalatable. "Well, the Lord have mercy on him," she would say, "wan should never spake ill of those that is dead and gone, an' may God comfort our poor, sinful sows when we go ourselves. But, indeed," she would add under her breath to herself, "I'll never believe the ould sayin' agin, the longest day I have breath in me, that those that is born to be hanged will never be drowned."

THE BUILDERS.

I SAW the builders laying
 Stones on the grassy sod,
 And people praised them, saying :
 "A fane to the mighty God
 Shall rise aloft in glory,
 Pillars and arches wide,
 Windows stained with the story
 Of Christ the crucified."

I saw the broken boulders
Lie in the waving grass,
Flung down from bending shoulders,
And said: "Our lives must pass
Ere wide cathedral spreading
Can span this mossy field
Where kine are slowly treading
And flowers their honey yield.

"Oh, dreaming builders, tarry!
Unchain your souls from toil,
Leave the rock in the quarry,
The bloom upon the soil;
For life is short, my brothers,
And labour wastes it sore,
Why toil to gladden others
When you shall breathe no more?

"Oh! come with footsteps springing,
With empty hands and free,
And tread the green earth singing
'The world was made for me!'
Pray amid nature's sweetness
In pillared forest glade,
Content with the incompleteness
Of fanes that the Lord has made!"

The builders, never heeding,
Kept piling stone on stone,
Their hands with toil were bleeding—
I went my way alone,
Prayed in the forest temple
And ate the wild-bee's store;
My life was pure and simple—
What would the Lord have more?

The years, like one long morning,
They all flew swiftly by;
Old age with little warning
Came creeping softly nigh.
Now (be we all forgiven!)
I longed to see, alas!
What the builders had raised to heaven
Instead of the tender grass.

The Builders.

I heard a sweet bell ringing
Over the world so wide,
I heard the sound of singing
Across the even-tide.
What sight my soul bewilders
Beneath the sunset's glow?
The fane that the dreaming builders
Were building long ago!

'Tis not the sculptured portal,
Or windows jewelled wide,
With joys of the life immortal,
And woes of Him who died,
That fill my soul with wonder,
And drain my heart of tears,
And ask with voice of thunder,
"Where are thy wasted years?"

But a thousand, thousand creatures
Kneel down where grew the sod,
And hear with glowing features
The words that breathe of God.
Alone and empty-handed,
I wait by the open door,
Such work hath the Lord commanded,
And I can work—no more!

The builders, never heeding,
They lie and take their rest,
And hands no longer bleeding
Are folded on each breast—
The grass waves o'er them sleeping,
And flowerets red and white,
Where I kneel above them weeping
And whisper, "You were right."

R. M.

THE LATEST "MARE'S NEST."

"A PRIEST WITH TWO WIVES."

THE Rev. W. Stephens published, in 1876, "Memorials of the South Saxon See and Cathedral Church of Chichester." In his notice of Ralph Neville, who was bishop from 1222-1244, he "paraphrases, in an abridged form," some familiar letters written to that prelate by his steward. The bishop was residing in London, engaged upon his duties as lord chancellor, and his steward, an ecclesiastic, keeps him acquainted with the temporal administration of his estates, and incidentally with some diocesan news. In the midst of a letter, detailing the havoc committed by the foxes, and asking for dogs to hunt them down, he writes (in Mr. Stephens's version): "I think you ought to know that the Vicar of Mundham keeps two wives; he pretends to have a papal dispensation, contrary to the statutes of a general council."*

Such a plum as this could scarcely escape the fingers of the "little Jack Horners" who review for the weekly periodicals. Thus the notice of Mr. Stephens's book in the *Spectator*,† though a very short one, finds room for the "curious report," and for the remark that "The Vicar seems to have been in his way an Infallibilist," to which wise or witty reflection it is strange that the reviewer did not also add another—that the bishop's steward seems to have been a Gallican, in placing the authority of a general council above that of the Pope.

The letter which Mr. Stephens abridges was first printed by Dr. Shirley, in his "Collection of Royal and other Historical Letters illustrative of the reign of Henry III.," edited by him for the Master of the Rolls; and the learned editor was himself so struck by the paragraph that, in the preface to his second volume, he especially mentions "the report of the audacious chaplain who keeps two wives and claims a papal dispensation" among the "details which bring home with vividness the domestic life of the period,"‡ a remark which shows that learned editors may make sad blunders no less than anonymous reviewers.

It would be well if those who deal in ecclesiastical documents of the middle ages would remember, that every profession has its technical language or its slang phrases, the force of which has to be carefully learnt; and that the proper persons from whom to learn it are generally those who have inherited the profession and its mysteries. This very obvious reflection would have saved Dr. Shirley from falling into a trap, by interpreting a technical phrase literally, and thus

* "Memorials," p. 80.

† Jan. 6, 1877.

‡ At p. xxv.

mistaking two benefices for two women, and a pluralist for a bigamist.

A remark of an archbishop of York, who lived only a few years before the period at which the Chichester steward's letter was written, may be here appropriately quoted. William of Newborough states that Archbishop Roger was a great enemy of Monks, and that he once said that his predecessor, Turstin, had never more grievously erred (*nunquam gravius deliquisse*) than when he built the monastery of Fountains. When he noticed that the bystanders were scandalized at this word: "Bah!" he said, "you are laymen if you cannot perceive the meaning of a word."*

Before establishing the metaphorical character of the vicar's wives, let us ascertain the exact text under discussion. It is thus printed by Dr. Shirley: "Nolo domine excellentiam vestram [latere quo] d . . . quidam capellanus, Willelmus Dens nomine, vicarius ecclesiæ de Mundeham, duas habet uxores, ut dicitur, quarum . . . ns apud Cices-triam. Qui quidem Wilhelmus literas detulit a summo pontifice, ut dixit, sed in partibus Sussexiæ . . . nt quod nunquam literæ illæ a conscientia domini papæ emanaverunt, sed contra statuta concilii generalis fuerunt impetratæ. Unde," &c.† "Your excellence ought to be informed that a certain chaplain, William Dens by name (or William Tooth), has two wives, as the saying is, of whom . . . at Chichester. This William has brought letters from the Sovereign Pontiff, so he has said, but in the parts of Sussex . . . that those letters never emanated from the conscience of the Pope (or, never came from the Pope duly informed), but were obtained contrary to the decrees of the general council. Hence, if it seems good to your holiness, please to make known to your official whatever you may determine in this matter." The original of this letter is preserved in the Record Office, and is partly illegible. The gaps, marked above by dots, are a little more than an inch in length. The word *quarum*, printed by Dr. Shirley, can no longer be deciphered; but that is unimportant, for the words *duas habet uxores* are quite distinct.

But it is very important to remark that the translation adopted both by Dr. Shirley and Mr. Stephens is misleading to the mere English reader. *Duas habet uxores* is simply "has or possesses two wives." If those wives are figurative the expression will mean "holds" two benefices. If it is not figurative it may well be translated "keeps" two wives. But let it be remembered that the original is more ambiguous than the word used by these authors.

But it is still more important to notice that Mr. Stephens has omitted altogether the words *ut dicitur* which follow *uxores*. As he

* *Laici estis, nisi percipere potestis vim verbi. De Rebus Anglicis, l. iii., cap. 5.*

† Letter 230th, vol. i., p. 277.

was only abridging, he no doubt passed them over as unessential. I suppose he considered them as equivalent to *ut fortur*, "as it is reported." Probably this was also the view of Dr. Shirley, who speaks of "the report," though his words may refer to the report of the steward to the bishop rather than to the rumour current in Sussex.

Yet, when I shall have shown how common was the use of the metaphor of "having two wives," the reader will probably agree that the words should be thus translated: "The vicar has two wives, *as the saying is*," and not "as is reported." I will not, however, insist on this translation, but will argue out the matter even in the other interpretation.

Let us, then, first consider what are the intrinsic probabilities of the case. Now that there should have been a clerical delinquent in the thirteenth century is, of course, just as natural as that he should be found in the nineteenth. That a priest at that date should have wished to call his concubine his wife was far more natural then than now, since history bears abundant witness to the attempt. But where did Dr. Shirley find anything to show that it was according "to the domestic life of the period," for priest or layman to claim to have two wives at once? However, had this been all, the interpretation might have stood. Extraordinary or monstrous impudence, though it does not illustrate the manners of any period, is at no time impossible. The incestuous Corinthian who claimed to have his father's wife is no fair specimen of the first Christians, yet he was found in the early Church.

It is not supposed—at least I trust it is not—even in the nineteenth century—that any pope really did grant to William Tooth a license to marry two wives at once. But the notion that any English priest dared openly claim to have received such a grant from Innocent III. or Gregory IX., is just as absurd as it would be to imagine that the incestuous Corinthian gave out publicly that his conduct had been specially authorised by St. Paul.

But there are other expressions in the letter which should have made Dr. Shirley pause. What general council had forbidden clerical bigamy? What general council had forbidden popes to dispense with priests to retain two wives at once? What example is there of a pope of the thirteenth century granting a priest a dispensation to have even one wife?

The truth is that, if the grave Dr. Shirley, and the facetious writer in the *Spectator*, had only asked themselves what was the general council alluded to by the Chichester steward, they would have found a clue to the mystery. They would have discovered, or recollected, that only a few years before, in 1215, the fourth Lateran Council had been held under the presidency of Innocent III., and that in this council the decrees against plurality of benefices, already issued by the third council of Lateran, in 1179, had been renewed. They would

then, perhaps, have conjectured that the two wives were really two churches, parishes, or benefices; and they would have been strengthened in this view when they noticed that the council of Lateran had reserved to the Pope the power to dispense in this decree. Then all would have been plain. William Tooth held two benefices contrary to the decree of a general council, which the bishops were just then busy in enforcing; but he claimed a papal dispensation. This was no very monstrous claim, but it was reported in that part of Sussex that he had got his dispensation by false representations and that it was invalid.

There is not a particle of doubt that this is the real meaning of the letter, and it may, perhaps, be interesting, and even useful, to trace the rise and progress of the metaphor used by the bishop's correspondent, and to show that the interpretation I have given is not merely plausible, but perfectly natural, and indeed the only possible interpretation.

The letter of the steward is without date, but, in the very year in which Ralph Neville became Bishop of Chichester,* a great national council had been celebrated in Oxford under Archbishop Stephen Langton. In this council an abuse, the reverse of that of uniting benefices, though proceeding from the same source of avarice, had been condemned. The wording of this decree will make it clear that the steward was not making use of a new or unusual metaphor when he spoke of the two wives of the Vicar of Mundeham.

"According to canonical decrees," so runs the 13th canon, or, as the Latin might be freely but accurately translated, "in the language of canon law (*juxta canonicas sanctiones*) a similarity is sometimes remarked between carnal and spiritual matrimony. Hence, since nature does not allow one wife to be shared by two husbands, it is altogether unfitting that the Church of God, which ought to be the one bride of one husband, should be, as it were, the concubine of many."

The metaphor here referred to is not unfamiliar to us at the present day. Burnet, in his "*History of the Reformation*,"† tells us that Bishop Fisher used to say that his church was his wife, and that he would never part with her because she was poor. The same thing is reported of him in a contemporary account preserved in the Vatican, and published by Mr. Pocock.‡ It is probable that it was in direct imitation of this example that Thomas Wilson, the Protestant Bishop of Sodor and Man, when Queen Caroline offered to translate him to a richer see, replied: "I will not leave my wife in her old age because she is poor."

The metaphor is thus elaborated in the third Provincial Synod celebrated by the English Catholic hierarchy in 1859: "As the Bishop's diocese is the spouse to whom God has united him in the

* A. D. 1222.

† Book III., vol. i., p. 708.

‡ "*Records*," vol. ii., p. 554.

bonds of conjugal love, and as no more precious diadem can crown her than the ecclesiastical virtues everywhere resplendent, no more beauteous zone can gird her than a circling band of pious clerics, he will not be able to offer her a more acceptable gift than a holy household."

The origin of this metaphor is to be found in the fact that the bishop or pastor represents our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Bridegroom of the Church; but, perhaps, its great prevalence in canon law, whenever the question of plurality of benefices is under discussion, may be due to the letter of St. Jerome to Oceanus, in which he discusses at considerable length the meaning of the words of St. Paul (1 Tim. iii. 2; Tit. i. 6), that a bishop must be "the husband of one wife." Amongst various interpretations he alludes to one which he acknowledges to be forced: "Some," he says, *coacte* "interpret wives as churches, husbands as bishops, so that churches are called bishops' wives. According to this sense, the apostle would mean that a bishop is not to be translated from one see to another, ne virginis pauper-culæ societate contempta, ditioris adulteræ quærat amplexus.*"

However farfetched might be this interpretation, it was too convenient to be neglected, at least as an accommodation of holy words, when the endowments, first of bishopricks and afterwards of parishes, introduced the abuses of translations and pluralities. Thus Gerbert, afterwards Pope Silvester II., who died in 1003, writes on the words, "Husband of one wife," as follows: "If we look to the mere letter, these words forbid a man who has been twice married to be ordained bishop; but if we ascend to a higher sense, they forbid a bishop to *usurp two churches*; and if you will go still deeper into the very heart of the matter, they warn the bishop, lest, after having espoused the true Catholic dogma, he take up heretical opinions."† This treatise of Gerbert was soon attributed to St. Ambrose, and being full of weighty matter, pithily expressed, was frequently quoted, and texts from it introduced into the canon law.

But it was believed in the middle ages that the convenient metaphor was derived from higher and earlier authorities than even St. Jerome or St. Ambrose. The famous Isidore Mercator, in the ninth century, gives, in his decretals, letters which he attributes to Popes Evarist and Callixtus.

Pope Evarist has a long drawn-out comparison between the duties of husband and wife, and the reciprocal duties of a bishop and his church. From this foundation he concludes that a bishop must not leave his diocese to take another, and compares such conduct to divorce and adultery.

Pope Callixtus is made to say: "As a wife must not be led into adultery, and as she must not be judged or governed except by her

* Ep. 69. † De dignitate sacerdotali in Appendice Operum S. Ambrosii (Ed. Ben.)

own husband, so also the *bishop's wife*, which is his church or parish," and so continues at great length.

These passages, being attributed to popes and martyrs, were received with the greatest veneration, and are found in all subsequent collections of canons, as in that of Burchard, Bishop of Worms, who died in 1025, as well as in Gratian.*

Another great authority, who had given popularity and weight to the metaphor was Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims in the 9th century. He is writing about Actard who, having been Bishop of Nantes, had been chosen Archbishop of Tours, and who wished to retain his old see along with the new one. Amongst other things, Hincmar says: "In a letter of Pope Nicholas, of happy memory, to certain bishops of Bulgaria,† it is related that the Greeks raged against him, because, like his predecessors, he had commanded them to refrain from their wives, whereas they wished to ordain by the canons that it is lawful to have wives. But we Gallic bishops of the present day endeavour to make new canons to allow us, by a spiritual adultery, which is worse than carnal incontinence, to have at the same time two wives, that is, two sees, or at least a wife and a concubine, or while our first wife lives though sickly, that is, while our church is suffering from persecution or spoliation, to unite to ourselves another wife."‡

From the eighth century downwards the metaphor became habitual and commonplace. The *Regula Canonicorum* of St. Chrodegand, in the eighth century, says: "Let not a priest have more than one church, as a man one wife." A council of Rheims, of the year 813, decreed: "As in each church there ought to be a priest, so the church, which is his spouse or wife—*quæ sponsa vel uxor ejus dicitur*—may not be divided between several priests." This canon found its place in Gratian (*Causa xxi.*, qu. 2. canon: *Sicut in unaquaque*), in Burchard (*Lib. iii.*, cap. 45), and in Ivo of Chartres (*Pars. iii.*, cap. 49). Still more apposite is a decree of a council of Nantes: "As a bishop may have but one city, and a man but one wife, so a priest but one church," quoted by Burchard (*Lib. iii.*, cap. 47.) The eighth of the canons made in England in the time of Edgar adopts the same language: "We teach that no priest wilfully desert the church for which he was consecrated, but hold it as his lawful wife."

The figures of wife, divorce, adultery, bigamy, became so well known, that at last literal prohibitions got to be understood metaphorically. Thus, one of the apostolic canons says: "Let not a bishop, on pretext of piety, cast away his own wife, and if he does so, let him be excommunicated." The meaning of this canon was that, when a married man had been elevated to the episcopate, as was frequently the case in early days, although henceforth he was obliged to live in

* *Causa 7*, qu. 1, can. 39.

† *Migne has Belgicum.*

‡ *Ep. 31.*

continence, yet he could not put his wife away from him, as if the marriage was dissolved by his ordination, nor expose her to the perils of the world. But as time went on, and men were no longer or very seldom ordained in their wife's lifetime, this canon came to be understood in a purely metaphorical sense, and to be quoted as if it had been originally made against bishops who should forsake their dioceses. Though it is given in its literal sense in Gratian (1 Pars. Dist. 28, ch. 14), yet by Burchard of Worms (Lib. i., cap. 78) and by Ivo of Chartres (Decreti Pars. v., cap. 184), it is quoted as if it had only reference to a diocese.

St. Ivo of Chartres, a contemporary of St. Anselm, and a great authority in canon law, thus writes in one of his epistles: "As to the priest who resigned the church which he governed, not being compelled to do so, into your hands, and who now seeks, by the help of laymen, to ascend into the chamber of the spouse whom he repudiated as unworthy of him—I answer, that he must stand by his own judgment, and not presume to commit adultery with the wife whom he divorced, during the lifetime of the priest who is now united to her."* When the notorious Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, by the influence of William Rufus, of whom he was the agent, was thrusting himself into a Norman diocese, the same Ivo opposed the attempt. This is the language of his letter to the Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishop of Evreux: "Since from the very infancy of the world carnal bigamy was blamed in Lamech, how can it be praised in the Church, which is the Spouse of Christ? Let, therefore, Ralph, Bishop of Durham, be expelled from his second see, *that no bigamy be admitted*. I speak to those who are not ignorant of the law."†

One more example of the conventional metaphor—and an English one—will bring us almost to the time of the Chichester letter. William of Newborough composed his chronicle towards the end of the twelfth century. Writing of Walter of Coutance, named Bishop of Lincoln, in 1182, he says: "But he did not long remain there. Being shortly elected to the Bishopric of Rouen, he bade farewell to his new spouse, being attracted by the greater charms of another."‡

It must be remembered that these and similar passages, however little known to modern reviewers and editors, were constantly under the eyes of the bishops and their officials in the thirteenth century. During that period, a most determined stand was made in England, against the abuse of pluralities. It was an age of legislation, especially in England, as a glance at the synodal decrees, collected by Wilkins, will prove. John of Athona, a canon of Lincoln, writing about 1290, says: "In no other country, as I conceive, are so many laws made,

* Ep. 131.

† Ep. 153.

De rebus Anglicis (Lib. iii., c. 8).

and are they so little observed, as in England."* But whatever was the success or failure of the efforts of Councils, at least the subject of pluralities and the metaphorical language in which they had been condemned by the canons, were as familiar as household words to the ecclesiastics of those days, and writing to one another, they would make use of the metaphor, even without a word of context, to indicate that it was metaphor, yet, without the slightest danger of misunderstanding.

The national council of Oxford, of 1222, has already been quoted, in which the "language of canon law" about priests' marriages to their figurative wives is alluded to and repeated. In 1237, another national council was held in London, at which St. Edmund presided. Ralph Neville, Bishop of Chichester, was present. The 13th constitution of this synod is as follows: "As regards residence of rectors in their churches, we have need to make provision rather by active measures than by statutes, since there are councils of Roman Pontiffs speaking more clearly than light on this subject. We say exactly the same regarding those who, *in violation of a constitution of a general council, without a special dispensation of the apostolic see*, presume to the ruin of their own souls to hold, at the same time, two or more dignities, rectories, or benefices, with cure of souls." It should be noticed that the Chichester steward repeats almost word for word in his letter a part of this canon, and this would suffice to show—could any doubt remain—what general council and what dispensation he alludes to when he speaks of the two wives of the Vicar of Mundeham.

I think I am now justified in assuming that the words *ut dicitur* which follow *uxores* are intended to qualify that word, and to give it a metaphorical sense. They are equivalent to, "as we say," or "as the phrase runs," or "as the proverb has it." But if we suppose that they mean simply "as is reported," and are intended to qualify the verb *habet*, then one would think it was the duty of the steward to make sure of the fact before denouncing a priest to his bishop. But again, does the writer show that the matter is only a rumour, when he immediately affirms that the vicar "has brought letters from Rome," and that the force of those letters is publicly discussed? According to the really absurd supposition of Dr. Shirley, the vicar is living openly with a wife at Mundeham, and not content with carrying on an intrigue at Chichester, he has there a second wife publicly known as such, and he justifies his bigamy before the outraged public by shaking in their faces his papal dispensation. In this theory we can only conjecture that William Tooth's reason for going to the expense of a double household was his fear, lest the two ladies should quarrel if inhabiting the same harem; though whether the

* In his commentaries printed at the end of Lyndwood, p. 36 (Ed. 1679).

Pope's dispensation would have made the priest's life any more easy between the two, though kept apart, must be decided by those who hold this novel view of mediæval polygamy.

To those, on the other hand, who have some real acquaintance "with the domestic life" and ecclesiastical life "of the period," and who know the strange subterfuges to which the clergy often had recourse in order to evade the prohibition of the general council of Lateran, there is no difficulty either in understanding that the two benefices lay geographically apart, or that the steward has just detected the existence of the second one at Chichester. One of these devices was to make over nominally a rectory to another person, retaining nearly all its fruits as vicar, while holding a second rectory or vicarage elsewhere. It was to prevent this that the immediate successor of Ralph Neville, St. Richard of Chichester, met it by a declaration that the prohibition against pluralities extended to two vicarages no less than to two rectories, or to a rectory with a vicarage. To detect the evasions and devices of avaricious ecclesiastics in this matter was one of the principal duties of the archdeacons or vicars-general in their visitations. The following points were to be inquired into, in 1252, in the diocese of Lichfield: "Whether any vicars make themselves rectors or *e converso*? Whether any, by long farming of a benefice, make themselves rectors or vicars? Whether any act as rectors or vicars, without having received institution from the bishop or other proper authority?"* And Archbishop Peckham, in 1279, issued a constitution at Reading, in which he requires the bishops to keep a correct list of the number and name of the churches in their dioceses, the surnames and Christian names (*cognomina agnomina vel prænomena*) of the rectors, dates of collation, and titles, the age also of rectors or possessors of churches, their degree or order, and whether they are beneficed elsewhere, whether they have a dispensation for plurality, &c.

Under these circumstances, the slight hesitation about the matter of fact contained in the steward's letter—*duas habet uxores ut dicitur*—if we are to adopt the translation "as is reported"—is quite as natural in referring to a benefice in Chichester as it would be in regard to a woman or acknowledged wife.

One other point remains to be noticed in this simple affair, out of which so much mystery has been made. Why, it may be asked, should the steward have doubted of the Pope's dispensation, if there were no greater stretch of papal prerogative involved than permission to enjoy two benefices? The answer is very easily given. Such dispensations were not given without a sufficient reason, and innumerable efforts were being made to get dispensations at Rome by fraudulent means, and it was

* "Burton Annals," p. 297 (Rolls Ed.) See similar questions in Bishop Gross-teste's Letters, Letter 154.

the wish of the Roman Pontiffs that their dispensations should be carefully scrutinised, that their validity or invalidity might be detected.

"It is a maxim in law," says Burnet, "that if the Pope be surprised in anything, and bulls be procured upon false suggestion or untrue premises, they may be cancelled afterwards."* Much more, of course, was this the case with regard to rescripts like that in question. It was not even necessary for the Pope to cancel such a document. A bishop might declare it invalid, though, of course, an appeal would lie open to the Holy See. Thus Pope Alexander III. had written to the Bishop of London, in 1180, to say that it sometimes happens that the Pope writes to a bishop to give a benefice, and that he does this, perhaps, in ignorance that such a cleric already possesses a benefice. He wishes it, therefore, to be understood that, in such a case, if a cleric has a benefice sufficient for his support, he should not receive another, unless in the Pope's letters express mention is made of the former one, *nor in any case if there should be scandal in obeying*. And the very Pope, in whose reign the Chichester letter was probably written, Gregory IX., had, in the year 1234, incorporated this letter of his predecessor in his Decretals.†

Pope Innocent III. had also written, in 1201, regarding the invalidity of his rescripts when obtained by false statements.‡ And the same Pope, in 1199, had used the following vigorous language on the subject in writing to the Archbishop of Milan: "Since we are wont so to word the rescripts of the Apostolic See, that of our own clear knowledge we take care that nothing be inserted in them which is faulty in law, we are moved to no little wonder, that as often as we address our letters to you or to your subjects, you write back that you are surprised, just as if we issued a command to do something wrong. Thus, you write to us, that since P., a cleric, has already a sufficient benefice in the church of N., you are surprised that we have sent letters to the provost of M. for his admission into that church. Now, had you paid proper attention to the wording of our letters, you would have found nothing in them that ought to have offended you. For, since in our letters there is no mention made of that prebend, and he is not called a canon, nor even a cleric, in them, and since, also, in our letters the condition was expressly inserted, 'if he is worthy to obtain an ecclesiastical benefice' from these things you might have understood in what way those letters were obtained (*qualiter literæ ipse fuerant impetratæ*)."§

As this rebuke had just been republished by the reigning Pontiff, it will be seen that the steward of Chichester was by no means doubting the prerogatives of the Sovereign Pontiff, but, on the contrary,

* "History of Reformation," I., 81 (Ed. Pocock).

† L. III., tit. v. cap. 6. *Cum teneamur*. ‡ Decret. L. I., tit. iii. cap. 20, *Super literis*.

§ Decret. L. I., tit. iii., cap. 77. *Cum adeo*.

exercising a very proper vigilance, when he suggested that perhaps the rescript of which the Vicar of Mundeham boasted was obtained obreptitiously or subreptitiously, and thereof of no value. Such, he says, was the report in that part of Sussex, and therefore he calls the bishop's attention to the matter. He does not deny the existence of the letters of dispensation, he does not say they are a forgery, but that it is the common opinion of the Sussex ecclesiastics that they will not bear inspection, and that the Pope must have been misinformed when he issued them to the Vicar of Mundeham.

Here all is simple and straightforward, in perfect accordance with the language, laws, and circumstances of the times; and yet we are asked to believe that the same Gregory IX., who was the unbending upholder of ecclesiastical discipline, and who had so severely rebuked the concubinage of some English clerics,* had been prevailed on by some plausible representations to grant a license to the Sussex priest to keep not one but two wives! They know little, indeed, of the freedom of ecclesiastical criticism in those days, who imagine that the language of the bishop's correspondent would have been merely the suggestion of a doubt as to fact or law.

John of Salisbury, and even Robert Grossteste, were quite as much Infallibilists as the Vicar of Mundeham or any modern ecclesiastic; but had a pope issued a dispensation to a priest to have two wives, or even one, they would have written letters which would have made the ears tingle of those who read them.

The discussion which we have been pursuing may seem to some a very big wheel on which to break so slight a butterfly, but the butterfly if left uncrushed, would lay eggs, and we should be infested with caterpillars. Besides this, it was worth while to choose an example from a writer so learned and justly respected as Dr. Shirley, to show that there are certain technical matters, at least as regards Catholic history, which require technical education for their proper understanding, and that he who ventures to interpret them without it, or without consulting those who possess it, will probably fall into a trap.† "I had two objections," wrote Bishop Burnet in the preface to his History of

* See his letter to the Bishop of Coventry in Shirley. I., 560.

† Thus Mr. Thorpe, finding in the Saxon laws a large penalty imposed for the murder of a *bishop's son*, concluded that the Saxon bishops were, like modern Protestant prelates, the respected fathers of large families; the fact being, that a bishop's son was not the offspring of a bishop, but one for whom a man has stood godfather in confirmation. Dr. Shirley has made another slip of no great importance, though it points the same moral. In his edition of the "*Fasciculi Zizaniorum*" (p. 14) he has changed the reading of the MS. *Herodii domus* into *Herodis domus* (the house of Herod), from which emendation of his own he gathers in his introduction (p. xix.) the date of Wyclif's appointment to be king's chaplain! The simplest priest, familiar with the Vulgate version of the Psalms, would have told him that the MS. reading was correct, and meant the heron's nest. There is no more allusion to Herod than to Pontius Pilate.

the Reformation, "besides the knowledge of my own unfitness for such a work. One was, my unacquaintedness with the laws and customs of this nation, *not being born in it* My acquaintance with the most ingenious William Petyt, counsellor of the Inner Temple, cleared this difficulty." It would be well if those who write about the Catholic Church, not being members of it, would imitate the prudence of Burnet, and sometimes consult a Catholic counsellor.

T. E. B.

THE HAPPY MOURNER

BY STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

ALONE beside the dreary river
 She sitteth ever, sad, forlorn,
 Watching the moonlit waters shiver,
 Remote from human love or scorn.

She weeps no more for wrongs forgiven :
 If on her lids a drop appear,
 She turns her trustful eyes to heaven,
 And upward gazing, dries the tear.

Who is this maiden, lone, forsaken,
 So sad, so sweet? 'Tis she whose eye,
 Whose smile, whose voice sufficed to waken
 All hearts to joy in days gone by.

She gave her trust, she gave her faith,
 She gave him all her loving heart :
 He swore his love was strong as death ;
 He played a false and cruel part.

But lowly, constant, patient ever,
 And loving truly, calmly still,
 She kneels beside that dreary river,
 And prays for him who wrought the ill.

Pray on, pray on, thou blessed maiden ;
 Such faith, such charity and love,
 Shall waft thy spirit sorrow-laden
 From this cold earth to heaven above.

WHAT ARE WE TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

SOME time ago an anxious mother wrote to a leading newspaper for ladies, asking advice as to what she ought to do with her grown-up daughters. They were as clever, said the mother, as well-educated, as good-looking as most other people's girls; and they were willing to be industrious. Their brother declared that a certain "Lydia" would never speak to him again if his sisters became governesses or lady-helps. Their mother mentally wrung her hands and turned in her extremity to question public opinion; but very scant, indeed, was the notice bestowed on her.

How many good women are perplexed with the same thoughts which agitated the motherly heart that thus put the pith of its anxiety into print! We can see the bands of comely maids with their neatly-braided heads bending over useless fancy work, or cutting and trimming to keep themselves presentably dressed, feeling all the while their young spirits crushed by the consciousness that "Mother" is casting anxious glances into their future, longing wearily to know what to do with them, so as to give their feet a solid standing-place in the world. Their wishes incline to industry, but they shrink from the thought of associating with servants; and they dread the thought of "governessing," that lonely occupation which takes the girl away from home and friends to spend her life among strangers. Besides, they are hardly qualified to be governesses, and on the whole are glad to screen themselves behind the foolish prejudice of the professional brother, and the awful threat of Lydia's displeasure. They see many in their own position, acknowledged, or unacknowledged. In the street they live in there is a second large family of girls; but the latter have got among them Mrs. Haweis's book on beauty, and one is deeply engaged dying her hair green or blue (only as an experiment), while the rest are planning costumes to suit in colour and form the styles of the drawing-rooms of their various acquaintances. How the slender allowance bestowed by dear, generous, hard-worked papa will endure such varieties is yet to be proved; but what with costumes, and postures, and attitudes, the "art of beauty" young ladies have no time to think of their prospects in life. In the next square dwells another sisterhood; but they are busy with Mrs. Caddy's book on the household, and are fully engaged trimming their dusters with Torchon lace, composing piquant scarlet attire to cook the dinner in, and consulting as to how "Father" may be induced to put a marble sink in his book-lined study and allow them to turn it into an æsthetic kitchen. Yet another sample group of her own species occurs to the mind of the "nice" girl as she looks out on her small world; but of these one

already walks the hospitals, while another aspires to be a judge on the bench. Our neat little maid does not feel herself called to any of the learned professions, and sighs and knits her brows as she picks among her worsteds.

What wonder if the more experienced, more far-seeing mother should profoundly echo that sigh. She knows that at the bottom of each daughter's heart lies a beautiful dream of home and love; but cruel lines of statistics inform her with unflinching veracity that there is in the world a multitude of women for whom no husbands can by any possibility be found. She casts up her daughters' opportunities of having their sweet dimples seen and their virtues felt by desirable individuals of the opposite sex, deploring that her children are not possessed of that surpassing beauty which is sure to attract in a crowd. Then they are not the sort of girls who would marry anyone at all, just for a living. Mary, she thinks, would not be hard to please; but there is that little Bessie, with her heart always at a white heat, who would be capable of refusing ten thousand a year could she not bestow upon the owner of it all that tender affection which to her is a necessary of existence. All things considered, the mother is obliged to put aside marriage among the mere possibilities of the future of her children.

What, then, is to be done with these (say six) nice non-beauty girls with their bright eyes and wholesome complexions, their neat hands and industrious inclinations? Will anyone tell how they are to be put in a position of life where all their energies will be brought into play, their health preserved by activity, their tempers kept sweet by the consciousness of usefulness, and their livelihood secured by their own honourable exertions? Of course the first step to be taken is to break down all that stupid prejudice against a woman's doing that for which she openly receives money. This feeling runs so high in some circles that certain bright, clever girls, having a few tuitions among friends, are careful to keep the matter a secret. Let it be understood that it is no reproach to a hard-working, professional man, with a small income, if he gives to his daughters an occupation or profession in life as well as to his sons; still less to the widow of slender fortune whose days are embittered by the dread of what will become of her girls if they do not marry. Sooner or later public opinion is sure to right itself on this matter; and meantime the anxious mother ought to ignore it quietly and proceed with her plans.

Here is a plan which might be worth trying. Let the parents of six daughters invest such savings as they can in the purchase of a few acres of ground with a house, within easy distance of the capital or of some good-sized town. Let there be pasture for a certain number of cows, and space for a nursery garden. Two of the girls might, while young, be apprenticed to a first-rate gardener, and two might,

in like manner, learn the management of milk and butter, and of all that belongs to the keeping of a dairy. Living in one house, and following their occupations within the limits of the same green hedges, the four sisters might, in pairs, pursue a thriving trade. As for the remaining two, may we not reasonably suppose that, out of six, two at least will be found to possess mental gifts say a little above the average? Let that one who shows an early taste for drawing be educated *from childhood* to be an artist; and by the time she is a woman she will probably be found capable of supporting herself by some branch of the profession which she loves. In like manner can literature be cultivated. No doubt a certain turn for letters is necessary to begin with; but there are few bright-witted women, with the habit early acquired of expressing their ideas upon paper, who might not learn to do a fair amount of remunerative literary work. It might be work of the simplest kind, stories for children and contributions to their magazines; it might be children's school-books, or something more (or less) ambitious than any of these. Her income might be small, but it would be pleasantly earned, and likely to increase as the years went on. The artist and authoress might live in the same home with their sisters, and the picture or tale composed and executed among the beauties and delights of a country life would have in it the fragrance of the roses, the sweetness of milk and honey. The dwelling would be sure to be beautified by the two artistic partners in this sisterly firm, the sitting-room, always bright and fragrant with flowers, a delightful resting-place for jaded visitors from town. The dairy might be a place to dream of: a well-kept dairy being at all times a delicious place to enter. In the last century, Mrs. Delany writes rapturously of breakfast in a dairy at the country-house of some Irish friends, where, as they sat at breakfast, the rose-leaves drifted in upon them and lay in heaps on the tiles, and along the window-sills. It is easy to imagine what a dairy might be, presided over by two ladies whose business it should be to make it perfect.

But on the whole the gardeners would have the best of it. How pleasant to an active, healthy, cheerful-minded woman to spend her time among roses and peaches, lilies and apricots! Alike would be sweet to her the tending of her treasures through frost and winds, and the triumphant gathering in of the harvest. What a joy and pride she would take in her productions, and how, even with the superfluous overflowings of her hands, might she not brighten and refresh many another darker life? And (to take another peep from the anxious mother's point of view) surely these efforts need not be bars to a happy marriage. Every man would not object to a woman because her lap was full of roses, nor dislike to see through the jasmine-framed window of her dairy his future wife in her dainty cambrics, straining the milk, or setting up pans for the afternoon's

cream. But putting aside all this, would not the sisters be happy, and industrious and independent together? And who could turn into a sour old maid under the wholesome influences described?

COME UP HITHER!

IN the holy hush of evening
Stands a mountain clothed in light;
Snowy clouds in soft confusion
Hide the summit from our sight.
Clear from out that radiant Thabor
Comes a voice divinely sweet:
Those who hear its wondrous music
Climb the mount with willing feet.

Come up hither, smiling infant,
From thy mother's loving breast;
I, too, long for little children—
Come to Me to be caressed.
Frail art thou to bear the sorrows
After-life may have in store;
Here among expectant angels
Is thy home for evermore.

Come up hither, gentle maiden!
Leave the lover kind and true;
Here within celestial brightness
I the Bridegroom wait for you.
Human love is deep and tender,
But that earnest heart of thine
Leaves the mortal for immortal,
Comes to blend itself with Mine.

Come up hither, weary manhood!
Though thy earthly task's undone,
Grieve not for its incompleteness,
Some will reap what thou hast sown.
Cling not to the sweet illusion
That thou'rt wanted by thy race:
Even in the hearts that love thee
Others soon will fill thy place.

Come up hither, childless mother!
Put thy earthly robe away;
Cease to toil, and I will show thee
All thy little ones at play.
See their glad, enraptured spirits
Flit around My shining throne:
Ah! thou canst no longer blame Me
That so soon I took them home.

Come up hither, cloistered virgin!
You who made your soul a shrine
Where I dwell and where no image
Ever blent itself with Mine:
As a tender lily, floating
On a mountain lake alone,
Folding back its snowy petals,
Shows its heart but to the sun.

Come up hither, you who never
Seemed on earth to find a home,
With no rock's great shadow near you,
With no hand to clasp your own;
Like a harp, its tones unawakened,
Is that silent heart of thine:
Come to Me and I will make it
Breathe a melody divine.

Ah! I call—is there no answer?
Do I vainly souls entreat?
Are the joys of earth so wondrous
That they keep you from My feet?
Sad, ye say, in human feeling
'Tis to love, and love in vain—
Few among you but have made Me
Feel the bitter of its pain.

A. O'B.

ELLEN DOWNING.—“MARY” OF THE NATION.

PART II.

MISS DOWNING's father, who took so affectionate a pride in “Ellie” and her early literary efforts, died at the very outset of her career, even before she had assumed the name we know her by. He was carried off, in the autumn of 1845, by fever caught in the fulfilment of his perilous duties during an epidemic. His widow was left with her children till 1860.

Soon after the first of these dates, an incident occurred in the life of our young poetess, to which we should not refer so particularly as we are about to do if it had not been narrated recently by Mr. A. M. Sullivan in his “New Ireland.” For the sake of contrast the picturesque historian gives first a “parallel passage” from the life of another of the *Nation* sisterhood, Miss Mary Eva Kelly:—

“Kevin O'Doherty, a Young Irelander, was at this time a young medical student in Dublin. From admiring ‘Eva’s’ poetry he took to admiring—that is, loving—herself. The outbreak of 1848, however, brought a rude interruption to Kevin’s suit. He was writing unmistakably seditious prose, while ‘Eva’ was assailing the constituted authorities in rebel verse. Kevin was arrested and brought to trial. Twice the jury disagreed. The day before his third arraignment he was offered a virtual pardon—a merely nominal sentence—if he would plead guilty. He sent for ‘Eva,’ and told her of the proposition. ‘It may seem as if I did not feel the certainty of losing you, perhaps, for ever,’ said he; ‘but I don’t like this idea of pleading guilty. Say, what shall I do?’ ‘Do?’ answered the poetess, ‘why, be a man, and face the worst. I’ll wait for you, however long the sentence may be.’ Next day fortune deserted Kevin. The jury found him guilty. The judge assigned him to ten years’ transportation. ‘Eva’ was allowed to see him once more in the cell to say adieu. She whispered in his ear, ‘Be you faithful. I’ll wait.’ And she did. Years fled by, and the young exile was at length allowed once more to tread Irish soil. Two days after he landed at Kingstown ‘Eva’ was his bride.”

And then the eloquent Member for Louth proceeds to shade in the darker tints of this companion picture:—

“Less happy was the romance of ‘Mary’s’ life. She was a Munster lady, Miss Ellen Downing by name, and, like ‘Eva,’ formed an attachment for one of the Young Ireland writers. In ‘48 he became a fugitive. In foreign climes he learned to forget home vows. ‘Mary’ sank under the blow. She put by the lyre, and, in utter seclusion from the world, lingered for a while; but ere long the spring flowers bloomed on her grave.”

The pathos of the foregoing paragraph is somewhat impaired by the fact that the spring flowers had no opportunity of blooming over the grave of “Mary” for more than twenty years afterwards. Instead of “putting by the lyre” she wrote far more poetry than before, but

(as "Shamrock" had counselled in a beautiful poem addressed to her in the *Nation*) on sacred rather than political themes. This poem of Dalton Williams throws some light on the present subject, for "Mary" thus begins her reply, which, being printed in the *Nation* of the following Saturday, April 17, 1847, must have been almost an impromptu forwarded to the Editor by "return of post":—

"In simple faith my heart is given
To one whom war-songs woo the best.
I have no love beneath high heaven
But my own darling West."

Those who have the best right to know consider this statement as being the literal truth at this date, so that her dream, such as it was, must have been of short duration; and they are also of opinion that the very young Young Irelander referred to by Mr. Sullivan—Mr. Joseph Brennan—affected her destiny very much less than some have imagined. Whatever engagement was entered into between the two young people, neither of whom was at the time twenty years of age, was even more conditional than such long engagements often are, depending on adequate proof of steady application and perseverance in some fixed pursuit on the part of the *promesso sposo*. Though it was by Miss Downing herself that the contract was finally broken off, it must be confessed that she and her friends did not consider that the young man had displayed, during his probation, such earnestness and devotion as would justify them in linking her lot with his. But even before she gave up the idea of entrusting her happiness to him, and indeed before she knew him at all, indications were not wanting which went far to show that her real vocation lay elsewhere. It might have been more poetical and interesting if she had died of a broken heart; but undoubtedly, such was not her fate. She survived this incident, as I have said, by twenty years. I hope the unofficial censor to whom this page will be submitted will allow me to begin my extracts from her sister's correspondence by the following reference to the present branch of the subject, which occurs in a letter dated September, 1849, or rather written then, for "Mary" (more shame for her) never dated her letters:—

"So J. B. is in Cork. Well, thank God, that subject does not even awake such an echo of long ago as the royal visit did. It is swept so far into the past that I begin to doubt if it was ever a real present."

Immediately after these words she goes on about ordinary topics:—

"How is sickness going on in Cork? It would seem very strange to me now to hear fever hospital sounds about me, we live in such a healthful atmosphere, and every one talks so cheerfully of the good harvest and the pleasant plenty which bid fair to be ours this season. Oh! such a thrill of pleasure as I felt on hearing a poor woman say yesterday: 'Thanks be to God and the Blessed Virgin, the potatoes are so plenty now, it does not cost us much to feed the chickens.' Ah, these things are more healing

to head and heart than even fresh air and shower-baths." [Her letter began with a panegyric on the invigorating power of a cold shower-bath.] "A little rest from suffering, even a short plenty to gather strength to look upon our next famine, would be so much."

It was, therefore, not until everything had been ended between them for more than a year that Mr. Brennan went to America. He there became editor of the *New Orleans Delta*, married after some time the sister of another Irish-American, Mr. John Savage,* and died in 1859, ten years before "Mary," without having realised his "Exile's Dream" about "going home to holy Ireland of the open heart and hand."

In the summer of 1847, "Cousin Ellie" delighted certain affectionate kinsfolk in Fermoy and other places by a long visit—evidently much longer than she intended. Some of the letters with which she beguiled her home-sickness during these weeks of absence have been lent to me by her sisters, whose kindness has thus saved these documents from the fire in which all the other relics of "Mary" were consumed a few months ago—amongst them a prose tale of considerable length. If it were right to put these carelessly scrawled letters into print, they would give the most amiable idea possible of this warm-hearted, unaffected, simple, loving maiden, who, though petted to any extent by her kind entertainers, keeps "longing, longing, longing to be at home." "Every day makes me long more and more to be back with you all again." She consoles herself by hoping that her wider experience of Irish character and Irish scenery may make her "better worth for the *Nation* and you; but amongst all these grand old places Carrigrowan† is haunting me, and I want the Lee again. I should be so enchanted with these scenes if you could all be here; but I can't do without seeing you much longer. What a grand exile I'd make!" A year before (in the poets' corner of the *Nation*, January 10, 1846) she had imagined herself such an exile, and here are three of her feeling stanzas:—

" We are quitting our own land, darling!
The ship will sail to-day
Which bears us from our pleasant home
And kind old friends away.

* * * * *

* This gentleman's tragedy of "Sibyl" is said to have been very successful on the American stage. Five or six poems by Joseph Brennan, which we have met in various collections of Irish poetry, seem to be of marked merit, especially "Charlotte Corday" and "Florence, my Child." Clarence Mangan addressed to him one of his strange poems, professing the deepest admiration for his young friend's gifts.

† An old castle about three miles from Cork. "It was then a picturesque ruin hanging over a curve of the River Lee, and a favourite place for one to walk to. It has since been rebuilt as a dwelling-house, and does not look so well as it did when she wrote the lines beginning, 'There is an old castle hangs over the sea.'"

"I think that I could work and toil
In other lands awhile
If I might fill a grave at last
In my own darling isle.

"Oh! bid the ship sail on, sail on,
And hold me fast to thee,
For the waves around bathe Irish ground,
And they're sorely tempting me."

So, when banished only from the Lee to the Blackwater, though "it is more like home than anywhere else," and though "they seem to be growing fonder of me instead of tired, as I expected," nevertheless she returns with childlike importunity to the change. "I am not lonesome here or strange in any way, but I'd rather go home. Is any of you forgetting me? I am mortally afraid of that. I have flowers here dedicated to each of you, but I cannot send them—good luck* for you, fuschia for William, scarlet geranium for W. L., meadow-sweet for E. K., and forget-me-not for everyone at home and abroad that I care for."

It is now time to give one of these letters in full, or almost in full, as a sample of the rest. The "poetry" of the following epistle does not seem to rhyme in the not very neat or legible autograph manuscript from which we transcribe it for the printer, whose labours, without that assistance, would be sure to result in a very "dirty revise:"

"MY DEAR W——. You will know at once what I am talking of when I say—

"How it glides along,
Every minute finding
A new theme for song
In each varied winding—
From each breath and ray
Catching light and motion,
Now in childlike play,
Now in still devotion.
Mountains tall and bare
Watching proudly o'er it,
Blossoms virgin-fair
Stooping to adore it;
Trees that heavenward tend
With a proud aspiring
Trees that downward bend
With a fond admiring—
Some of saintly birth,
Pointing up for ever,
Some in love with earth
Kissing that dark river.

* "The popular name of a small yellow flower of the pea kind that grows abundantly in our fields here in the South."

Waves dashed to and-fro,
 Pebbles bright dividing—
 Waves of calmer flow,
 With their *queasily* gliding.
 Oh! could you come down
 By these banks to powder,
 Is there aught in town
 Would tempt you back, I wonder!"

"It is hard dashing from verse into prose, but it is a practical prose observation that whoever wants to study nationality should come down by those waters. If I get toothache here, it is through means of those English, clenching my teeth when I think of them and look at the country they have darkened. I wasn't a patriot truly ever till now, but this blessed day I made an internal vow, and, please goodness, I'll keep it. Do you know the place that inspired that vow? The Croppy's Walk, all hollowed through cliff and rock, hid with trees so high and dark that the sun can't warm through them, but so close set that it is never cold under—and winding along by a little bubbling stream which, with infinite noise and embarrassment, makes its way through great stones all covered with moss, wet where the stream can reach them, and dry where it can't. The name of the stream is the Blackwater, which they say was disturbed in its royal walk by these Croppy boys, who were somewhat given to disturbing the order of things, and who, after stopping up the water, found most probably secure hiding-places where it had once flowed. The little path by the side of the stream is formed of large, somewhat loose stones, and, if you like the centre of the river better, you can step from one mossy seat to another, or, by catching at the trees or their tangled roots, reach the woods easily. And when you once get up any place here, you don't care much how you'll get down; if you had to stay above for ever, you could not well be in a nicer place. It is very funny to see the Blackwater so shallow that it is not able to wet the stones on its track. Such struggles as it has to make to get to the top of them, and they keeping high and dry, so that with one for a seat and one for a foot-stool a person can sit quite pleasant and safe in the centre of our great southern river. I did so to-day, and heard it singing all round me—no one to accompany it, the birds and myself being the only listeners; for the Croppy's Walk is deserted since Moral Force came in.

"Yours sincerely,
 "E. M. P. DOWNING."

Two postscripts are tacked on to the foregoing letter, or rather they crowd the margins of the first page. The parenthesis in the first reminds us of a charming letter in the "*Life of Father Ignatius Spencer*," in which his sister, *Lady Lytleton*, envies him his journey to Rome. "How I should like to see *once* more the Coliseum (and know how to spell it!)"

"P. S.—I missed you at the Pass of Keimeneagh (I forget how to spell that word), but, next best thing to an agreeable neighbour, I had a very silent one.

"P. S.—How is the Magazine progressing? Bid the various editors remember 'How fiery thought must be' which takes the place of the line 'Steel to set a people free.' Tell them the country is worth working for, and living for, and dying for, if need be."

The magazine about which these anxious enquiries were made in the preceding postscript was the "*Cork Magazine*," of which No. 1 lies

here before us, "November, 1847, price one shilling." None of the articles have any signature. Mary's contribution is evidently the first poem, "The Night before the Onset," though the line she quotes does not appear in it in either form. 'The youthful editors—for the *redaction* was not a despotic monarchy, as it ought to have been, but a triumvirate—presumed to change one word in this poem without consulting the author. They were, of course, right—editors always are—in changing a certain inadmissible elision; but, though the "Cork Magazine" did not die till it was half a year old, that first poem was the last contribution of "Mary" to its pages, in spite of object apologies from the editors, individually and collectively, and earnest entreaties for another lyric.

Let us introduce one of her simple ballads by the following passage from a letter from which we have already quoted a few phrases. "Imagine me," she says, "this evening sitting on a rock overhanging the river (quite safe, tell mamma)—mountains spreading out before me, the sun setting grandly behind—sitting thus and repeating 'Connor the Fisherman' to as attentive an audience as ever girl was blessed with. Mr. W. had heard the name of it, and made himself so unhappy till he could hear the poem that poor Ellen implored of me, for the sake of all our peace, to gratify him." At all times our young poetess kept all her verses, and a great many of Ferguson's, Clarence Mangan's, Mac Carthy's, &c., perfectly in memory, and could repeat them without faltering. In more than one sense she knew them by heart. Indeed, we have before alluded to her repugnance to write down her rhymes till actually wanted. Here is the little poem which she repeated on that summer evening on the banks of the Blackwater near Monaninny Castle:—

"My Connor is a fisher bold—he likes the life so free—
The roaring of the wintry winds, the lashing of the sea;
His home is on the noisy waves, and once I am his bride,
Oh! trust me, I'll be bold enough to tempt them by his side.

"My Connor hath a fairy bark on summer seas to skim;
He tells me in the summer time that I shall sail with him.
He thinks I have a coward heart, as if one need be brave
To dare the tempest any night, and Connor there to save.

"My Connor hath a warrior's soul, but, in this age of slaves,
Perhaps he finds his fittest life in warring with the waves;
And never blew the tempest yet that Connor's spirit bowed;
His eye would meet the lightning's flash, as kingly and as proud.

"My Connor hath a tender heart, for all his stormy life;
There never breaks a word from him of sullenness or strife;
His war is with the braggart waves, and once I am his bride,
Oh! trust me, I'll be bold enough to tempt them by his side."

The latest of the letters which I have had the privilege of reading bears (rare phenomenon!) a date—"Youghal, July 10, 1849." I hope that the mourner to whom this beautiful and holy letter of consolation was addressed will not bid me withhold it from others to whom, after so many years, it may bear a message from the Heart of Him who once Himself wept and who at another time said, "Weep not!" This letter refers to her brother-in-law, to whom she was deeply attached. He died in his 24th year.

"It is impossible for anyone to know entirely how another loves or is loved. But I knew enough of your happiness frequently to tremble for its continuance. If you had been disappointed in William, there would have been no need of death to teach you that in heaven alone can we *rest* in love. But surely you are happier to think of him there, and to know how much you were to each other, than if your married life had been a longer but less happy one. I remember one night in particular—it was before William's illness—that something in your perfect love for each other seemed to sadden me. I did not think it would ever change, and this early death of one or other came to my mind as something that was to happen, or otherwise you might forget that we are journeying towards home but are not *at home* for a while longer. I only wonder how you are patient enough to hear what is going on about you, and certainly would never expect you to retail it, even if news interested me; and, indeed, that is not the case now. It is not at all painful to me, as you seem to fear, to have you write about what I know you must be feeling. Surely I did not think that submitting to a sorrow meant not feeling it, or that this could pass over you without nights and days of grief that God alone could support you through. Suffering must still be suffering, and I suppose we all have some time longer to suffer yet. I was a few days ago reading the letters of a Carmelite nun, and one passage struck me: 'Our compassionate God, seeing that our road to heaven was strewn with thorns, wreathed them round his own brow that they might not hurt our feet too sorely.' * * * I hope for you after a little time not exemption from suffering—which I don't wish for any of us—but a feeling as well as a knowledge that pains which death must end are not much worth grieving over * * * I believe my letters are more like sermons; but when I suffer greatly I don't like any one to offer me comfort from earthly sources—as if earth could comfort *some* pains—and so I think naturally that every one else will feel the same way. Heaven has a new tie to bind you now, looking to it as William's dwelling-place. For us, more truly than for the old Romans, departed friends become as new stars, beacon-lights in heaven * * * The sea is spread out before me at not twenty yards' distance; and though the evening is calm as can be, the waves are booming like thunder. I will never again expect to describe what I see. But I often wonder what kind of country God intends for our home since He gave us this for our exile. William knows now all about these things. One day at Blackrock he said to me: 'I wish, Ellie, we could *all* be taken to heaven.' Now, I suppose, this life does not seem a moment to him counting in eternity, and he looks forward to meeting you early in the day which will set no more for him. You gave me two pictures last autumn; I give you now the one I love best. It began soon to console, and I hope it will do the same for you in your heavier sorrow.

"Your affectionate sister,

"E. M. P. DOWNING."

A third paper will probably finish all that we can say for the present about "Mary" of the *Nation*.

NOTES ON NORTH ITALY.

BY NATHANAEL COLGAN.

V.—VERONA AND LAKE GARDA.

*The Arena—San Zeno and Romanesque sculpture—Juliet's house—
Desenzano—A stormy evening on Lake Garda.*

No one writer, perhaps, has done so much as Shakspeare to spread a halo of romance around the old cities of North Italy. If we try to analyse the vague charm which lies for most of us even in the very names of Padua and Venice, of Milan, and Mantua, and Verona, we find that it springs chiefly from our association of these names with the heros and heroines of Shakspeare. Thus Verona, as the home of Romeo and Juliet, of Valentine, and Julia, and Silvia, is sure of finding a place in the affections of thousands who have never trodden its rugged pavements.

Had I been at all disposed to overlook this association of the ideas, Shakspeare and Verona, it would have been thrust upon me by the remarks of a hard-featured old Italian who sat opposite me in the railway carriage, as our train neared the city this evening (September 21st). We were passing through the lovely hill country between Vicenza and Verona, and had just come in sight of the ruins of a castle, perched on a hill near the station of Montebello, when the Italian, turning to a countryman beside him, waved his hand towards the embattled height, with the words, "*Ecco, uno storico castello!*" And then he went on to tell how this "historical castle" had once been the stronghold of the famous Veronese family of the Montecchi, and how the great English dramatist, Schackspere, as he called him, had founded his celebrated tragedy, *Romeo e Giulietta*, on an episode in the history of the rival families of the Montecchi and Capuletti.

The streets of Verona, as I drove, with all my teeth rattling, over their execrable pavements from the railway station to the Albergo Cola, on the banks of the Adige, were swarming with soldiers; for Verona, as everyone knows, is one of the four great fortresses which make up the Italian Quadrilateral. Take away from Verona its garrison of 6,000 men, ten per cent. of its total population, and it would be a city as quiet and sleepy as Bologna or Pisa. The grass grows freely in most of its streets; and in many of the less frequented ones, indeed, the fringe of herbage springing up alongside the house-walls has quite a rural effect.

It was a bright, cheerful scene that met the eyes as the omnibus rattled into the courtyard of the Albergo Cola on the Riva or Quay of

San Lorenzo. Round a dozen small tables, ranged in the open air under the leafy shelter of a group of chestnuts, between whose trunks one caught glimpses of the broad, swift river just kissed by the sinking sun, a dozen independent dinner-parties were busily at work with knife and fork and wine-flask. Here, as everywhere in Verona, the military element was all-powerful. Three-fourths of the diners, at least, were officers of the garrison, in the sober gray trousers and the ridiculously short-tailed, high-waisted, blue undress tunics perpetually before one's eyes all through the cities of North Italy—a form of tunic fashioned apparently by the Italian army tailors under the conviction that an officer's hips are placed where the uninitiated would expect to find the small of his back. Above the hum of voices and clatter of plates one could hear the hoarse, unintermitted roar of the Adige, tearing its way along past the low wall of the courtyard and lashing itself into foamy paroxysms round the rocky obstructions in its bed. Broad as it is here, the Adige is still rather a lusty mountain torrent than a river. So swift is its course, that the wheels of the floating mills moored along its banks are turned without the help of artificial weir or mill-race, by the mere impact of the water striking against their lower floats as they dip in the stream.

There are two things at least worth seeing in Verona—the great Roman amphitheatre, or Arena as it is called, and the quaint Romanesque church of San Zeno. Turning out into the Piazza Brà at eight o'clock on the morning after my arrival in the city, it was with a feeling of deep interest, almost amounting to excitement, that I caught sight of the vast, solid pile of the amphitheatre, the first truly representative piece of Roman architecture I had ever seen. The sight of a great monument such as this enables the mind to seize and make its own with a firmness of grasp which the mere reading of history alone can never give, the fact of the past existence and supremacy of the people who planned and built the work long centuries ago. Standing as it does in the heart of the city, and surrounded by modern dwellings, the dark, solemn mass of the amphitheatre, with its coronal of rank, tufted grass, looks the very embodiment of desolation. To beauty or grace, strictly speaking, the Arena can lay no claim; but the majesty of its proportions, its naked solidity, the thoroughness and perfection of its workmanship, make it in the highest degree impressive. The whole work is a silent reproach to the florid meretriciousness that distinguishes much of the later Italian Renaissance architecture. When one walks through the lofty sepulchral galleries which run round beneath and support its spreading tiers of marble seats, and looks up at the massive blocks beautifully squared and joined to make the vaulted roof overhead, he feels at once that, as builders at least, the modern representatives of the men who wrought those stones are utterly degenerate. When its walls had already been

beaten and stained by the storms and rains of more than a thousand years, this amphitheatre saw many a stately temple in brick and stucco and marble patchwork rise up in Italy; and there is no doubt it will stand a venerable ruin still when these have crumbled into ruins. It is only from the top of its massive outer wall that one can take in the true dimensions of the building. On one side the eye looks over the roofs of the lofty houses in the square outside, on the other, down across the vast ellipse, surrounded by its five-and-forty grandly sweeping, concentric curves of marble benches, dwindling gradually to the floor of the arena, where the modern wooden theatre seems dwarfed by comparison to a mere hut.

The Arena has been for a long time, and is still, used as an open-air theatre in the summer. The stage and its belongings are under the shelter of a large wooden shed, open in the front towards the stone benches of the amphitheatre; and here the Veronese citizens of to-day sit and laugh at farce and comedy, on the very spot where their representatives, fifteen centuries before, had sat to criticise a more realistic sort of drama, played with the accompaniment of genuine human groans and bloodshed. How one of the old Roman colonists of Verona would smile in scorn, if he could come back to earth and see his degenerate modern fellow-townsmen sitting contentedly in his grand arena to witness mere passions being torn to rags by some ranting tragedian.

As I lay down to rest on the thick, green sod, the accumulated deposit of centuries, which carpets the broad summit of the amphitheatre wall, my eye was caught by a tiny plant of marshmallow, blooming away modestly and prettily on this desolate old ruin, as I had seen it bloom a hundred times under a roadside hedgerow at home in Ireland. There is no sight, perhaps, better adapted to beguile an idle mind into a vein of trite moralising than such a sight as this, the living, delicately-framed plant flourishing on the ruined monument of a nation's greatness. Casting aside for the moment all hostile evolution theories, one thinks how the tiny, volitionless plant has come blooming down the ages in changeless beauty, while humanity kept up its perpetual motion around it, ever marching proudly onwards—in a circle, ever . . . But I am trespassing on the peculiar province of A. K. H. B.; and there is really no reason why this train of moralising should be pushed any farther, since I am quite unprepared to accept for myself or to attempt to thrust on others the moral it most obviously leads up to—that it were better to be a marshmallow than a man.

From the Arena, along the banks of the Adige past the striking embattled brick arch of the Ponte Castel Vecchio, I made my way to the old Romesque Church of San Zeno. The most interesting part of this venerable church is its rich portal, adorned with quaintly-sculptured reliefs of scenes from Scripture history and flanked by columns spring-

ing from the backs of couchant marble lions—these strange, maneless, dog-headed animals so often used by the Lombardic architects as bases for their porch-pillars. This series of reliefs resembles in many points that on the portal of another fine Romanesque façade—that of San Lorenzo at Genoa—but it is of much earlier date and ruder execution. It is customary with art-critics to pass over the efforts of the Romanesque sculptors with a brief semi-contemptuous reference to their rudeness; but a study of these reliefs on the portal of San Lorenzo* would be quite enough to show that this contempt is unmerited. Having still a vivid recollection of one of this latter series of sculptures, which I studied carefully a week before in Genoa, I venture to describe it here in a few words, foregoing any further remarks on the ruder series of San Zeno.

This relief, representing the Massacre of the Innocents, dates almost from the infancy of modern sculpture (about 1280), and appeals to our sympathy by the childlike simplicity of its design and the contrasting crudities and beauties of its execution, in much the same way as does Orgagna's Triumph of Death in the Pisan Campo Santo. On the surface of the small marble slab, not more than eighteen inches square, that bears this miniature picture in stone, the sculptor has shown at once the birth of the evil thought in King Herod's mind, and the issue and execution of his cruel mandate. By a slight departure from historic truth, the composition of the relief is so managed as to clearly point out the king's share in the massacre. Herod, decked with all the insignia of royalty, is seated in a commanding position on his throne, right in face of the soldiers as they carry on their fiendish work, whirling the struggling babes round their heads, piercing them with their swords, or snatching them from the arms of their terror-stricken mothers; and thus the king stands forth unmistakably to all eyes as the guiding spirit of the slaughter. This difficulty solved, a difficulty that would have cost a more highly-cultured modern painter or sculptor no small amount of circumlocution, a second and seemingly insurmountable difficulty presents itself. How can the sculptor, without passing beyond the limits of his art, embody in stone the birth of the cruel design in the mind of King Herod? Nothing can be simpler for the old artist. He cunningly carves the image of the devil in the form of a grinning ape, who, bending down his lips to the ear of the king, can be seen of all men to insinuate his poisoned words into the royal mind. The figures in the relief are but a few inches in height; and yet both figures and faces are eminently expressive. The

* Though dating from the end of what is generally known as the Romanesque period, these sculptures decidedly belong to the Romanesque, and not to the early Renaissance period. Their style is as distinct from that of Ghiberti's reliefs on the gate of San Giovanni at Florence, as is Orgagna's style, in painting, from that of Raphael.

expression of one face, especially, that of a woman, who stooping down lifts up her slaughtered babe and gazes on its dead closed eyes with a look of speechless anguish, is worked out in the very highest style of art; and altogether, the miniature relief is more deeply interesting than the perfect bronze pictures of Ghiberti, on the famous gates of San Giovanni at Florence. Among the sculptures on the portal of San Zeno, which in many points resemble those of San Lorenzo, I saw no relief equal to the one I have just described, though the series, with all its rudeness of execution, is undoubtedly a very interesting one.

Turning back along the Adigo from San Zeno in search of Juliet's house, I passed through the busy Piazza Erbe, the market-place of Verona. In foreign provincial towns the market-place is always full of interest to a stranger; for there he can study at once the country folk of the province and the fruits they raise from the soil, all conveniently centred for him into a small focus. This market-place of Verona, as I elbowed my way through its crowd of eager buyers and sellers, was heaped up with piles of rich fruit and vegetables, and blockaded by the stalls of cheesemongers, hardware dealers, haberdashers, butchers, and slop clothes merchants. Behind the barricades of fruit and vegetables, stout, grumpy, sunburnt countrywomen sat entrenched under the shade of great white cotton umbrellas not less than twelve feet in diameter, wide enough to shelter their owners and their entire stock-in-trade. Just as I had succeeded in fighting my way across the throng and was about to enter the narrow Via San Sebastiano, I came upon a bird-fancier stationed on the skirts of the market, who with an exquisite refinement of cruelty had ranged before him on high perches a row of full-grown owls, pitifully blinking their great round eyes in the full glare of the sunlight. A little way down the Via San Sebastiano, I came upon the house of Juliet's parents, a narrow lofty house with heavy stone balconies to its upper windows. A marble slab, bearing the following inscription, is let into the wall of the house, but so high up on its second story in the narrow street that to read it I was obliged to flatten myself against the opposite shop front, to the temporary obstruction of the passengers and the undisguised amusement of a knot of small boys:

*" Queste furono le case dei Capuletti
d'onde uscì la Giulietta per
cui tanto piansero i cuori gentili
e i poeti cantarono."**

Local association is a tender plant, blighted by the faintest breath of scepticism; and that breath has passed remorselessly over the reputed

" These were the houses of the Capulets, whence issued the Juliet so much bewept by gentle hearts and sung by the poets." •

tomb of Juliet in the old Franciscan convent of Verona. But what does it matter after all, whether the rude marble sarcophagus, still pointed out here, it seems, as the last resting-place of the fairest daughter of the Capulets, is really what it pretends to be. The Juliet of Shakspeare would remain the same Juliet still, even though this reputed tomb of hers were proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, to be nothing better than a mere water-cistern; she would still live on in the imagination as the ideal of passionate love, even though the scene of her bliss, her sufferings and her death were transferred from Verona to some such half-visionary stage as the island of Prospero. My faith in the claims of this marble sarcophagus to be regarded as the real tomb of Juliet was so much shaken by the doubts of critics on the subject, that I could not bring myself to visit the old monastery where it lies in the Via Cappuccini. And this is the only excuse I can offer for touching so briefly on what many people may consider the chief centre of interest in Verona.

Along with me in the hotel omnibus, as we rattled over the rude pavements of Verona once more to catch the mid-day train for Milan, was an Austrian curate, from Grätz, in Styria, as he told me, returning homewards from a holiday tour to Rome. He was to stop at Desenzano, on the southern shore of Lake Garda, to take the steamer thence to the Austrian frontier station of Riva at the extreme north of the lake; and he spoke in such glowing terms of the beauty and grandeur of Garda, that I resolved to stop at Desenzano, too, and make the passage up and down the lake instead of pushing on direct to Milan. We agreed to join company for the passage; and had scarcely had time to get the *viâ* for Desenzano on our tickets when our train steamed into the terminus from Venice.

In less than half an hour after leaving Verona we crossed

“Smooth-sliding Mincius crowned with vocal reeds”

at the fortress of Peschiera, where the river steals out from Lake Garda in a gentle deep-blue stream. It was a few minutes after one o'clock the same afternoon, when from the carriage window as we approached the little station of Desenzano my eyes for the first time rested on the blue waters of Garda, breaking into snowy foam against the rocky wooded promontory of Sermione. Fifteen minutes drive through a narrow laneway, bounded by low stone walls, over whose tops the vines clambered bending with heavy clusters of purple grapes, brought us to the quiet little town of Desenzano, and into the courtyard of that modest but charmingly-situated hostelry, the Hotel Mayer. The walls of the hotel are lapped by the sleepless blue billows of Benacus, tossing to-day with the same sea-like surgings that Virgil sang of fifteen hundred years ago. When the wind freshens in the least the waves come leaping and tumbling over the stone terrace of the hotel, and

break into spray over the tender lemon trees ranged in their tubs along the wall to bask in the sunshine. Here we found that we had more than two hours to wait for the steamer to Riva, just time enough to allow of our taking a dinner of excellent broiled trout from the lake, and an hour's row along the shore towards Sermione.

At half-past four in the afternoon we were on board the tight little paddle-steamer, the *Benaco*, which was to carry us up the lake to Riva. Half Desenzano was crowded together on the quay to watch its departure, an event of some consequence, no doubt, in the humdrum daily history of the quiet town; and the civil power, in the person of a single *carabiniere* or gendarme, in imposing cocked hat, with his arms folded on his manly breast, and with a lofty presence generally suggestive of Napoleon on the cliffs of St. Helena, stood by considerably to observe the proceedings in the interests of public order. The embarkation of a score of black pigs (why are Italian pigs always black?), who could only be forced on board, one at a time, by the united efforts of the whole crew of the *Benaco*, engineer and fireman included, delayed us for more than half an hour. But at last the pigs lay exhausted in pens on the after-deck, exchanging with each other occasional grunts of indignation, the steam-whistle shrieked, the moorings were cast loose, the paddles began to beat the liquid sapphire of the lake into snowy foam, and off we went, northward along the western shore of Garda, at the rate of about ten miles an hour. The mountains on our left and northwards along the lake were shrouded in clouds; but gleams of sunlight, bursting in over the low-lying shores on the southwest, went flashing along the waves to strike the distant cliffs of Sermione into a golden glow. The colour of the waters of Garda is very beautiful. In the centre of the lake it is the deepest, purest blue; in-shore, where it shoals, it fades off gradually into bright emerald. Everywhere, its clearness is exquisite. At the little stations where the steamer hove-to in deep water, the stones and water-plants on the bottom, at a depth of not less than twelve feet, could be seen with the greatest clearness, even though the surface was ruffled. Half an hour's paddling brought us abreast the peninsula of Sermione, where the grotto of Catullus is still shown, and the remains of a building extending into the lake, said to be the ruins of his country-house. A lovely retreat is this wooded height of Sermione, joined to the mainland only by a narrow tongue of land three miles long. The blue waves hem it in almost completely, dashing in foam on its rocky shores; and from its northern point the eye ranges over the noble sea-like expanse of the lake, with its stately background of mountains.

And then came Salò, at the bottom of its charming bay, locked in by gently sloping hills, up whose sides the lemon-gardens rise tier above tier. The long parallel lines of white stone pillars supporting

the latticed roofs which in winter shelter the tender lemon-trees, give a very peculiar appearance to the hilly shores of lake Garda. But like all the Italian lakes and all North Italy, in fact, Garda suffers from the absence of wood. Olives and mulberries, it is true, grow thickly along its southern shore, but the scanty, dusky foliage of the one and the stumpy habit of the other make them anything but a picturesque element in landscape. The only tree that effectively clothes and softens the mountain districts of North Italy is the chestnut; and even this is not seen in great abundance. We had a party of mission fathers on board, who landed singly or in pairs at the small stations along the lake, where they were welcomed with true Italian enthusiasm. The sweet-toned little bells in the campaniles of the village chapels rang out madly as the steamer drew near; the population, men, women, children, and dogs, streamed down to the beach; a select reception-committee, in very high, stiff shirt-collars, was thrust to the front to receive the clergymen; the men cheered lustily, the dogs barked in sympathy, and here and there, perhaps, a fair hand waved a handkerchief from some vine-framed casement opening out on the blue waters of the lake. At Maderno, one of these stations, the welcome took a more imposing form. The stout little steamer, as it neared the landing-place, snorting and whistling and splashing pompously, was received with mimic salvos of artillery from a row of small culverins drawn up on the beach, the reports growling along the rugged mountain shore like distant thunderings.

When we had left Maderno the clouds began to creep down lower on the mountains, the evening shades began to fall, and the wind swept in a strong, steady blast down the deep-sunk, narrow basin of the lake. Gradually, the conspicuous white pillars of the lemon-gardens rising up the hill sides faded from sight, and a heavy mist began to fall. The waters of the lake were lashed into short, angry waves, the clouds grew blacker and blacker as night fell, and vivid sheets of lightning flashing behind them at intervals, threw out for a moment the ghostly outline of the mountains. The wind and rain went on increasing as we paddled northwards through the boiling waves, hugging closely the western shore of the lake, so that the deck of the *Bonaco* was soon cleared of all its occupants except the crew and some half dozen passengers. It was a weird sight to see the little shore boats putting off through the surge to the steamer as she hove to alongside the landing-stations. The look-out on the steamer's bow sang out the name of the station as soon as he caught sight of its lights through the thick mist; the name was taken up by another of the crew and shouted down the cabin stairs to the passengers below; the boy at the engine-room skylight yelled out "*Adagio!*"—"Half speed!" through the roaring wind; the passengers for shore crept up the slippery stairs from the cabin, peasant women hugging their closely-wrapped infants

in their arms, and looking out half-scared on the hissing waves, a couple of mission priests in black soutanes and broad-brimmed, low-crowned beavers, and a lemon-dealer, perhaps, anxious for the safety of his precious cases of fruit. Then as the steamer slowly neared the landing-place, the shore boat with its rowers was seen coming off, its stem and stern lights ducking uncomfortably as it slowly made its way through the waves; "*Ecco!*"—"Here we are. Stop her!" was passed down to the engineer, the paddles stopped, a rope was thrown across the boats' bows, and it was made fast to the steamer. And then, after His Majesty of Italy's modest mails in their pompously-sealed canvas bag had been passed over the side to the postal agent, the passengers were half dragged, half pushed into the boat, as it rocked and ground against the steamer's hull; "*Pronti!*"—"All right!" was passed from the boat; "*Avanti!*"—"Ahead!" was the word to the engineer; the shore-going priests doffed their beavers, with a hearty "*Addio!*" to their brethren on board the *Bonaco*; and the paddles began to revolve slowly, as the boat with its dancing lights pushed off to the shore overshadowed by black towering mountains.

Most of the villages in connection with these landing-stations were quite invisible from the deck of the steamer. The chapel bells could be heard tinkling mysteriously above the howling of the wind; but when a vivid flash of lightning lit up for a moment the dark mountains, not a trace of the village could be seen, except, perhaps, in some cases, the very tip of a square campanile peeping over the brow of the crags some hundreds of feet above the lake. How the passengers ever contrived to climb the steep hill-side from the landing-places at the edge of the lake, through the wind and rain and inky darkness of the night, I cannot presume to say. At one of these stations in particular, Tremosine, I think, where several peasant women landed from the steamer that night, I cannot conceive how they reached the village behind the crest of the almost perpendicular crags, except they were dragged up by ropes let down from above. Returning down the lake to Desenzano by daylight on the following morning, I examined the face of the mountains above the landing-place at Tremosine and could see no pathway practicable even for men by daylight and in fair weather.

At Limone, the last station of any importance between Tremosine and Riva, there was another demonstration in honour of the mission fathers, second only in ambitiousness to the artillery salvoes of Maderno. A body of the Limonese was gathered on the shore, holding torches that flared and sputtered in the drenching rain, and smeared the waves of the lake, the salient crags along the shore, and the ranges of white pillars in the lemon-gardens above the village with fitful streaks and blotches of crimson light. Rockets were discharged over the lake

with the best intentions, but with only moderate success; and the silvery bells rang out from the invisible chapels like fairy chimes.

It was almost eight o'clock when we left Limone; and before another half hour had passed we were moored alongside the pier at Riva, the northern terminus of the lake navigation. The rain had abated a little, and the shadowy outline of the mountains round Riva was just visible as I landed and set foot, for the first time, on the soil of his Imperial Majesty, Franz Josef. My scanty baggage was not long passing through the hands of the lenient and courteous Austrian customs officer; and taking leave of my travelling companion I passed out into the streets of Riva. Under the conduct of one of the ragged youth of the town, in less than five minutes I reached the comfortable auberge of the Golden Sun where I put up for the night.

Of my return down the lake to Desenzano by gray dawn at four o'clock next morning, how the storm of wind and rain raged twice as fiercely as the evening before, how the grand blue, white-crested waves beat on the rocky shores like the waves of the sea, how they came bounding in over the terrace of the Hotel Mayer at Desenzano and splashed in through the doorway of the coffee-room as I sat at breakfast—all this I can only allude to here. And, in conclusion, I would say to the Englishman or Irishman travelling homewards from Venice *via* Milan: If you can find eighteen hours to spare, on no account neglect to make the passage up Lake Garda from Desenzano to Riva, and, if possible, select a stormy day for the passage.

MARY.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

SHE often told me of her early life,
And of the sweet, pale mother dead so young.
This time we stood beneath the beechen trees,
Watching the tracery twixt branch and leaf,
That interweaving shadowed the green grass.
A breath of wind stole from the lilies near,
And sighed a fragrant message o'er her cheek,
And as in answer, with a graceful haste,
Moving, she bent above the whispering flowers,

And stretching out a delicate, white hand,
Sought softly 'mid the stems, for one fresh bud,
That was removed a day from perfect bloom,
And swaying at her fingers' slender touch,
Slow fluttered to the earth, a shower of leaves,
That should have died in perfume noons gone by.
A dreamy softness gathered in her eyes—
And something of a sadness 'round her mouth,
That held in check the smiles that should be there,
And made them the more sweet.

She paused in dreams :
Gazing far out beyond the broken flowers,
To where the low moon shimmered in the East,
And angels folded all the blue aside,
Forth leading slow the pensive early stars.
Half parted in a tremor yet, her lips
Sighed tenderly, at what the lilies said.
She stood as one entranced. My sweetest friend!
Some grey clouds passing filmed all the moon ;
I watched her with a dark presentiment,
That smote the very life-strings of my heart ;
The sadness lingered still around her mouth,
And something of a trouble marked her brow,
As one who hesitates to speak a thought
He dearly loves, but which he knows full well
Must hurt the heart that ever loves him best.
" 'Tis easier to die young than old," she said,
" Yon ivy planted endmost by the wall
Has clinging tendrils few. Wait yet awhile,
Till it has done the rounding sum of years,
And sent its life-sap branching outwards far.
From closing many graves our hearts grow damp,
And tremble ere the mattock strikes our own.
In youth, we kneel before the feet of death,
Until his dark brows smile in freshness back,
The bright reflection caught up from our lives.
Not one grey hair will ever mock the gold
You praise amid these auburn tresses now.
Consumption kissed my mother's brow, and sealed
Its unchanged beauty, changeless evermore,
And by the reed-entangled Suir she rests,
Laid 'neath a bed of lilies and fine mould.
Yet often in that sweetest hour that falls
Scarce after nightfall, and before the dark—
Long gazing through the purple-fretted skies,

And listening 'mid the melancholy winds,
 To what the dying flowers say—I start
 To catch a voice that whispers strangely sweet,
 And all so low, that none but me might hear—
 'Tis my dead mother's voice, and well I feel
 I shall die young."

"Mary!" I cried

In anguish of reproach that jarred against
 Each letter of the dear, familiar name,
 So often on my lips through every hour
 Of all those precious days that marked the years
 Since first we two were friends. Her head drooped low,
 Until it met the small white hands stretched out
 To soothe her face. "Mary," I said again,
 In fullness of such weary pain as choked
 All other words. The silence smote my heart
 Like that long silence that should follow soon,
 And by a deep-drawn breath I knew she wept.
 I thought of that strong man I saw one day,
 Who unawares had walked upon a grave,
 That was fresh made, and yielded to his feet;
 Like him, I shuddered too, but could not weep.
 A dove moaned softly in the branches near,
 And sent a shower of glistening dew-drops down
 Along the drooping head. She raised her brow,
 And lifted up the heavy tear-wet lids,
 Slow searching for the East. "Ah me!" she said,
 "You hold the soul a poor thing if you deem
 One true affection withers with the grave.
 Beyond those stars the blessed ever dwell,
 The friends who loved us, whom we prized and lost,
 Who watch our paths with a more tender love
 Made pure from that sad taint of selfishness
 That twines round things most beautiful on earth,
 To soil and clog them evermore below.
 Remember that I, too, made perfect there,
 Will watch in love o'er you, and often come
 In some such hour as this, if God permit,
 To hold your lingering steps, with errands sweet,
 From those dead friends that ever grow more dear."

My sweetest friend! Four summers scarcely waned
 Ere your gold hair was laid beneath the turf,
 Far southwards, by the reed-entangled wave,
 Leaving such memories of a holy life

As shame the lilies' lustre evermore
 Near your white soul. Ah! many hopes and years
 And fairest promises have passed away,
 Since that sad night we stood beneath the trees;
 But your true word has ever still been kept
 In wiser ways than once I foolish dreamed.
 Wandering alone what time the darkness falls
 Athwart the twilight hills, when the sad winds
 Come laden with the scent of dreaming flowers,
 And, like a timid guest, the strange moon stands
 Upon the farthest crystal of the skies,
 I catch the spirit-music of your life,
 Your youth of prayerful courage, and strong hope,
 And lowliness of heart—that sweetest grace
 That crowned so many graces in your soul;
 And oh! with what sad eyes grown dim with tears,
 I bow my head and know that you are near,
 And mark the gulf that lies betwixt us two,
 And think of the sweet days so long since dead.

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Social Aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism in their civil bearing upon Nations.* Translated and adapted from the French of M. LE BARON DE HAULLEVILLE. By HENRY BELLINGHAM, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. With a Preface by His Eminence CARDINAL MANNING, Archbishop of Westminster. (London: C. Keegan, Paul & Co. 1878.)

CAMPAIGNS and congresses are not much swayed by the Sermon on the Mount. He who preached that sermon has said that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. A dissenting minister, the Rev. Thomas Binney, has written a clever little book, which now lies beside us, on the question, "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" He replies in the affirmative. Would his book have sold as it did if his answer had been negative? It would, however, be very hard to reconcile his doctrine with the spirit of Christianity, and even his Protestant critics have confessed this. At the same time, in a wide and noble sense, honesty is the

best policy, and most vices are not helps but hindrances to the attainment of honour, happiness, and prosperity in this life.

The life of nations is like, in many respects, to the lives of individuals. The famous work of Balmez on Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their effects on European civilization, and the present less philosophical treatise, are surely right in contending that in all that constitutes true civilization, in all that promotes the true prosperity and happiness of nations, the profession of the Catholic faith is no obstacle but an aid and a safeguard.

Mr. Bellingham* has been wise in adapting rather than translating the work of Baron de Haulleville. There are very few foreign works of the sort which are not made more useful and more readable by judicious adaptation. The list of authorities consulted tends to show that the translator has added a good deal of his own. On one point he has followed his original quite too faithfully—namely, in the *staccato* style of his paragraphs. Seriously it makes a bad impression at the outset when the first chapter spoils the best known passage of Macaulay by applying this jerky system to an author who studied the subtle symmetry of his paragraphs as carefully as the poet studies his most artistic stanza.

How little does our faith seem to affect our external conduct! And of so-called Catholic kings and Catholic states how few have allowed their Catholic faith to modify their social policy! This consideration ought, we think, to be attended to in contrasting Protestant and Catholic countries.

Cardinal Manning concludes his recommendatory preface to the present volume with the remark that it is a sign of happy augury when we see Catholic laymen like Mr. Bellingham and the Baron de Haulleville devoting their intelligence and their industry to such subjects.

II. *Songs and Romances*. By THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THE readers of two papers in this Magazine—beginning respectively at page 757 of last year's volume, and at page 80 of the volume which is now finishing its third quarter—are aware of the high estimate we have formed of Mr. Irwin's poetical faculty. None of the pieces in this new handsome volume were then before us, except one poem of predilection which the Author has repeated in all his publications since his first tomelet of "Versicles" in 1856, namely that "Group in Queen Anne's Time" from which we quoted largely in the second of the

* He is the son of Sir Allan Bellingham, Bart., and a convert, as Dr. Mapother has mentioned at page 228 of our current volume (April, 1878) in his sketch of Mr. Bellingham's uncle, Dr. O'Bryen Bellingham, one of the founders of St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin.

articles just referred to. The "etc." on the present title-page is necessary, for a great part of its contents can hardly be classed under either songs or romances. In preference to the songs, musical and picturesque as they are, and also to the romances, many of which, such as "The Wager," show much dramatic imagination—we would single out such cheerful phantasies as "A Child's Dream," which describes how Ianmie accompanied her favourite bird in its migration to the sunny south; or some of the peasant pieces, like "In the Bohawn" where old Jenny Keenan, over the turf fire, with one arm elbowed on her knee, moralises to a certain red-cloaked crony of hers on the "quareness" of life.

"What's the world coming to? Why here
 Once it was summer most of the year;
 The climate's changed; that makes the blood
 Run cowlider now; and nothing I take
 In the way, wid respect to you, of food
 Is by many a score as cheap and good
 As it used to be. Ach! the wind blows blake,
 And the price of yarn is enough to break
 One's heart. See, my wheel there takes its aise—
 It now has Sundays most of its days.

"I'm forgetting the songs that once I knew,
 Though of stories I preserve a few
 When a friend like yourself drops in:—but whw,
 As they used to do, the fowl don't lay,
 And the cost of meal remains so high
 (And the world improving, as they say),
 Is more nor I can fathom. Eh?
 Were you speaking? No. Well, come what may,
 With the grace of God and a grain of tay
 We get through life as best we may."

Every reader can appreciate the sweetness and pathos of "The Blind Old Woman," which is more than we should venture to say of many other pieces in this volume. The last leaf of it gives some high critical tributes from the *Athenæum*, the *London Quarterly*, &c., to the excellence of Mr. Irwin's achievements as a poet. The favourable opinion of one well-qualified judge has been omitted. In an eloquent and thoughtful article on "Recent Irish Poetry" in the *Dublin Review* of April, 1865, after discussing the merits of Samuel Ferguson, Lady Wilde, William Allingham, and Aubrey de Vere, the writer—whom Sir C. G. Duffy's preface to the latest edition of his "Ballad Poetry of Ireland" allows us to recognise as Mr. J. Cashel Hoey—remarks towards the end of his disquisition: "Mr. Thomas Irwin is the only recent writer whose verse may fairly be named in the same breath with that which we have now noticed. A rich grace and finish of expression, a most quaint and delicate humour, and a fine-poised aptness

of phrase distinguish his poetry, which is more according to the taste that Mr. Tennyson has established in England than that of any Irish writer of the day."

It is but fair to add that what to the unpoetic reader seem to be the faults of Keats are not unrepresented in "*Songs and Romances*."

III. *Six Vocal Pieces*. For Three and Four Equal Voices, with Organ Accompaniment. By WILHELM SCHULTHEIS. (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co., Berners-street.)

PROFESSOR SCHULTHEIS, the distinguished composer, who many years ago set the Oratory Hymns to music almost worthy of Father Faber's words, has since made many valuable additions to our stores of sacred song. The three latest of his publications have been sent to us, only one of which is named above. One of the most moving of these devout pieces is the musical interpretation of the simple unrhymed words, "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou lovest, Thou lovest, but Thou art not loved—ah! would that Thou wert loved." This is the last of "*Six Invocations*, for equal voices, to be sung after Benediction."

IV. *Speech of the Right Hon. Lord O'Hagan on Irish Intermediate Education*. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

THE new Bill for the promotion of Intermediate Education among our clever Irish youth was introduced by the first Irish Lord Chancellor of England and supported by the first Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Lord O'Hagan's eloquent speech in the House of Lords, in favour of the second reading of the Bill on the 28th of June, has just been brought out by Messrs. Gill in a cheap and convenient form. The interest and importance of this address are increased by the rumour* which points to the noble orator as probably one of the Commissioners for carrying out the provisions of the Act. As Lord O'Hagan remarks, the practical results of this measure must depend mainly on the character of the commission to be appointed, and on the action of that commission. Of the advantages offered by it our Catholic boys will, we fear, gain at first a small share in proportion to their numbers; and the increase in that share will, among other influences, depend on the earnestness and self-sacrifice of Catholic parents in keeping their sons at school long enough to profit by these educational advantages.

V. *Irish Priests and Irish People*. By the Rev. M. J. MACHALE. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THIS short poem describes in very flowing and graceful lines the vicissitudes of the Catholic Church in Ireland from its bright dawn

* Our readers will be able to correct this mistake by later authentic information. [The Catholic members of the Commission are Chief Baron Pallas, the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D., and the O'Connor Don.]

and its brilliant day and on through dark night of persecution to our own more tranquil times. Each division of the subject ends with a sort of chorus—"The Priests are with the people still." These simple but energetic words have been used with great effect in one of Mr. T. D. Sullivan's poems, and they have evidently been running in Father MacHale's memory without his being aware that he owes them to the Editor of the *Nation*.

VI. *The Suppliant of the Holy Ghost*. By the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R. (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

THIS exquisite little treatise is a devout paraphrase of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, which is now first published by the accomplished scholar who discovered it recently in the library attached to the church of St. Nicholas, Liverpool. It is written with a great deal of that charm and that solid unction which mark many of the spiritual works which have come down to us from the times of persecution. Father Bridgett does his little treasure-trove the fullest justice.

VII. *The Life of St. Mary Frances of the Five Wounds of Jesus*. From the Italian. By the Rev. DANIEL FERRIS, Priest of the Diocese of Down and Connor. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THE translator of this volume has added to our religious literature a very minute account of a beautiful and saintly life which can hardly be known to any of our readers: for St. Mary Frances was only canonised fourteen years ago, and this is the first time that her life has appeared in English. She was a Tertiary of the Order of St. Peter of Alcantara, and died in her native city of Naples, in 1791, aged 77 years. The book has been admirably printed at Belfast.

VIII. *Beauty and the Beast: a Play*. By Mrs. JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.)

OUR literature is deficient in drawing-room dramas, and especially in such as are suitable for juvenile actors. An innocently amusing little comedy like "Mrs. Willis's Will," which is in much request for this purpose, is a very rare and very useful achievement. We do not know how far Mrs. Maguire's version of "Beauty and the Beast" will be found to satisfy these exigencies. Her little book contains in addition a variety of old fables and proverbs illustrated in quite a novel way.

IX. *The Lives of St. Columba and St. Brigit*. By M. F. CUSACK. (London: Burns and Oates. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. 1877.)

THIS elegantly printed volume, which exteriorly is ornamental enough for a drawing-room table, completes the lives of the great trio of Irish Saints. Sister Mary Frances Clare began her series of the Saints of Ireland with her great Life of St. Patrick; and she now

gives us the fullest sketches possible of the two other saints who, according to the old rhyme, "one grave do fill" with our national patron. The researches of Eugene O'Curry and other Irish scholars and all other available materials have been skilfully laid under contribution by Miss Cusack in these new biographies of Columbkille and the Mary of Erin.

X. *The Life of Margaret Mostyn.* By the REV. EDMUND BEDINGFIELD. (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

THIS beautiful and holy book may be more useful than the lives of many canonised saints for those whom God has called to a state such as that in which the subject of it sanctified her soul. Mother Margaret of Jesus was a member of the family now represented by Sir Piers Mostyn of Talacre, which is one of those great English families that have preserved all along a considerable portion of the old acres without ever surrendering the Old Faith. The brother of Margaret Mostyn was Sir Edward, the first baronet. She became a Carmelite Nun in Belgium, in a community whose lineal descendants are the Carmelite Nuns now settled at Darlington in England. From manuscripts preserved for two hundred years in this community, amidst all its vicissitudes and migrations, this volume has been edited by Father Coleridge with the perfect taste and skill to which we owe so many volumes of the Quarterly Series, of which this is the twenty-fifth. Canon Bedingfield, the author of the contemporary Life of Mother Margaret, was the confessor of the convent. The most interesting details are due to the nuns who were ordered by the bishop of the Belgian diocese where this saintly Carmelite died to put on record all that they could recollect of her conversation and conduct.

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERKEEVIL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings."—SHAKESPEARE.

KEVIN, a lad of twelve years, working in his father's field, looked up at the blazing sun, saw it was noon, and sat down on a stone to eat his dinner. It is not given to every one to dine in the midst of such splendour as surrounded Kevin. A sky, blue as the sky of Tuscany, hung over his head; glittering mountain crags soared high above him; an ocean, limitless and dazzling with light, lay at his feet upon one side, and on the other plains, tawny, purple, and olive, rolled out in magnificence to the verge of the horizon. Midway between glories—under the crags, but above the valley—nestled the scattered hamlet where Kevin was born; the fields, pastures, and little woods which supported the mountaineers; the rude church where they prayed; and the graveyard where they buried their dead.

As Kevin munched his potatoes, he turned his face to the ocean, and watched the white sea-birds, winging, winging their glancing flight to the northern countries of which Shawn Rua would tell him over the turf logs on winter nights. His heart echoed with Shawn Rua's stories, for, though not a bookish boy, he loved the beautiful when it met his eye, or was poured into his ear by a voice. The uttered tale or song was greater to Kevin than the written page; he loved the notes of birds, the cries of animals, the whisperings of trees, and piping and thundering of storm and sea.

He took up his spade again, and the strong, active young form bent itself generously to the laborious task. All his movements were steady and determined, if a little slow: every stroke of foot or arm was well-directed and produced results, while they kept a quiet, rhythm-like regularity that would have suited well with an accompaniment of music. "What are you listening for, Kevin?" his father would cry, as the boy paused sometimes, throwing back his head, as if arrested by sudden sound; and though he only laughed at this question, Kevin had told Shawn Rua, in a moment of confidence, that he "heard things" which he could not describe. This listening habit of his annoyed people at times, and caused them to look on the strong, somewhat clumsy lad as tiresome and stupid.

The sun set, the crags glowed crimson, Kevin's spade turned into the semblance of a warlike weapon, blood-red in his hand, a whistle from the next field warned him to gather up his tools and join his father on the homeward path. Connor Mor owned one of the best of the scattered homesteads which nestled on the mountain-side, a long, low-roofed, tiny-windowed house, with a straw thatch, and strong stone walls stolen out of the overhanging crags; a few large trees at one gable, a little garden, a golden hay-cock, and many brown pyramids of turf clustering behind the little farmyard.

"Maury Oge has got a little daughter," said Connor to his son, speaking in Irish, the language of the mountain. "Shemus is wild with delight; we must call in and give them joy."

Maury and Shemus were a young pair in whom Kevin's parents had a particular interest, and at whose wedding Kevin had amused himself a year ago. At their door the happy father was now beckoning, and Kevin felt very awkward as an old woman thrust a bundle of flannels into his arms, out of which a little round, red face was seen to blink.

"Her eyes are open," said Kevin, uncomfortably.

"Of course they are," said the old woman, insulted. "Did you think it was a kitten?"

"Oh, no!" said Kevin, and got out of the house as fast as he could.

"I never saw such a little knowing baby," he said to his mother, when he went home. "She looked at me as if she had got something to tell me!"

"It must be something good, then," said his mother; "for new-born babies come straight from heaven."

Kevin ate his supper in silence, and, when he had done, mended his mother's old spinning-wheel, the long wheel on which she spun wool for the family clothing; till Shawn Rua came in with his story-telling face, pipe in mouth, finding, as usual, the warmest chimney-corner; for did not his presence make the fire-sprites leap out of the turf logs and fly laughing up the smoke-ladders?

Shawn was a man who could read both Gaelic and English, and had in his house a strong chest in which were treasured certain Gaelic manuscripts, containing, as Kevin believed, all the precious lore of the world. These books had been bequeathed to Shawn by his father, and were the pride of the mountain. Where they had come from originally nobody asked; Kevin had a vague belief that they had grown up out of creation, like the rocks and trees; but, at all events, poetry exhaled from their yellow leaves, and was scattered by the breath of Shawn into the daily thoughts of a simple and imaginative people. When it was known that Shawn was at Connor Mor's, people came dropping in to spend the evening. Sibbie, the aged singer, arrived with a hundred ballads on the tip of her tongue; Rosheen, a

buxom maiden, who had already earned some reputation for telling homely fairy tales, and was thought to be slyly stealing lessons from the great master himself, brought her laughing face and an apron full of wool which she carded while she listened; mothers of families unfolded their knitting, and fathers lit their pipes. The kitchen filled, and was at once lighted and perfumed by a fish-oil lamp; the turf blazed and mingled its fragrance with that of the luminary on the table; a few pet hens in the rafters, roused out of their first sleep, clucked their terror to each other, but, recognising Shawn and his audience, recovered their composure, and retired behind their wings and among the bacon-flitches.

Shawn had a long, thin face, with large, lumpy temples, about which the "foxy" hair grew scantily. He had an exceedingly sonorous voice, and, when he made a telling period, he had a way of lifting his eyelids and overlooking his audience with a moonstruck gleam in his long gray eyes, which movement had a thrilling effect and always caused a sensation among his listeners. Shawn knew his power and gloried in it, and was more proud of the audience he could command at any moment than a king might be of his standing army. Mighty and heroic was his narrative: kings and queens figured in it; battles were fought and feasts spread; or his theme was wild and weird: spirits walked the earth, ghastly phantoms flitted across the firelight; or he suddenly became playful and fantastic: fairies sported around him, happy mortals laughed, danced, and sang.

"Kevin, my boy," said his father, when Shawn had ceased, and Kevin sat immovable, "if you were as good at book-learnin' as you are at listenin', you'd do for us all to be proud of some day."

"Let the boy alone," said Shawn, loftily. "It isn't every man that is born to book-learnin', Connor Mor. The boy is well enough. What he hears gets further than his ears."

"I don't see that," said Connor; "but as he handles the spade, we can't complain of him."

Kevin blushed, and his head sunk on his breast. He knew he was a dull lad, disliking book-study, slow of speech, confused and wandering in his mind, always missing points, passing some things over, and pondering amazed upon other things, which most people accepted as matters of course. He brightened up, hearing his father praise his skill with the spade, and dropped back into his listening dream, while rosy-cheeked Rosheen took her turn as story-teller, and, later, Sibbie, the ballad-singer, poured forth a shrill ditty, the lament of the enchanted swans, unfortunate children of Lir, who wandered so many ages on the stormy waters of the sea of Moyle. The wind roared and whistled round the cabin, the thunder of the sea boomed up from the distance, and the last high note of the keen wailed itself away and was lost in the crash of Nature's orchestral music.

As often happened, Kevin went home with Shawn for the night, as the latter had a long, lonely way to walk; and we cannot say that the book-learned man was quite free from a certain superstitious dislike to the desert mountain-side at the hour of midnight. His way lay past the churchyard, and Shawn loved not the glimmer of its pale gable in the moonlight, nor the gray streaks made by the tombstones against the darkness, nor the peculiar minor key into which the wind was sure to fall as it swept around the spot. Arrived at his cabin, he roused with a few artful touches the fire that slumbered in the ashes, showing by its light a clean-swept earthen floor, a window garnished by a little green curtain, a basket of unwashed potatoes, and an object which was the pride of the mountain-side, to wit, a carved oak chest, which had been thrown up among the rocks after a wreck, and now held the treasure of ancient manuscript that made Shawn Rua the delight of his fellow-men.

Shawn placed two large potatoes on the embers to roast, lighted his pipe, and sat down by the hearth, while Kevin opposite watched the smoke curl, and gazed curiously at the meditating face of the book-learned man. The storm still strove outside, and the boom and splash of the sea could be heard more plainly than at Kevin's home.

"Shawn!" he said, "tell me about the sea-king Olaf!"

"Well, boy, his ghost has enough to do if it's out on the ocean to-night. Have I ever told you how he sailed to Red Bay among the Antrim hills and carried off the Irish wolf-hound?"

"Yes!" said Kevin, eagerly, "in his galley of the sea-serpent, with his banner of the ravens, and in his armour of green and gold. He came at night and walked on the strand till daylight. I wish I had been alive to see him."

"That was a quare meeting of his with Jarl Thover and Rand the witch in the middle of a mystic wind. I'd rather have seen that." said Shawn, with a meditative puff.

"Do you think did he ever see Hy-Brasil when he was sailing about the seas?" said Kevin, anxiously.

"Most likely he did," said Shawn. "Why should he not as well as another?"

"Did *you* ever see it, Shawn?" asked the boy, his eyes growing larger.

"I can't say quite that I did," said Shawn, with hesitating honesty. "I thought I saw it often, but it was sure to turn out to be one of the real solid islands, or a shadow, or a cloud, or something. Once I was full sure I had spotted it: I spied it out far at the line of the sea with the loveliest pink hills and golden cliffs. I pulled off my hat, and I called on the name of God. 'Hy-Brasil!' cried I, and my heart leapt up and stood still. But in a moment afterwards the sun faded and the evening changed; and Hy-Brasil was only a lump of cloud that

had strayed down from the sky a bit, and was lying on the sea!"

"Ah," said Kevin, "what a pity! And it only comes once in seven years!"

"Don't you mind looking for it," said Shawn, shaking his head. "Many have wasted their lives in that search. Don't turn out a wild goose, but stick to your spade!"

Kevin turned his head abashed, but presently raised it again with a new idea.

"Shawn," he said, "in King Olaf's country the storks bring the babies to their mothers. You told me that once. Do the storks come to this country?"

"No," said Shawn, "I think not often. The storks come from Egypt, and it is long enough for them to fly as far as Norway and Denmark. They are tired by that time, and they have a long way to go back."

"Well," said Kevin, thoughtfully, "I am sure I saw a great bird flying away over the roof of Maury Oge's house, just as we came up to it and found the baby there."

"Perhaps the birds have an interest in her," said Shawn, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "You know there are some people whom dogs have a liking for, and the dogs bark when they are born. They are always rather rough-and-ready people to deal with; can bark a bit, too, when they like. Others are like cats, or like cows; and I have even known people with a likeness to asses. So this little stranger has got her friends among the birds, has she? I hope they'll give her a godmother's gift. They'll lay golden eggs for her; or perhaps she'll sing like her grandaunt, Sibbie. And, by the way, Shemus asked me to find a name for the little daughter!—a real saint's name of the rich old Irish stock."

He got up and took some curious volumes out of the wonderful oak-chest, while Kevin held the fish-oil lamp, staring with admiration into the magic recesses which were the treasury of Shawn Rua's lore. The good man's spectacles were poised on his nose and the volume was conned.

"Fanchea is the name," he said, solemnly, at last. "A real holy, delicate saint, great and grand as the rocks, mild as the dove, and as old as King Olaf himself. Father Ulick won't object to it, I think. We have Brides and Marys enough on the mountain."

Kevin went to sleep upon a bed made on the top of the oak-chest, and dreamed of King Olaf riding in his regal galley through the moonlit seas, with the little babe, Fanchea, in his arms. His armour gleamed; his long hair floated on the wind; the mystical island, Hy-Brasil, rose out of the waters on his path, and upon its pearly cliffs he laid the weeping babe; then steered northwards to meet the

Vikings. Kevin had followed his track, borne on the wings of a great, strange bird, and made wild attempts to stoop for the little perishing creature whose wails mingled with the cries of the wind which beat him back and back again, till the wings of the brave bird drooped, and he sank upon the waves. Just as the waters were engulfing him, Kevin awoke, sobbing, and saw the dawnlight peeping through the chinks of the door.

The following Sunday the little baby was brought to the church to be baptized. It was a fine, sunshiny, windy day in the very early spring, and the storm made military music round the whitewashed walls of the poor church. Piping reeds, the clash of cymbals, and the roar of drums were all to be heard in the mysterious music with which nature celebrated the little Fanchea's appearance at the font. A chorus of singing birds, who had their nests in the rafters, and were used to sing their hallelujahs undisturbed above the altar, whirred down from the roof and perched upon the edge of the old carven and mutilated font, where they chanted their silver psalms in the pauses of the storm. Kevin heard them with glancing eyes, and secretly strewed grain from his pocket upon the earthen floor that the choristers might have their festival a little later in the day. The grandaunt held the babe in her arms, and Shawn Rua was one of the sponsors. It was told that when the priest said "receive this burning light," the child grasped the candle in its little hand. The priest looked grave when some one objected that she did not cry when the water was poured over her. "Do not be superstitious," he said, "but leave the child to God." The sun shone through the little pointed windows; on the rough, wooden altar; the rude crucifix; the simple, sorrowful pictures of the Way of the Cross; on the damp-stained walls; the broken font and fluttering birds; on the venerable head of the priest, and the group of peasants with their scarlet and blue cloaks and kerchiefs, their earnest faces, and faith-lit eyes. A tear was on Sibbie's withered cheek as she kissed the little new-made Christian and refolded it in her cloak. "I don't know what Maury will say to the name," she said, doubtfully, "but Father Ulick says it's a beautiful saint, and I made him tack Maury to it for fear. We can call her little Fan, as the mother is Maury."

From that day forth, neither the boy nor the birds forgot to have an interest in little Fanchea. As soon as she was able to walk and speak, Kevin used to call for her every evening to carry her on his shoulder, and sit with her on the green ditch under a certain thorn-tree which was haunted by fairies, and alive with birds. He instructed her early that she belonged to the birds, and put grain in her little fist that she might find favour with these friends and teach them to watch for her coming. Perched on Kevin's back, her dimpled face thrust through a hole in the foliage, she would peep breathlessly

into a nest full of gaping fledgelings, or sit contentedly among the daisies with the robins and sparrows feeding out of her lap. Before she could speak, she tried to imitate the piping and chirping of the swallow and wren, the cry of the curlew, and the wailing of the plover. As she grew older, she would measure her own voice with the voices that came down to her out of the trees and clouds, practising their warblings with an exquisite mimicry. Missing her from home one evening, Kevin found her standing on tip-toe on the ditch under the thorn-tree, in her small red petticoat, with her hands locked behind her back and her eyes fixed on a fat thrush that sat singing on a twig above her head. The beak of the thrush was open wide, so was the little maiden's mouth; the thrush swelled his throat and poured forth floods of melody upon the air; the little scarlet-coated girl threw back her dimpled chin, and, taking up the key-note he dropped, uttered in the pauses of his song sounds as sweet and as ecstatic as his own. The bird heard her with astonishment, his head on one side in critical attention, and then, suddenly fired with a spirit of emulation, he distended his little heart, pointed his beak at the sky, and bursting forth again, hurled at his daring rival a whirlwind of song that ought to have swept her away.

But the courage of the little maid was equal to the occasion, and she gave back trill for trill and shake for shake. Kevin lurked behind the tree and listened, and Fanchea's voice sank deep into his heart.

"I told you the birds would be looking after her," said Shawn Rua, when Kevin told him of her strife with the thrush. "He's one of her godfathers, never fear, and it's himself that came to give her a lesson. It will be the blackbird's turn next, I'm thinking. I must teach her some verses to sing to their music."

Fanchea's mother was very proud of the child, and loved to keep her curly locks bright and trim, and to arrange her little scarlet coats so as to enhance the whiteness of her skin and the softness of her great, dark eyes. There was a fantastic daring about the mite in her out-door sports, and a sweet, sympathetic expression in her dealings with other creatures, which made her the pet and playmate of every thing that lived. When the mountain children held their play in the grass, going round and round, with linked hands, in a living daisy chain, it was little Fan who sang the tune to which they moved; and when the little leader was in a carolling mood, there were endless varieties introduced into the music and the game. As she grew older, she acquired a habit of singing almost everything she had to say; and when a story was told to her, she was sure to make a song about it. She soon came to be known among the cottagers as the little singer; and Sibbie, her grandaunt, long famous for her shrill ballads and weird laments, pointed with half-melancholy pride to the melodious

little creature, explaining that this beautiful and promising voice could only reach perfection through the extinction of her own.

The tiny girl was likely to be spoilt with praise and kindness, and the pious young mother consulted the priest as to the difficulty of rearing such a fascinating child.

"If she were pretty without the voice," said the fond mother, tossing back her darling's curls with one hand, and smoothing them down with the other, "or if she had the voice without being so pretty——"

"Should you like her better?" asked the old man, gravely, studying the child's innocent face with a benign and serious eye.

"Well, no, Father," said poor Maury. "I cannot say that I would."

"Neither would God, who made her," said the priest. "He who made bird and flower, colour and song, does not bestow any of his gifts at random. Do your part with his help, and leave the rest to Him!"

That same day, Father Ulick spoke from the altar of the Saviour's love for little children; and every evening after this he gathered the little ones into the church in an interval of their sport and heard them sing their simple hymns. The voice of the old shepherd was weak and unskilled, but it quavered forth bravely and led the little choir. Above the shrill sound of the other childish voices rose always one full, clear note, with a free, liquid warble that filled the heart with joy. The priest heard it with wonder and emotion.

"It is the voice of the bird," he said, "untrammelled and untamed. May she always be content with the mountain nest, the audience of nature, the arena of heaven. God take care of thee, little wild bird of Killeevy!"

And a blessing was directed specially on one curly pate, as he made the mystical sign of redemption above the heads of the tender flock.

CHAPTER II.

"By my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts."

TENNYSON.

FATHER ULICK lived in a cabin no better than Shawn Rua's, where a large crucifix, a small bed, a pot of mignonette, a table covered with books and papers, were nearly all that the sun discovered in his chamber besides himself. His old soutane was rusty and threadbare, and his biretta had been many times mended and recovered by unskilful hands. A heavy cloak, hanging in the corner, with a riding-whip

above it, told of distant sick-calls upon stormy nights; the ink splashes on the table-cover hinted of communion with the far world beyond the barriers of sea and mountain; the marks in his books betrayed intimacy with another world, companionship in lonely hours, and tranquil enjoyment when labour was done. Various notes and papers at his hand could have borne witness to active interest in the welfare of his parishioners; and above all this the smoke-stained crucifix on the wall suggested the mainspring of the old man's unruffled patience and of his deep contentment with his life.

Into this little chamber walked Connor Mor on a Sunday after Mass, and sitting on the edge of a chair, twirling his hat, complained to the priest about his foolish son.

"He's no better than a fool, Father," said Connor; "I'm altogether disappointed in him."

"What is wrong with the boy, Connor Mor?"

"I wanted him to be a clerk, and see, he can't hardly as much as read his prayer-book."

"Well, can't he pray?" asked the priest; "and can't he also dig? If he will not learn to read, you cannot make him; and saints and heroes have lived and died without knowing a letter."

"He isn't a saint nor a hero," said the father, disconsolately. "I wanted him to be a clerk and a book-learned man like Shawn Rua. His mother and myself were set on it; but he's that stupid that the neighbours remark it, and laugh about him. He makes no companions with anybody but that quare little singing girl of Maury Oge's. It's not natural for such a big lout to be so set upon a baby."

"It's easy to see that you're one of the best-off men on the mountain, Connor Mor," said the priest, "since you have nothing else to fret about. Go home, and thank God for your innocent son!"

That very evening, when the priest was taking his solitary stroll, breviary in hand, he came upon the young pair, the baby and the big boy, perched in an eyrie of moss and rocks, and enjoying life after their own fashion. Fanchea was crowned with red berries, which Kevin had strung together for her, and was singing in wild glee.

"What is she singing?" asked Father Ulick, sitting down in the grass beside them.

"Oh, it's only out of her head, sir; about everything she sees."

"Are you not tired of listening to her? Wouldn't it be better for you to spend your evenings learning something? I hear you are very far behind at your books."

"I can't learn books, sir, I can't indeed. I want to hear things. Fan teaches me a deal, sir."

"Teaches you?"

"Yes, sir; she puts beautiful things in my head."

Father Ulick looked at the kindling face of the boy, generally so

heavy and absent in expression. A new soul looked out of the face—new to the priest, who marked this strange light and ardour with interest.

"She puts beautiful things in your head? Then listen to her, my boy," and Father Ulick put his hand on the same curious head, blessed the pair of friends, and passed on.

"What do I put in your head?" asked little Fan, throwing her arms round the big boy's neck, and rubbing her little cheek against his.

"Oh, I don't know how to tell you," said Kevin; "I would if I could. I see things while you are singing—such splendid, lovely things!"

"Where are they?" asked Fan, peering about curiously.

"Oh, up in the clouds there, and floating over the sea. Sometimes they go away the moment you stop singing; sometimes they stay for ever so long after; sometimes they come back again when I am dreaming at night."

Fan, being only five years old, found no mystery in anything, and accepted Kevin's "beautiful things" as only a natural part of this beautiful world.

"Do you like them to come back?" she asked, contentedly.

"Of course I do," said Kevin.

"Then I will sing, sing all the time," said Fan, beginning to warble her conversation. "Shawn says I belong to the birds. Why have I not wings? I want to fly over the sea and the mountains."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Kevin. "What would become of me?"

"But I could take you on my wings," carolled Fan, gaily.

"I am too heavy; I should break down your wings; and both of us would be drowned in the sea."

"There are great big birds that come from far away—you told me about them once. One of them ought to come and carry us both across the sea. Where would they take us to, I wonder. Is there any more world over there?"

"There is a great deal more world besides this mountain, I know. Shawn Rua told me of parts of it. It is all written about in books."

"Why don't you learn your books?"

"Because I am stupid; everybody tells me so."

"What is stupid?"

"Not able to do clever things; to spell long words, write letters, and talk. The words are so hard, and there is nothing in the books about the things I want to know. If I could read Shawn's books now! But I can't get on so far. I get tired of trying, and I would rather think."

"What is thinking?"

"Having things in your mind a long time, and going over them."

"And is thinking not clever?"

"Oh, no; anybody can do that."

"I hope I am stupid," warbled little Fan; "for I would like to be the same as you."

Maury Oge was fond of Kevin because of his devotion to her little girl; and it was rather a help to her that Fan was so much in the safe company of such a steady big boy as Kevin.

"Come into my mother's, Kevin," cried little Fan, running to meet him on his way home from work; "she has got such a beautiful Indian cake baking on the fire for you." And Kevin left his spade outside the door and went in and sat at the fire, with Fanchea on his knee, turning the cake for Maury who was busy with other things. In the corner sat Sibbie, the grandaunt, rocking the cradle and crooning wild ballads over a sleeping babe.

"Take the bellows and blow, Kevin," said Fan, "and I'll sing you a song about the sparks flying up the chimney! Only I must whisper singing, because Aunt Sibbie is telling baby about the angels."

She laid her cheek against his and cooed a little fantastic song.

"Now, do you see anything in the fire?"

"Yes."

"What do you see? I can't see anything but red, red cinders, and lumps of black turf, and blazes!"

"I see a great plain, and the battle going on that Shawn read about last night. The warriors are rushing upon one another and falling on every side. Now they are all conquered but a few horse-men, who are riding away with a banner; but as they are moving up a hill they are changed into the walls of a palace, with a flag flying from it. A great crowd rises up in front, and I see a noble bishop and a king with a crown. It is St. Patrick preaching at Tara."

"What is he doing that for?"

"To make the people love God. Just the way Father Ulick preaches to us, you know."

"And what do you see next?"

"Now I see the palace walls open, and there is a great wide hall, all across the fire, and a long table, and the king is at a feast with his nobles round him. In front of him sits an old bard ——"

"What is that?"

"A bard is a man who sings stories and plays on a harp—a thing that makes beautiful music—far finer than the Boccagh's fiddle. Shawn saw one and heard it played; that was once when he went a long journey to see a big town. He showed me a little picture of a blind harper playing on a harp; it was on a bit of paper torn out of a book that his tobacco was wrapped up in, in the shop where he bought it."

"Was the blind harper a bard?"

"I am not sure; I don't know that he sang anything; but I will ask Shawn. Long ago the bards wandered about the country with their harps, and they were great people, and kings were glad to see them."

"Go on, Kevin, and see more."

"The bard is singing and touching his harp. He sings of great things that have been done. The king puts down his gold cup and listens. His beautiful daughter is sitting beside him. Her long hair is down to the ground. Her name is Dar-Thula ——"

"What a queer name!"

"It is one of Shawn's stories. Princesses don't have common names, you know."

"Well?"

"Dar-Thula gets up and presents a cup of wine to the old bard. He drinks it and kisses her hand. Now they are all changed into golden clouds, moving, moving; and I see the Blessed Virgin rising up into heaven, with all the glory round her ——"

"Just the way she is in my hymn!" cried Fanchea. "Is she there still? I'll sing it for her." And she began to warble softly an ancient Gaelic hymn to the Virgin Triumphant, which had been sung in the mountains since the days of St. Patrick.

"I smell the cake burning!" cried Maury Oge, looking over her shoulder from the table. And pictures and music came to an end for the night. The cake was broken between the two friends and eaten with draughts of buttermilk.

"The child will never be good for anything but singing," said Maury Oge, as she and her husband and Sibbie sat at the table over their supper of potatoes. "Never, so long as that boy is such a fool about her."

"Don't deny them the pleasures of God," said Sibbie, nodding her yellow-turbaned head solemnly. "A song is a blessing, I can tell you. Many a heart I have lightened in my time with a twist of a tune. There's different kinds of songs, and they come in their turn; there's the sleepy song that brings rest, and the merry song that puts care out of the door and brings in laughing and dancing; there's the death-keen that opens the sore heart and lets out the tears (long may it be before she sings it); and there's the story-song that is like news of old times, and makes the spinning-wheel go quick and the time fly fast. So, Shemus and Maury, you mustn't be ungrateful."

"We're not, indeed," said Shemus.

"And when she's singing to ease your hearts for you some day, remember whose voice is on the tip of her tongue. If the poor old aunt never did much for you else, she did that much at least. Every song she sings is taking the breath out of my body and calling me away to the other world. And I'll be glad to go home to my glory, my dears, I'll be glad to go home to my glory. There I'll have my

voice again, and plenty to do with it. The singing there is grander than anything you could hear on the mountain. I hear it at night sometimes, and I'd like to be helping with it. But it's time for the child to be in her bed."

Fan said her night prayers at Kevin's knee, uttering the words in a sort of low chant, and sometimes finishing her petition or thanksgiving with a little curl of melody that fell on Kevin's heart with an indescribable sweetness. Then, as Sibbie loosened the strings of her pinafore, Kevin folded back the cover of her little bed which stood in a corner of the kitchen, and looked with pleasure at the picture of her angel-guardian which he himself had framed and hung up on the wall above it; then dipping his finger in the holy-water vessel he crossed his forehead with simple solemnity, and, bidding them all good-night, took his spade from beside the door and went home.

GOING TO PLAY.

DEAR mother, the children are playing—
They came to my window to-day,
And said: "Freddy, don't be delaying!
Come out till we hide in the hay.

"The boys have crept out through the hedges—
Do you hear how they splash in the brook?—
And some of them hide 'mong the sedges.
Oh, Freddy, dear Freddy, come look!

"And some on the tree-tops are swinging,
To fancy they sail on the sea."
Ah, mother, the sound of their singing
Came over the meadow to me.

I knew not their faces that called me,
They were too far away from my bed;
Their wonderful sweetness enthralled me,
The pain went away from my head.

Their voices were sweet like the sighing
That's waked from the leaves by the wind;
They said they would take no denying,
They'd leave me no longer behind.

Ah, mother, I wish that the morning
 Would come—I am longing for light—
 A bright one will come to give warning—
 I will not be sleepy to-night.

And, mother, I feel so much stronger,
 I'm sure you will let me away;
 I cannot lie down any longer,
 I'll go to the meadows to play.

* * * * *

The morning has come for you, Freddy,
 By night to be followed no more;
 The visitant spirits were ready,
 And beckoned from window and door.

They came in the hush of the even,
 And bore you enraptured away
 To your Father and Mother in heaven,
 With angels for ever to play.

A. O'B.

NOTES ON NORTH ITALY.

BY NATHANIEL COLGAN.

VI.—MILAN AND LAKE COMO.

The Duomo—Da Vinci's Cenacolo—A run to Como—Up the Lake to Bellagio—A day at Bellagio—The Brera Gallery at Milan—From Milan to Chambery.

It was a dreary run by rail from Desenzano to Bergamo, through a murky haze and quietly-persistent straight-down rainpour that shut out all view from the carriage windows to any distance greater than a half a mile on each side of the track. When Bergamo was passed, however, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the rain cleared off and the sun shone out on the rich level plain of the Milanese, a land of maize and mulberries. Through this great silk district between Bergamo and Milan was another monotonous run of thirty miles. First a row of stumpy, leafy mulberries, then a straight-cut irrigation

channel, then a patch of ripe maize with its golden spikes of grain swathed in their wrapping of withered leaves; then more mulberries more straight-cut channels, and more patches of maize. And so the wearisome succession went on, mile after mile, till at half-past three the eyes, with a sense of relief, caught the first glimpse of the pure white spires of the world-renowned Duomo, peeping over the tree-tops in the distance. In a few minutes more we steamed into the spacious terminus of Milan, and in another half hour I was lodged in the Hotel Rebecchino close by the Piazza del Duomo.

Coming out into the wide, free expanse of the Piazza next morning (Sept. 24th), the noble pile of the Duomo burst on my eyes in all its beauty and majesty, a pyramidal mount of stainless, milk-white marble, crowned with a forest of fretted pinnacles soaring up into the cloudless, blue sky. Not a speck mars the purity of the Duomo. Every inch of its surface, from the steps that lead up to its portal to the sculptured saints that stand on its topmost pinnacles, all is solid white marble, the almost dazzling purity of the great mass being, perhaps, the first thing to excite wonder and admiration. But it is only when one enters and looks down the immense vista of its nave to the choir, with its windows flaming through the dim distance in all the rich dyes of a flower-bed in bloom, that the full sublimity of the Duomo makes itself felt. A feeling of immensity of space predominates in the mind as the eyes range along the perspective of lofty vaulting and the free sweep of the aisles, unincumbered by the lumbering monuments which disfigure so many grand churches in Italy. The hugest monumental monstrosities, indeed, would be lost and swallowed up in these vast aisles, past whose giant pillars men, as they move in the distance, seem shrunk to mere pigmies. The peculiar power of Gothic architecture in expressing the idea of vastness can hardly be more keenly felt anywhere than it is in the interior of this Duomo: certainly not in the cathedrals of Strasburg or Cologne, nor even in the ample interior of the great cathedral of Antwerp.

A whole day might be pleasantly spent exploring the roof alone of the Milanese Duomo, with its ranges of flying-buttresses, its hundred pinnacles, and its thousand statues. Here, too, all is pure white marble, great marble slabs taking the place of slate and tile. The amount of artistic work wasted on this vast surface, where it can by no possibility add anything to the effect of the building as a whole, is absolutely painful to look on. Even Nature makes a right and wrong side to her most elaborate works: she never lavishes on the under-side of leaf and petal the exquisite gloss, and lustre, and finish which she lays on their upper surface. But here in every nook and cranny of this marvellous roof, lifted up 200 feet above the earth, and hidden from all eyes but those of the birds that light to rest on the pinnacles or the curious visitors who toil up the spiral ascent from below, the old

sculptors have laboured with as conscientious painstaking as in finishing the carvings in the choir beneath. Painful though it be to look on so much art work utterly thrown away as far as regards general effect, it is delightful, however, to wander over the valleys and terraces of this pure white plain, and make acquaintance with its population of marble saints. As one sits alone here in some out-of-the-way corner of the roof, the din of the world below sunk to a soothing murmur, nothing above but the fathomless, blue sky, pierced by the slender shaft of the great central spire, his eyes, perhaps, rest on the delicately chiselled effigy of some mail-clad crusader, looking out from his niche with calm face and hands folded across his sword-hilt. Here one day, centuries ago, when the Sforzas ruled in Milan, some sculptor, whose cunning fingers have long since mouldered into dust, sat, mallet and chisel in hand, shaping this warrior-saint from the rough marble with loving care, and sighing, perhaps, to think that his work should remain, to all intents and purposes, banished for ever from human sight in this remote nook of the great Duomo.

It was, unfortunately, not a very clear day when I visited the Duomo; and so I was shut out from the glowing vision of the Alps, to be had from the upper gallery of the central spire, the vision which the Laureate has painted in his well-known lines:

"How faintly flushed, how phantom fair
Was Monte Rosa hanging there;
A thousand shadowy-pencilled valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air."

There are spots on the sun; and there are just two blemishes in the cathedral of Milan. The first is the set of utterly incongruous classic doors and windows that mar the great western façade, a barbarism which has justly condemned the name of its perpetrator, Pellegrini Tibaldi, to lasting infamy. The second is the cleverly-painted imitation of stone fret-work on the inner vaulting of the nave, a piece of falsity altogether astounding in a building whose very roof is encrusted with solid sculpture. These are but small blemishes, however; and the heart of the Milanese citizen may well throb with civic pride as he looks on his glorious Duomo.

Next to the cathedral, the most interesting object in Milan is the original Cenacolo, or Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, painted on the refectory wall of the old monastery of Sta. Maria delle Grazie, now a cavalry barracks. This famous picture, whose immortality, as a piece of composition, at least, is ensured by the tens of thousands of copies which make its features familiar all over Christendom, is now a pitiful wreck. Little of the original painting of Da Vinci is now distinctly visible beyond the grouping of the figures and the expression of a few of the faces. The colouring is faded to a dingy blotch, large

patches of the work are wholly obliterated by damp, and neglect, and wilful defacement; and yet, when I entered the refectory, a crowd of copyists was seated at work before it, painting in their copies of the Cenacolo with the minutest detail of expression and accessories, drawn ostensibly from the original before them, but really from their inner consciousness. The general composition of this Cenacolo of Da Vinci agrees very closely with the earlier Last Supper of Ghirlandajo, in the refectory of San Marco at Florence.

Taking Milan as a base of operations, I started on the afternoon of the 25th for a run to Bellagio on Lake Como. These short digressions from the main track are always full of zest, when one locks up in his room what little baggage he may be troubled with, and leaving the key in the hotel-keeper's custody, sallies out a perfectly free man, fully equipped for a two days' ramble, in one pocket, if travelling in Italy, at least, a sheaf of those exquisitely portable Italian bank-notes, ranging from the value of five pence upwards, in another a page or two of time-tables from Bradshaw, and a few road directions culled from Bædeker. The thirty miles from Milan to Como is through a glorious stretch of country, a land teeming with corn and wine, and thickly planted with the everlasting mulberry. The walls of the farm-houses and barns on both sides of the railroad as the train jogged along leisurely were seen festooned with bunches of golden maize-spikes, hung out to dry in the sun; and in the fields, on the smooth sand threshing-floors, the shelled grain lay spread out in broad sheets of gold. Vines bending with heavy purple clusters of fruit hung in garlands from tree to tree along the boundaries of the corn-fields; and here and there groups of brightly-dressed peasant women and children were gathering the grapes and carrying them off to the vats placed on bullock-carts in the shade, where men, bare-legged to the knee, stood treading out the wine. Yet, looking on the lusty exuberance, the swelling ripeness of this country as it lay basking in the full blaze of the sun, one sighed for the ever-verdant pastures of the dear old Island of the Saints, would have welcomed the free, breezy stretch of its mountain moorlands as a relief from the ruddy fatness of this favoured plain of Lombardy.

On reaching Como, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I found current among the inhabitants a superstitious belief that a fair was being held in their town. At the railway station, on the omnibus, at the hotel, numberless allusions to the fair were heard; and large posters at the street corners held out an enticing programme of festivities for a week to come. After a couple of hours spent in hunting for the fair up and down through the streets of Como, I gave up the search, quite unable to say whether I had really found the fair or not. In a back street, hard by the Duomo, I stumbled on a melancholy file of countrywomen selling live fowl, or, to speak more correctly, sitting disconsolately in front of

their hen-coops waiting for the customers who would not come. At a street corner, not a stone's-throw from the statue of a famous son of Como, the electrician Volta, a vagabond man of science, with a few cells of a galvanic battery placed on trestles before him, was passionately calling on the youth of Como to come and have their nerves strung for the merely nominal charge of two soldi a head. But the youth of Como refused to listen to the voice of the charmer; and he was obliged at last to pack up his trestles and battery, and move off in disgust to break up fresh ground. The strolling dealer in the miraculous cement for broken glass and china, whose presence is absolutely *de rigueur* at all well-constituted fairs, was not absent from Como on this occasion. He was driving a brisk trade when I came upon him under the squat stone arcade leading from the Piazza del Duomo; and, indeed, in the recklessness begotten of sudden commercial prosperity he went so far as to shiver into fragments two whole delft saucers, to piece them together again in illustration of the virtues of his *Cimento del Universo*, as he poetically styled his compound. These were the only traces of a fair I could find in the whole town; but, perhaps, all this is enough to constitute a fair, as the word is understood in Como.

Como, however, fair or no fair, is a very interesting little town, with a fine old cathedral, richly sculptured within and without. Walking through its streets after dusk one might fancy himself in Heidelberg; for in Como, as in the charming university town on the Neckar, the view up many of the streets is abruptly terminated by a wooded height. As I was strolling along the beach of the busy little harbour at sunset that evening, I was pounced on by a brisk, weazened, little old woman in a remarkably smart scarlet kerchief and dark-blue gown, who insisted on my hiring a boat from her for a row on the lake. The neat little craft she picked out for me had painted on its stern in large letters no less imposing a name than *La Forza del Destino*. All went well with "The Force of Destiny" for a time. A light breeze just ruffled the surface of the lake, and the blood-red disc of the sun sank grandly behind the wooded mountains overhanging the western shore, as I rowed gently along through the fading light. In half an hour the promontory sheltering the harbour of Como on the east was rounded, and the "Force of Destiny," coming face to face with the strong, steady blast rushing down from the north through the deep funnel of mountains shutting in the lake, she began to dance gaily over the broken waters. Night fell soon after, the stars crept out in the deep-blue sky overhead, stray lights began to glimmer far behind from the houses on the hills above Como, and resting on my oars to enjoy the cool breeze and listen to the dull throbbing of paddle-wheels in the distance, where a steamer was coming along the lake, I became conscious of a moisture about the feet, and putting down my hand, found that "The Force of Destiny" had taken in nearly six inches of

water. There was nothing for it but to turn southward again and hasten back to Como, prudently keeping close in-shore, until "The Force of Destiny" was at length stranded, half water-logged, on the harbour beach.

Passing the night in one of the hotels looking out on the harbour, I started up the lake to Bellaggio in the steamer *Helvetia* at eight o'clock next morning. When we had rounded the promontory that shuts in the harbour of Como, and come into full view of the lake, stretching away northward in its deep basin of lofty mountains, my first feeling was one of disappointment. The great charm of a mountain lake lies in its solitude; and this charm I had fully expected to find in Lake Como—a foolish expectation, indeed, since a half hour's careful study of any guide-book would have shown me that the lake, or at least its southern half, is nothing less than a well-populated suburb of Milan. Art has seized on the shores of Lake Como here, and banished Nature to the upper mountain slopes. All the way from Como to Bellaggio, a distance of about fifteen miles, almost without intermission, the margin of the lake is defined by solidly-built stone ramparts; the shores are sprinkled with villas, great and small, surrounded by jealously-fenced parks and gardens, where the landscape-gardener has been hard at work, building grottos and fountains, and planting exotic shrubs and knots of flaming geraniums; monster hotels, with their titles blazoned on the front in huge gilt capitals, stare down on the steamer as it passes along, and groups of fashionably-dressed dames and maids in charge of middle-aged young ladies just entering their teens saunter up and down the gravelled terrace-walks, for all the world as if a strip of the Corso Victor Emmanuel were to be transported from the middle of Milan and set down here among the silent, towering mountains. The lake, too, between Como and Bellaggio seems to be semi-Anglicised. Here is a great hotel dubbed *Hotel de la Reine d'Angleterre*; further on, another dubbed *Hotel Grande Bretagne*. On the steamers passing southward, the British tourist of the period is a prominent figure, as he leans on his brand-new alpen-stock, with his knapsack and hob-nailed mountain boots strapped on his back over a travelling suit of the loudest check. When we lie-to alongside one of the landing stations, the boat of some resident English milord puts off to the steamer, with its crew of oarsmen dressed in full British naval costume, or a native of the "tight little island" comes out to paddle round us in a Bob Roy canoe or a new-fangled water-velocipede. The English tongue, too, reigns paramount on board the steamer; and the conversation, of course, turns almost exclusively on the series of "superb villas" passed in rapid succession, the property of the Prince of this or the Grand Duke of that, till at length one wishes that, without any undue violence to person or property, the whole system of "superb villas," Hotels of Great Britain, and British tourists might be swept

away from the shores of the lake and safely deposited some fifty miles south on the plain of Lombardy.

Were this clean sweep to be made, Lake Como would be entitled to rank high above Lake Garda in point of beauty; for its mountain setting is grander and more varied in outline than that of Garda. But as matters actually stand, Lake Garda, unprofaned by sumptuous villas or monster hotels, and rarely haunted by the British tourist, must have, I think, for all lovers of natural beauty, a far more powerful charm than Lake Como; and in the marvellous blue tint of its waves and its grand expanse of water, it has two decided points of advantage. But all this criticism applies only with full force to the south-west arm of Lake Como. The great natural beauties of the Lake have freer play when the point of Bellaggio is passed, from which its two arms diverge. From this point, the signs of habitation become rarer; and seen from the wooded heights above Bellaggio these two arms, one stretching north to Colico, the other south-east to Lecco, make up a scene whose beauty could not be matched anywhere on Lake Garda.

It was ten o'clock when I landed at Bellaggio, and pushed across the hills to the Lake of Lecco, as the south-eastern arm of the lake is called. Bellaggio is a queer up-and-down little village, whose chief industry seems to be wood-turning. As one toils up the rugged streets leading from the shores of the lake, the whir of the lathe-mandrel is heard on all sides; and stopping to look in through the open doorway of some tumble-down workshop, one sees, perhaps, a venerable artificer bending intently over his rude pole-lathe, his hair and beard fringed with the shavings that curl up crisply from the edge of his cutting-tool. The handsomely-grained olive-wood is the material used by the Bellaggio turners; and some excellent work they turn out from their rough lathes—spinning-wheels, drinking-cups, silk-reels, tiny nests of boxes, and such-like knick-knackery. These find a ready sale on the stalls cunningly tricked out to catch the eye of the tourist under the low-roofed stone arcade fronting the lake, the sublimest architectural effort that Bellaggio can boast of.

After half an hour's climb up steep, stone-paved lanes the Lake of Como proper and Bellaggio, with its hotels and villas, were lost sight of, and I found myself in the middle of a sunny sea of vines, completely covering the broken mountain surface. Down into the hollows, up the hill-slopes, over the low stone dikes streamed the lusty vines; and as I passed along the devious vineyard tracks crossing the hills in all directions, the dusky clusters of grapes and the fresh green tendrils swaying gently in the breeze half overarched the pathway. Here and there a farm-house peeped out dazzling white through a grove of olives and mulberries; but scarcely a trace of life was seen or heard anywhere. Everything seemed fallen asleep in the

deep hush of the fervid noon-day. When I lay down to rest under the trembling shade of an acacia on the eastern slope of the hills, close by the lake of Lecco, the silence was so perfect, that the rustling of a lizard, fully twenty yards distant, as it floundered through the dry leaves and wriggled up the face of a stone dike, was heard with almost startling distinctness. From this spot the eye, ranging along twilight alleys of fresh green copse-wood, caught glimpses of the lake-beach far below, where the waves rolled in softly, edged with pure white foam; and between the tree-tops the bald, snow-seamed peaks of the everlasting Alps were seen standing out in clear-cut outline against the blue sky.

Now and again, the path led suddenly into the middle of some drowsy little hamlet, made up of a square of solid stone houses with heavy wooden balconies and flights of stairs outside, after the fashion of Alsatian village homesteads. The first of these hamlets I stumbled upon, San Martino by name, I think, seemed altogether abandoned by its inhabitants. A lazy, half-hearted grunt was the only sound of life I heard in crossing its miniature Piazza. This came from a sleek, black pig, luxuriously stretched on his flank in the sun, with his legs wide extended and snout thrown backwards, bliss expressed by the light, graceful curl of his tail, curiosity by the twinkle of one small, cunning eye, half opened to take notes of the stranger as he passed. The house doors were all made fast; and the citizens of San Martino, to an infant, were evidently gone off since daybreak to work in the vineyards, leaving their hopes of bacon for the future to take charge of the town. Most of these quaint old hamlets have their chapels and presbyteries, the chapels furnished with the inevitable square campanile that meets the eye everywhere in North Italy. High up on the rough gable-end of one of these presbyteries, a tender Madonna was painted in fresco, the lower part faded and half covered by rough plastering, but the face still fresh and beautiful as when first painted.

In the five or six hours spent in delightful, aimless wandering over this tongue of fruitful hill country lying between the Lake of Lecco and Lake Como, I paid particular attention to its plant-life, expecting to find something new in ferns and wild flowering plants. But I was disappointed. Leaving aside the cultivated plants and trees—the vine, the fig, the olive, and the mulberry—I found nothing in this district that is not quite common in our Irish flora. Among ferns, the hart's-tongue with its cool, glossy, dark-green fronds, shining out from the shade of a mossy bank, the Polypody rambling over some decayed tree-stump; and the lady fern, rising in delicate feathery lightness from the margin of a mountain brook, were the most frequent. The walls, too, were thickly fringed with spleenwort and wall-rue, old acquaintances I had met with a few days before flourishing under

the massive arches of the Arena at Verona. Of wild flowers, the forget-me-not, the violet (not in flower, of course, at this season), the briar-rose, the wood-sorrel, the campanula, and the honeysuckle were plentifully sprinkled over the hills; and though it was a little disappointing to find nothing new in a district lying some five degrees of latitude south of Cape Clear, it was pleasant for all that to meet with these familiar home flowers on the shores of Lake Como.

Bellaggio was reached that evening about five o'clock; and I had just had time to snatch a hasty dinner at one of the hotels facing the lake, when the steamer from Colico, crowded with passengers, drew up at the landing-place. Night had fallen when we reached Como and landed by torch-light to fight for seats in the omnibus to the railway station; and the clocks of Milan were striking eleven as I crossed the Piazza del Duomo and reached my head-quarters in the Via Santa Margherita.

The last day in Milan was spent chiefly in the picture-gallery of the Brera, where two paintings fixed themselves in my memory. The first was a rich piece of colouring, entitled, "The Finding of Moses," by the Venetian painter Bonifazio, a picture which strikes one at once by its astounding anachronism and its utter want of imaginative power. Not even among the works of the early Flemish artists in the Museum at Antwerp, are these defects more glaringly seen than they are in this painting of Bonifazio. One looks in vain here for the ample, majestic stream of the Nile, fringed with giant reeds; for the dusky hand-maidens waiting on the king's daughter; for the babe nestling in the ark of bulrushes. What one sees in Bonifazio's canvas is nothing less than a sixteenth century hunting-party of lords and ladies, painted directly from Venetian real life. Round the central figure of a lady, presumably Pharaoh's daughter, are grouped gentlemen in slashed doublets and plumed hats, and ladies in rich velvet robes with pendent sleeves; a dwarf on one side toys with a pet monkey; on the other, a court fool in motley, with cap and bells, is drinking with two men-servants. In the background, a hunting party of cavaliers, each with a lady mounted in a pillion behind him, is seen ambling along the banks of a streamlet, which not even the liveliest imagination could glorify into the sacred river of the Pharaohs. As a picture of courtly life in the Italy of the sixteenth century, this "Finding of Moses" leaves nothing to be desired; for Bonifazio has a keen sense of the beautiful in form and colour, and can bring before us as vividly as any of the Venetian painters "the lust of the eye and the pride of life." But as a representation of what took place on the banks of the Nile when Israel was in bondage to the Egyptian, this picture is simply worthless; and looking at it, one begins to think that its title must be a pure misnomer. But so it stands in the catalogue of the Brera Gallery, compiled, no doubt, by art critics who are able to give good reasons for their faith in its accuracy.

The second picture was a Last Supper by Rubens, a work distinguished by all the peculiar excellences of the great painter, and free from most of his besetting faults. It has all the freedom and intense natural vigour of Rubens' best works: these qualities, indeed, are so strikingly present in the picture as to make the famous Last Supper of Da Vinci* seem cold and formal beside it. Yet the coarseness and scorn of beauty too often shown by Rubens in his pictures is scarcely, if at all, seen here. The central figure of the Saviour is radiant with a divine beauty and dignity hardly surpassed even by the Italian painters themselves. But what fixes the painting ineffaceably in the memory, is the face of Judas in the foreground as he turns away to avoid the searching glances of his fellow-apostles. Rubens, when painting this picture, seems to have suffered his mind to become perplexed by the mystery of divine fore-ordination reconciled with the freedom of the human will, and seems to have given expression to these doubts and perplexities in the haggard face of this Judas, a face that haunts one like a vision long after it has passed from before his eyes. Remorse, intense self-examination, awe and despair in the consciousness that he is acted on by an overwhelming, inscrutable power that will not suffer him, if he would, to repent and draw back; all this conflict of emotions, Rubens has shown with startling power in the face of Judas.

From Milan, my last halting-place in North Italy, I set out at five o'clock that evening (Sept. 27th), homeward bound *via* Turin, Chambery and Paris along the Mont Cenis route. When the train was midway between Milan and Turin the sun sank flaming crimson behind the Alps, and the huge mountain mass underwent a miraculous change. It passed gradually from deep purple into the purest glowing pink, a hue that seemed to irradiate from the depths of the mass, and not to overlie it like a mere surface colour. Many of us, no doubt, remember as children having tried the experiment of holding up the shut fingers close before a candle-flame, to see the warm, rosy tint of the translucent flesh, "to see the blood flow," as we used to say. This warm, half-luminous tint of the fingers illustrates better than any simile I could invent the miraculous appearance of the Alps that evening by sunset. The mountains seemed one vast mass of metal heated to a pink heat. All detail of form and colour was lost. Every ridge, and furrow, and seam, every snow-patch, every dark blotch of pine forest or deeply-shaded ravine was merged in one soft, vaporous mass, so insubstantial that one would scarcely have wondered to see it melt away gradually from before his eyes, like a gorgeous cloud-bank in the west; so transparent-looking, that one half expected to catch glimpses through it of

* One of the best copies of Da Vinci's *Cenacolo* extant, from the hand of Lionardo's pupil, Marco d'Oggiono, is to be seen in the Brera Gallery.

the sun flaming behind. In a few minutes the glorious vision faded away as the sun sank lower and darkness settled down on the Alps.

Turin was reached that night at half-past ten; and in another hour I started for Chambery. It was clear moonlight as the train mounted the steep gradients to Bardonecchia at the mouth of the great Mont Cenis tunnel; and a sharp frost chilled the marrow in one's bones, passing suddenly from the sultry plains of Lombardy. We were three passengers in the one compartment, myself, a middle-aged French commercial traveller, and an Italian sea-captain travelling up to Antwerp to bring an East-Indiaman round to Genoa with a cargo of rice; and so piercing was the cold that we were soon obliged to give up all attempts at sleeping through the night, and resign ourselves, instead, to a study of the face of the country from the carriage window. This was a study not free from vexation and difficulty; for the line here is little better than a series of deep cuttings and tunnels. Now and then, however, in the intervals between the tunnels, or through occasional loopholes in the black rampart of rock shutting in the cuttings, stray glimpses of moonlit landscape were seen. Here a cluster of giant Alpine peaks, the snow-capped summits glistening coldly-white under the moon, and the steel-bright stars in the Great Bear just rising over their crests; there a stretch of silent valley far below, with a foaming torrent rushing through its level pastures, past ghostly whitewashed farm-steads and dark clumps of trees, the whole picture flashing on the eye in a momentary glance, as clearly as if seen in broad daylight. Then, about three o'clock in the morning, after a prolonged shriek from the engine, the station-lights of Bardonecchia flitted past, and we plunged into the mouth of the great tunnel. Fifteen minutes more, and we were half-way through: four thousand feet of the Col de Frejus lay over our heads; and we began to feel a generous glow in the confined air, four miles distant as we were, each way, from the outer atmosphere. Another quarter of an hour, and we cleared the northern end of the tunnel; and soon after we came to a stand-still on the French frontier at Modane.

Here we had all to turn out, chilled and drowsy, to have our baggage ransacked by the officers of the Douane, while the stars were fading from the sky and the gray ghost of daybreak was creeping down the mountains. Then, at half-past four, we were *en route* again, rattling down-hill through the grand valley of the Arc, crossing and re-crossing the headlong turbid river, and halting in succession at the little stations of La Praz, St. Michel, and St. Jean de Maurienne. The daylight grew rapidly now. The chilly folds of vapour lifted lazily from off the pastures and showed them white with hoar frost; the torrents seaming the face of the mountains were seen coming out from dark belts of pine two thousand feet above the railway track, at first motionless to the eye, then, as they came lower, breaking into brawling

rapids and cascades, and finally spreading out into thin sheets of foam that stole quietly over the mossy crags like delicate gossamer or lace-work. Passing La Chambre there was light enough to make out the whimsical legend, *Restaurant des Allobroges*, painted over the front of a modest railway tavern. Fancy one of Cæsar's Allobrogi sauntering down the mountains to sip his cup of coffee and smoke his cheroot here in this Restaurant of the Allobrogi. Just as Aiguebelle was reached, a beam from the sun, still hidden by the eastern barrier of mountains, shot suddenly upwards, and striking against the gray, rocky Alpine peaks thousands of feet above the valley, tipped them with pure gold. And then, when the Isère was crossed and Montmelian left behind, the sun at last burst over the Alps and lit up the glorious vale of Chambery,

"Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

Once more we were in a land of vineyards and maize-fields, the frost and the mist left far above and behind; and when we steamed into Chambery, at nine o'clock, the heat had already become irksome.

And here, at the charming capital of Savoy, these stray notes must be brought to a close. If they have succeeded in recalling pleasant reminiscences of North Italy for those who have made the tour of her old republican cities, or if they give a keener zest to future holiday ramblings over the same beaten track, their chief objects will have been gained.

THE END.

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS IN HAMPSHIRE.

THERE have been religious fanatics of the Shaker species at various eras. The followers of George Fox himself, now known as the Society of Friends, but commonly called Quakers, were, in the earlier years of their existence, also called Shakers. It is said they were first contemptuously called Quakers at Derby, in 1650, by Justice Bennett. In an old account of various religions, published in 1684, which was in Fox's lifetime, the doctrines of the Society of Friends are explained under the heading, "Quakers or Shakers." And naturally enough, for both words substantially indicate the same thing, namely, a peculiar external action manifesting the supposed interior workings of that "inner light," or inspiration, which Fox maintained should be the sole guide of the Elect. After preaching in England, he preached his doctrines in America during two years with great success; and there

can be little doubt that the American sect, known simply as "Shakers," was the offspring of Fox's teaching. This name expresses clearly enough the wild and apparently delirious state into which the members of the sect at times fall; which state is something between dancing and shaking, and whirling, or spinning about, or rather a combination of all three. It is no calumny on the Shakers to say they regard those fits of dancing, and whirling, and shaking as periods of special inspiration, for they really do so regard them.

Staying lately in a town within thirteen miles of Hordle, where what are usually called the New Forest Shakers reside, I at once made up my mind to pay them a visit. On making inquiry as to the best mode of reaching their settlement, I found, to my surprise and delight, that Hordle was one of the places deemed of sufficient interest in the locality for an excursion coach to ply to regularly once a week:—the famous Char-a-banc—"Monday, Corfe Castle; Tuesday, Poole; Wednesday, the Rhododendrons; Thursday, Rufus Stone; Friday, the Shakers (Hordle)"—so the programme ran; and as sure as Friday came, I took my seat on the Char-a-banc for Hordle. The Char-a-banc itself deserves a passing notice. It is, as its name implies, a pleasure-carriage, with rows of seats placed one after another with backs somewhat in gig fashion. It is uncovered, and, exclusive of the front or driver's box, has four rows of those seats, which can easily accommodate twenty persons, who are as much at their ease as if they were occupying comfortable seats in a church. It is drawn by four fine horses, is well appointed in every respect, and inspires one with the very pleasant idea of strength and security. But the coachman is, perhaps, the most striking fact about this Char-a-banc. He is a tall, thin, aristocratic, well-looking young man, with white hat and light-coloured, fashionably-cut dust-coat; and when he takes the ribbons, as he does with much grace and dignity, he might be easily mistaken for a fast young member of the upper ten, about to steer a drag to Epsom Downs on the Derby Day. He never descended a hair's breadth from his lofty bearing, and when our offerings were to be collected, that duty was performed by an inferior being, whose business it was to sound the horn, place the ladder against the coach for the passengers, feed and water the horses at the stage, and look after things in general. On we swept through the wonderful new town of Bournemouth, which, some twenty summers ago, was all but a wild, barren heath, but which is now like the vast fashionable suburb of a great city, with its thousands of splendid villas in various styles of domestic architecture, beautiful in their variety, and always in good taste. But we dashed by something besides villa architecture, for our course lay through miles of pine groves, springing from the dry, shallow peat sod, and marshalled along our route like a countless army at a great review. It is this combination of pine forests and peat which has made Bourn-

mouth the most favourite winter residence in England for the invalid. The old, but still important and interesting borough town of Christchurch, which at present returns Sir Henry Drummond Wolff to Parliament, was soon reached. Sir Henry resides at Bournemouth, which forms part of his constituency, and, if we may credit posters of various sizes and hues, is Grandmaster and President of all the Freemasons and Odd Fellows and even fellows, in fact, of all the fellows who dwell in those parts.* Thus does the *World*, in one of its late numbers, discourse of the member for Christchurch:—"Mr. Rylands comes to the end of his thrice-told tale (the appointment of Colonel Wellesley to the Embassy at Vienna); and then he looks about for an avenger. Thus summoned, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff flings himself into the arena. We become aware that Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has facts and arguments at his fingers' ends, adequate to the demolition of a dozen such cases as that of Mr. Rylands, and equal, indeed, to the final extinction of all carpers. The Hon. Baronet, who would make Christchurch the fulcrum of a lever that is to move the world, is a living embodiment of all the facts that ever were or will be; and he feels the responsibility inseparable from his unique position and character. He will be the chosen model of the sculptor who shall some day essay to portray, in expressive marble, the ideal of diplomacy. Never before did mortal take in such degree the polish of official life. Sir H. D. Wolff is considered as one who stoops from high places to enlighten and direct the common herd. He would strike shame to the heart of Mr. Rylands, and cause the honourable gentleman to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, and leave Burnley bereft of representation, were it not that Mr. Rylands belongs to the battering-ram order of genius, and regards persistent failure only in the light of continued encouragement to try again. But the polished and incisive eloquence of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff brings comfort to the soul of the Admiral, and even wins approving becks and nods and wreathed smiles from Mr. Baillie-Cochrane."

As we were allowed some time to examine the fine old pile which gives the name of Christchurch to the town, a word about it will not be out of place.

This very ancient ecclesiastical edifice, which stands upon the Salisbury-Avon river, is in excellent repair, and is still used as the parish church. It is one of the oldest churches in England, which is not an actual ruin. King Athelstane, the first monarch who ruled over the whole of England, founded a monastery at the place now called Christchurch, which is specially referred to in a charter of the year 939. There were a dean and college of secular canons here in the time

* Sir H. D. Wolff has been lately appointed British Commissioner for the organization of Eastern Roumelia, where, by all accounts, he is likely to meet more odd fellows than he ever presided over in Christchurch or Bournemouth.

of the Confessor, with a church dedicated to the Holy Trinity. We are told, in the annals of the place, that Flambard, the architect of the great Cathedral of Durham, rebuilt the church here, which Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon, converted into a priory of Austin Canons in 1150. The old minster, nine smaller chapels, and the canons' houses were demolished to make room for Flambard's new erections. Those who are familiar with Durham Cathedral will have no difficulty in tracing the same style (and, indeed, it may be said the same hand) at Christchurch which is observable at Durham. The church now called Christchurch was originally dedicated to the Holy Trinity, but began to be called Christchurch in the twelfth century; the chronicler adding, with what truth I know not, "the name of Christchurch belonged only to churches dedicated to the Holy Trinity;" and, further on, he very truly says: "The building is of extreme value to architectural students, as it embraces every style of English art, from the earliest form of Norman down to the decadence of the perpendicular period, even to the introduction of cinque-cento ornamentation."*

Christchurch is very large, its extreme length being 311 feet 4 inches. It is longer, we are informed, than any of the Welsh, Irish, or Scotch cathedrals, and in England than those of Rochester, Ripon, Oxford, Bristol, Carlisle, or Manchester. The tower is 120 feet high. The interior abounds in objects of great interest, but we must content ourselves with a word or two about a modern tomb and the ancient Ladychapel. "Just within the porch, and almost the first object that strikes the eye, is the handsome marble monument, executed by Weeks, and erected, in 1854, to the memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, who was drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the Gulf of Spezia, in 1822. The lines on the tomb, a quotation from one of his own poems, are very appropriate, and are as follows:—

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight
 Can touch him not, and torture not again;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn,
 Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."†

* The term cinque-cento is architecturally applied to the revival of art, coeval with the early Tudor style in England, and the Renaissance style in France.

† "Adonais," stanza xl. The following line, the seventh of the stanza, is omitted: "A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain," as, of course, not being suitable. When the bodies of Shelley and his friend and companion, Mr. Williams, were washed ashore at Spezia, they were burned, in conformity with the quarantine law of the place, in presence of Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt, and another friend of Shelley's, Mr. Trelawny. Shelley's ashes were carefully preserved, and afterwards interred in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, near the grave of Keats. "Adonais," the poem from which the above lines are taken, is a lament on the death of Keats.

Turning from poor Shelley's misty infidelity, let us examine the Lady Chapel, always a charming feature of English cathedrals in the days when this people proudly called their country "Catholic England." "The Lady Chapel was completed before 1406, and probably previous to 1395, as we gather from the wills of the Wests, the ancestors of the present Earl de la Warr. The matrices for the posts of a parclose still remain in the pavement. It has a vault similar to that of the choir, sedilia, and a superb reredos, consisting of three tiers of canopied niches, with canopied tabernacles in the twelve buttresses, of the date of Henry VI., sixteen feet high; and its original altar, with a slab of Purbeck marble, eleven feet by three feet ten inches. The splays of the windows, which are of four trefoiled lights, are highly and unusually ornamented with quatrefoiled panelling. The western and part of the next bay have a trefoiled arcading with sub-arches, trifoliated and crocketed pediments, and panelling above with quatrefoiled string-course. The pendants of the vaulting contain musical instruments. On the south side is the original door to the conventual cemetery."

There are several tombs of distinguished local families here; one being that of the Lady Alice West, mother of Thomas Lord West, who died in 1395; and by her will, dated at Hynton Martell, Dorset, July 15th, 1393, ordered, "that her body should be carried to Christchurch, and there buried at the first Mass, with a taper of six pounds, standing and burning at her head, and another at her feet."

But we must pursue our journey to the Shakers' encampment. We proceed by rural roads, fringed by meadows and corn-fields, as "country" and as lonesome as any of those in our own island. One difference, although not wholly unexpected, struck me: the cultivation in this out-of-the-way bit of Hampshire was superior to anything of the same kind at home, except in the most favoured districts.

The Shakers' quarters consist of six wooden buildings, which may be justly called shanties, because they are fragile and temporary-looking in every respect. But the word "temporary" would in any case apply to the habitations of Shakers, inasmuch as they consider their residence on earth as of a most transitory kind, being in hourly expectation of the coming of the Lord, who will translate his elect (the said Shakers) to the mansions of everlasting bliss. The first Shaker I met—a kind of gate-keeper—was a low-sized, thin, gentlemanly-looking youngish man, decently dressed, with a silver watch-chain worn across his vest in the usual way. I had made up my mind to be polite, and not too inquisitive. "What denomination of Christians," I asked, "dwell here?" He answered in a low, murmuring, gentle, and not unpleasing voice, "Well, we call ourselves the children of the Lord."

Those children of the Lord, that I was now about to become acquainted with, began their career some years ago in Chelsea, at a

place called Queensroad, by setting up under an out-of-the-way dry railroad bridge, where they soon attracted much attention and curiosity. At times they were, like all Shakers, seized with what seemed to be a sort of frenzy, and went through wild, excited movements, like an extemporised dance, holding their hands above their heads during the time; and so they continued until they sank down completely exhausted. After some time they began to charge an entrance fee to those exhibitions, but they alleged it was only to keep out the roughs; my informant, however, who knew them well, never paid any entrance fee but once, which was a sum of threepence; but this exemption may have arisen from the fact of his having a near connection with the Shakers, who still continues with them.

A wealthy lady, a Miss Wood, who, although not a regular member of the sect, seems to have been a warm sympathiser, purchased for them the first residence they occupied at Hordle, where they removed from Chelsea, and which, as one of the Shakers informed me, was "a very nice place." It was called New Forest Lodge, and the heart-rending accounts of their sufferings in the snow, &c., given in the public press two or three years ago, occurred on their being ejected from it. The cause of this severe proceeding was, that the children of the Lord "being free," refused to pay rent, or taxes, or imposts of any kind—a principle which they still stedfastly cling to, and which some of them maintained in conversation with myself; they, moreover, mortgaged their "nice place" up to £4,000, and refused to pay the interest of the mortgage; so at last one day, not a *fine* one for them, and it was in winter besides, down came landlord, and taxman, and mortgagee upon the poor Shakers, and they were thrown out upon the roadside. In their most pitiable condition, a Protestant clergyman, the owner of some property in the neighbourhood, leased them three acres of land for either three or four years, on which they erected their present habitations, and on which they now reside to the number of eighty-three persons.* Those habitations, as I have already said, consist of six badly-made wooden houses, of different sizes; some being solely for the males, others for the females, and others again for the children—the latter numbering nineteen at the time of my visit. The strictest separation of the sexes is insisted on by the Shakers—even husband and wife, when they join them, are obliged to live apart; and it is only bare justice to say, that, up to the present, no one has been found to charge them with the slightest immorality.

One of the shanties was the school, with desks, books, &c., of which, however, there was but a poor supply. School was over when

* Since the above was written, the Shakers have been again ejected. They were summoned for obstructing the highway; but Mrs. Girling defended herself before the bench with her usual ability.

we arrived, the children were on the little playground, but not lively and joyous like children at play; they only moped about in silence. The interior of the school was covered over with pieces of newspapers, illustrated and non-illustrated, with here and there a little common picture. There were, to my surprise, some pious pictures amongst them, and I observed a coloured print of the Blessed Virgin and Child beside a woodcut of Napoleon III. They showed us the dormitories—indeed they were willing and even anxious to show everything. One large shanty—by far the largest—was used as a common hall for the community and for the reception of visitors. It was strangely furnished; there was a gallery at one end of it, such as one sees in public schools, but it had apparently gone out of use, for there were various articles of furniture piled upon it, such as tables, chairs, a piano, a bootjack, and many odds and ends in admirable confusion. It struck me that those were things they had carried with them from their former place of abode, and did not care to arrange in their new quarters. Two or three women were sitting listlessly on chairs; we were told they were sick, and, in truth, they seemed to be in a dying state. A small stove stood in the centre of this building, but it was fireless, and must have been so for a long time, for it was quite rusty.

When I began to ask the first Shaker I met, of whom I have already spoken, something about the doctrines of the community, he told me at once that Mrs. Girling would satisfy me on every point, and he immediately conducted me towards the principal shanty. A very peculiar-looking woman, tall, thin—to say *skinny* might be ungallant—somewhat beyond middle age, but by no means feeble, and entirely dressed in white, met me at the door. Saluting her respectfully, I asked if I had the honour of addressing Mrs. Girling, to which she replied in the affirmative, and so I entered into conversation with the founder, the ruler, and the acknowledged angel of the Shakers. I never meant to have any religious controversy with those people, so I confined myself to some inquiries about their position in Hordle, what were the doctrines they professed (which I had not the least idea of attacking), and in general what were their hopes and prospects. I had not been long speaking with Mrs. Girling, when the remainder of our party arrived, and a lady and gentleman—man and wife—who had evidently come prepared for battle, sat down before Mrs. Girling, and at once put her on her metal as to her doctrines, the gentleman at the same time producing his Bible. Mrs. Girling did not decline the contest.

The controversial gentleman began by asking her why she and her people refused to pay rent, adducing the example of our Lord paying tribute to Cæsar. She answered: "The Lord did pay the tribute, but paid it, as He said, to avoid giving scandal, not because he felt bound to pay it. We sometimes pay rent, so as not to give offence, according to our calling in Christ Jesus, but rent should not be paid, as the earth is the

Lord's, and the fulness thereof, and belongs, therefore, to the children of God; they have a right to it, and in the passage to which you refer the Lord expressly declares 'the children are free.' Now we are the children of God, and we are free." He pressed her a good deal about the rights acquired in land by the application of capital and labour, but she could not be driven from what she seemed to consider her impregnable stronghold, namely, "that the earth was the Lords, that the children were free, and that they (the Shakers) were the Lord's children." He further urged his argument thus:—"Are not the people whose land you refuse to pay for Christians and children of the Lord as well as you?" Mrs. Girling replied with a very nice distinction—"Yes," she said, "they may be professing Christians, I admit, but it does not follow that they are *real* Christians." Her assumption clearly was, that the Shakers were the only real Christians; and then, surveying our whole party with a rapid, scrutinising glance, she added, "and there may be some such Christians as you speak of here, and even *dealers* in souls." This was a clever hit of Mrs. Girling, for there were some clerical-looking gentlemen amongst us.

The controversy was long and desultory, and not sufficiently interesting to place before the reader *in extenso*, although my notes of it are full enough; there are two or three circumstances, however, to which I think it worth while to call attention. The first is that, astounding as Mrs. Girling's doctrines and assumptions were, she did not seem to be worsted in the argument; but she was so ready to fall back upon her personal inspiration, that she proved to be a very slippery antagonist. On one occasion, when the gentleman read a passage from St. Paul, she said she knew that such teaching was there, but that even if it were not, she would still accept it as true; for she knew it to be true, independent of the Bible. The gentleman in a tone of wonder, asked, "How can you say that, as you have not spoken to the Lord, nor seen Him?" To which she quickly and excitedly replied, "But I have seen Him, and spoken to Him, too." She is a great mistress of gesture, and has a striking and peculiar expression of eye; so much is this the case, that many of her neighbours believe she mesmerizes people; brings them under her influence by her looks, and then holds them by the same and other artifices. The discussion, such as it was, impressed me deeply with the absolute necessity of a living, speaking authority on doctrine, and a supreme judge of controversy, such as the Catholic Church is; for those two people might go on arguing till the crack of doom, and nothing could come out of their arguments, as, from their standpoint, there was no one authorised to give a final decision.

In the second place I have to remark that, whilst I have no reason to doubt that many of those poor Shakers are sincere in their delusion, there were some peculiarities about the place undoubtedly intended

for effect.* For instance: some of the females were young, many of them were old and gray-haired, but all of them curled their hair into ringlets, and threw it back over their necks like children—suggesting, no doubt, that they were children—the children of the Lord. But I must candidly confess that the grey scanty ringlets which I saw thus thrown back to expose shrivelled features, made anything but an agreeable or heavenly impression on me. Again: they had a couple of pet pigeons or doves flying about the apartment, which from time to time perched on their shoulders and heads. These they stroked and patted, and seemed willing to have it understood that they represented some supernatural agency.

But to come back to Mrs. Girling. As far as I could learn in the neighbourhood, it is suspected that she is not sincere, and a chief reason for it is, that some time ago she had a son and daughter in the Shaker community, both of whom had left before my visit, and the daughter had even got married in the meantime. These things, it was argued, must have happened with their mother's consent and approval, and the feeling was that she would soon leave the Shakers herself. It was even reported that she had left, but we found that there was no truth in this report. Mrs. Girling's husband is still alive, and is a builder at Ipswich. Both belonged to some Methodist connexion. Mrs. G. used to get inspired now and then at meeting, and being at length expelled for disturbing the congregation, she set up on her own account. I strongly suspect that this very clever lady is well made up in the life and proceedings of a certain Hannah Leece, who is regarded as the foundress of Shakerism in America, and whom her followers styled "the elect lady," and "the mother of all the elect." She regarded herself as the identical woman mentioned in the 12th chapter of Revelations; and at a great council of her followers, the precise principles held by Mrs. Girling were solemnly adopted in the two following resolutions:—

"1. Resolved, that the earth and the fulness thereof belong to the Elect.

"2. Resolved, that we are the Elect."

These are exactly Mrs. Girling's ideas of property; and as to the woman in the Apocalypse, she is in no wise behind Hannah Leece; for when the gentleman who held the discussion with her said the eighth angel had not yet come, meaning the woman of the Apocalypse who was clothed with the sun and the moon at her feet, Mrs. Girling, pointing towards herself in a way not to be misunderstood, said, that she *had already come!*

The Shakers are very poor, and are believed to be sometimes three

* A London lady who had come to look always most pious; that he was eighteen or Shakers, and was never known to tell a lie.

her brother said to me that he was between years of age when he joined the

whole days without food. Several of our party gave them money, which they gladly accepted, and even seemed to expect. I did not give any. I discussed the question with myself thus wise: they are certainly very poor—in fact, starving, but yet persevering in a dreadful, or rather a ridiculous delusion—if I give, I only perpetuate the delusion; so I did not give; and yet somehow I did not feel quite at my ease for not having given.

On our return journey I was fortunate enough to occupy the same bench with a lady and gentleman from London who had come for the third time to endeavour to induce the lady's brother to leave the Shakers, and return home with her, which he refused to do; but his sister believed that he would have come away with her, only he was afraid of Mrs. Girling! When I expressed some regret at not having given money to the Shakers, the lady smiled and said, "You need not feel at all uneasy about the matter, for do you know what the Shakers say regarding the relief they receive?" I said, of course, I did not. "They say," she continued, "that God sends them money, but the devil brings it." I was comforted—in fact, felt relieved, at not having enacted the character which the Shakers attribute to their benefactors.

J. O'R.

A PASSAGE PAID.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

'MID the forests grand and trackless, far away within the West,
Where the settler built his log-hut, and the mocking-bird her
nest,

Lay a poor young Irish woodsman, sick with fever and with pain,
All his brow was flushed to crimson, all his life-sweat poured like rain.

There was need of tender nursing, and the stranger's hand was kind,
For the dry lips constant burning, for the restless, wandering mind;
He had hewn the mighty timbers, he had cleared the lonely glade,
For long months the echoes trembled to his axe's sounding blade.

All his work was for his dear ones—for the mother whose old days
Had been cheered with many comforts and relieved in many ways:
Though she'd feel, I know, more happy, and have made more thankful
prayer,
Just to hear his glad laugh near her, to stroke down his dark-brown
hair;

Just to catch his step at evening, as he came before the door,
Or to mark his manhood's glory, like his father's years before.
When she died they found a paper, stained with tears, hid in a box—
One brown lock of hair, some letters, and a child's small faded socks.

She was sleeping in Kilsheelan, and last week a letter went,
Paying out two sisters' passage, and the running gale of rent;
Ah! another ship was sailing, guided by an angel's hand,
Steering first to bear him onwards, for a fairer, better land.

He was back again in Ireland, where the old familiar hills
Kept the music of his childhood, in a hundred murmuring rills;
There his cabin home was standing, and the winding, deep boreen,
Where the birds still sang their sweetest, and the leaves wore
brightest green.

At the football and the hurling, at the dance and at the fair,
Rambling in the pleasant places, and the neighbouring boys all there;
Driving home the cows for milking, and as slow they loitering came
In the rich, soft Celtic language, giving each some favourite name.

Leaping o'er the growing hedges, where the young shoots came so fast,
And the sweet-briar bloomed all fragrant, but all thorny like his past;
Working out upon the brown bog, where the panting hare sought rest,
And the heather bells were waving by the wild duck on her nest.

When the plough sang in the fallow, and the wounded earth was red,
Toiling with the patient horses, still to each kind words he said,
Ah! 'twas sad to see him rising, the poor fellow, in his pain,
To caress the starry forehead and stroke down the tangled mane.

They were simple things he clung to, and his life was much the same,
Yet I think God loved to see him when the summons later came.
'Twas an hour before the dawning, as his white lips moved in prayer,
That the angels softly called him to that land where all is fair.

And I question, though I know not, when those angels call the roll,
'Mid the martyrs bearing branches shall we see this poor boy's soul?
I am sure his hands were spotless, all his heart was clean and true,
And he gave his life for others; not much more might martyr do.

THE HOLY ISLAND.*

AN UNPUBLISHED STORY.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS."

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE STORY CAME TO BE TOLD.

THE thirty-first of October, 1839, was a day of unusual severity to the inhabitants of a well-known village in the south of Ireland. The frost was early, and a sharp wind from the neighbouring mountains made all who were engaged in out-door labours long for the approach of evening, with its ordinary fireside comforts, and all the additional mirth of an Irish "Holland-tide." As the twilight closed, and lights already began to gleam from the village doors and windows, many a toil-worn labourer might be seen returning with spade on shoulder from the half-dug potato-garden, glad of his release, and already enjoying in mind the well-earned hour of relaxation by his cottage hearth.

But it was at the "great house" about a "small mile" from the village in question that the festivities of the evening were expected to be celebrated in all their splendour. Mr. and Mrs. Harold, proprietors of the mansion, dignified by their humble neighbours with the name above mentioned, and of the small surrounding estate, including the village, were known to be favourable to anything which could promote the innocent amusement and happiness of those around them. Accordingly, on festival evenings such as the present, the "great house" was sure to be crowded with guests of every rank and quality from that of the easy country gentleman who went fowling with the earl and rode with the county club, to the poor farmer's "gorsoon," whose only enjoyments of this nature were limited to the privilege, occasionally allowed him, of witnessing, from the nook in the chimney corner, the diversions of his superiors. As it was the custom of the master and mistress of the house on these occasions to honour with their presence the festivities of their guests and dependents, the spacious kitchen had been fitted up for the purpose with unusual care. The walls and rafters were hung with the boughs of various evergreens;

[* We owe this additional relic of Gerald Griffin to the same careful hands that preserved for us his "Reasons for my Faith," published for the first time in the *IRISH MONTHLY*, at page 148 of our present volume (April, 1878). See the note appended to the last sentence of the following tale.—ED. I. M.]

two high-backed chairs, similarly adorned, were placed at the side which fronted the blazing fire of hard turf which gave light and warmth to the scene; other seats, arranged in a semicircle at either side, were destined for the principal guests and members of the family; while the crowd of humbler neighbours and dependents were accommodated with hay-bottomed chairs and forms, disposed as convenience suggested, in the surrounding spaces. A well-filled bag of pippins and red-streaks, some dishes of nuts and beans, flour, etc., placed on the long kitchen table, completed the preparation for the evening's entertainment.

As the night fell, the "company" began to assemble. The tramp of the doctor's horse was heard on the pavement in the yard, and it was remarked that everybody knew the tramp of the doctor's horse from that of any other horse in the country. The well-muffled doctor (who, while he preached health to his patients did not, like too many other preachers, neglect his own) was followed by a young neighbouring gentleman-farmer, evidently no disciple of the worthy physician, who remarked with a somewhat stern countenance that, to judge from his dress, one would suppose it was the beginning of the dog-days. Then came the village schoolmaster, and the old pensioned sergeant MacDermott, of the 88th, who had lost a hand in the Peninsula, and Mr. Neville, who had been twice round the world as mate on board a merchantman. Some tradesmen followed from the village, with a group of labourers and young people, so that before the master and mistress made their appearance in the kitchen not a seat was left unoccupied, except those designed for themselves and their immediate guests.

All was now ready. The "snap-apple" cross was hung up; the fire blazed cheerfully, and every countenance was bright with expectation of the coming mirth, when a knock at the yard door diverted for a moment the attention of all from what was going forward. The door was opened without delay, and a figure entered, on which all eyes were instantly rivetted. It was that of one of those religious wanderers, or pilgrims, once so ordinary a class of guests at the houses of our ancestors, though rarely seen to cross the threshold of their descendants. His figure was tall and majestic; a long beard, half gray with years, descended upon his breast; his head and feet were bare; in his right hand he carried a staff, in height exceeding by a few inches his own stature; while a rosary with beads of an extraordinary size was made fast to a leathern girdle at his side. But there was something in the aspect and demeanour of the stranger which even more than the singularity of his dress arrested the attention of the company and produced for the moment a pause of respectful silence. His countenance, though pale and worn by fatigue or the effects of habitual abstinence, had in it a spiritual expression of mildness and peace that awakened

the interest and esteem of the beholder; and there was something in his unpretending address which seemed to intimate that he had known what the world calls better days, although a sentiment of religion prevented all appearance of repining. Mr. Harold, although he respected everything that was in any way connected with religion, was not, however, generally favourable to such a mode of life as that pursued by pilgrims which he thought liable to many abuses, and often, in all probability, as much the effect of a roving and inconstant disposition of mind, naturally averse to restraint, as of genuine piety. Instances he knew had occurred in which the simplicity of his pious neighbours had been abused by impostors who assumed this sacred character with views very different from those which they professed. He measured the stranger, accordingly, with a severe eye, and there was something of chagrin mingled with the tone of civility in which he desired that a place should be made for him at the fireside. Although a practical observer of his religious duties, certain circumstances connected with Mr. Harold's own experience in early life had rendered him averse to everything that savoured of enthusiasm, as he termed it, in matters of piety. He had known a young schoolfellow and relative of his own, of rare talents and acquirements, so deeply influenced by thoughts and studies of this nature, as to relinquish the fairest prospects in life, and enter an order of religious missionaries to the grief of all who knew him in the world and the keen disappointment of his family. Under his general notion of religious enthusiasts pilgrims were, of course, included, and it required all his hospitality to make him feel any satisfaction in the present addition to the number of his guests. The stranger, however, seemed quite unconscious of, or indifferent to, the coldness of his reception. He seemed like one whose mind was so engrossed by some one prevailing idea, that it required an effort to direct his attention, even for an instant, to any other subject. Passing in silence through the company, after thanking Mr. Harold for his kindness by an humble bow, he took the place assigned to him, without bestowing any degree of notice on the evening's diversions. This apparent superciliousness, as Mr. Harold considered it, did not tend, in any degree, to conciliate towards him the favour of that gentleman.

"It seems to me, sir," he said, addressing the pilgrim, while the twirling of the "snap-apple," with its lights and pippins, absorbed the interest of young and old; "it seems to me, sir, that our amusements do not afford you much satisfaction?"

"They do not give me any, sir," replied the pilgrim, quietly raising his head and looking at his host.

"That's plain speaking, at all events," said Mr. Harold.

"I should not have presumed to give my opinion, sir," rejoined the stranger, "if you had not sought it."

"And pray," resumed Mr. Harold, "what great harm do you see

in a little innocent amusement of this kind, where it interferes with no duty and affords no room for vice or criminal dissipation?"

"Sir," replied the pilgrim, "you mistake my disposition if you think I am an enemy to all innocent amusement. Far from it—but I confess such diversions as the present are far from meeting my notions of rational amusement. To say nothing of the detestable superstitions which you thus take under your patronage, and to the continuance of which throughout the country you give a degree of encouragement which a person of your rank and influence ought not to give, there is something in the senseless and unmeaning mummeries customary at this season which seems to me but ill-adapted to do honour to the solemn fast and vigil which we this night celebrate."

"As to the superstition," said Mr. Harold, "I confess there is something in what you say on that point, though the thought of it did not for an instant cross my mind. Many of these sports, however, are quite indifferent in their nature, and as to the others, surely you don't suppose there is anybody here so silly as to attach any degree of faith to them."

"I don't charge you nor any of your guests individually with any such weakness," replied the pilgrim, "but I know that a belief in their efficacy is far more general throughout the country than you suppose, and that much mischief is done by the countenance given to them on the part of those who merely indulge in such practices for the purposes of pastime. And apart from their mere silliness, or the evil which they occasion to ignorant minds, I confess I cannot understand how a Christian can esteem it a rational amusement to invoke the aid of an evil spirit, even in jest. I know that practices similar to those which you regard as so indifferent would have been regarded in the primitive Church with sentiments of horror."

"Why, then, I declare there is reason in what you say, Mr. Read," said a village tradesman who was present, and who, from his addressing the pilgrim by his name, seemed to have some previous knowledge of him; "and I know of some that paid dearly enough before their death for some All-holland tricks. 'Tis the very same thing the priest said to us last Sunday from the altar."

"Why, then, I know people," said another guest, "and well educated people, too, that would laugh in your very face if they heard you say a word against them."

"Let such people have their laugh," replied the pilgrim. "It is not to people of that description I would ever give myself the trouble of opening my lips. Let them say what they will, one fact, at all events, they cannot deny, and that is, that an evening could be spent quite as amusingly and much more profitably without them."

"I'd like to hear you make that out," said one of the younger guests.

"There's nothing like example," said the pilgrim. "It happened that I spent this night twelvemonth in the house of a respectable family in another county, and I'll tell you how they passed it. The master and mistress had their kitchen crowded with the poor neighbours. They had no snap-apple, nor nuts, nor beans; but they had a good fire and good books, and sometimes they read something that was at the same time diverting and instructive, either from the history of the Church in all ages, or the wonderful lives of missionaries in various parts of the globe, or else they conversed freely on some points of Christian doctrine or morals, and sometimes gave interest to the subject by anecdotes or stories."

"Stories! That was delightful!" exclaimed a little girl, who had gradually withdrawn from the group around the snap-apple to hear what the man with the long beard was saying.

"And what was better than that," added the pilgrim, "I can assure you that many went home from that 'Holland-tide' a great deal better instructed in their religion and its duties than they came, and no way discontented either on the score of amusement."

"The instruction surely was a great point," said the schoolmaster. "*Miscere utile dulci*, as was said by the sage of old."

"There is a great deal of reason in what the pilgrim says," observed the doctor. "I have often myself had opportunities of remarking with astonishment the profound ignorance on the subject of morals and religion which exists throughout our unhappy country. Many a time have I been present at the death-bed of a gray-haired father and mother who, so far from being able to give instruction to their poor children, were themselves in total ignorance of the mysteries of religion. It is dreadful to see an old man learning them for the first time when the priest is called to administer to him the last sacraments of the Church."

"For my part," said the pilgrim, "I wonder how any well-taught Christian can sleep a night in peace on his bed while such a state of things exists around him. In a case of universal famine, few would be found to refuse their contribution for the relief of the general distress, and what—oh! what is the famine of the body compared to that of the immortal soul? If every well-instructed person did his part with those immediately around him, things would shortly wear a different aspect. And unless individuals in private life like ourselves take the matter up, and lend a hand to forward the great work, each in his own little sphere, it is impossible the evil can be adequately met. The clergy have neither the means nor the numbers for such a work; the monasteries and convents where they keep schools do, to be sure, a great deal, and God reward them!—but what are the thousands they instruct to the millions that are left in ignorance? I know there are many other schools throughout the country; but I am speaking

now entirely of religious instruction, and our friend Mr. Cremin himself knows that what they can do in that way is not much."

"True for you, Mr. Read," said the schoolmaster. "I know that in my own little academy if I sent the boys home at Christmas able to write a corn-ticket or tot up the value of a cart-load of oats or potatoes, very few questions I'd be asked about their catechism, I promise you."

"I sometimes imagine the times are changing for the better in this respect," said the pilgrim. "I know many a lady and gentleman now, who are not ashamed to give an hour's instruction in catechism on a Sunday, besides what they do in their own families. And surely it were little wonder they should take some pains, when we see so much zeal shown in establishing schools and supplying teachers throughout the country by strangers both to ourselves and our religion."

"Ahem, Mr. Read," said Mr. Harold, "you will remember that you are in mixed company. I have two very worthy Protestant friends present."

"Oh, I'll engage they'd be there for a long time before they'd hear me say any harm of them," replied the pilgrim. "It was not in censure I spoke of their zeal for our instruction—far from it. They act according to what they have been taught, and I wish we could say the same of ourselves. You may remember the story of the ancient abbot who, happening to see a lady of fashion dressed out for a place of public entertainment, called his monks together, and said to them: 'Alas, brothers, this woman will condemn us at the day of judgment, taking so much pains as she does to set off her person in the eyes of men, while we take so little to adorn our souls with Christian virtues in the eyes of God.' At all events, it is certain there never was a time when charity of this kind was more necessary than at present, and no one who loves his country or his religion ought to omit any opportunity of exercising it when in his power. The reward is great. 'Whatsoever you have done to one of these my least brethren you have done unto Me' will be a delightful speech at the last day, to those who have spent their days in the religious instruction of their poor dependents, uttered, as it shall be, by those lips which promised that 'they who instruct many unto justice shall shine for ever as the stars of the firmament.' When I think of these things and of the millions of poor souls that have perished and are perishing for the want of such instruction, I sometimes wish I could borrow for an instant the trumpet of the last angel, that I might cause the world to awake and prevent its being heard too late."

The animation with which the pilgrim spoke these words, and the religious fervour that burned in his countenance, attracted the attention of all and produced a thoughtful silence, which continued unbroken

for some seconds. Various opinions then broke forth on all sides, most of the company, however, agreeing that "it was true for him," and that it would be well for the country if every well-instructed person in it shared his sentiments and his zeal. The mention of "stories" seemed to have procured him converts even amongst the younger portion of the guests.

"Well," said Mr. Harold, "I have a plan in my mind that ought to please all parties. It is only fair that those who came here to be diverted should have their own choice as to how they are to act. Let all who prefer the snap-apple continue to amuse themselves with it, and let any who choose to enter into Mr. Read's ideas draw their seats closer around the fire and prepare to take their part in the conversation."

This proposal was hailed with almost universal approbation. Man has so much of the rational creature in his composition that even on a "snap-apple" night people will have no objection that a little common sense should be mingled with what they are doing, provided it be not in so great quantity as materially to interfere with their amusement. Accordingly, when "the house divided on the question," it was found that the majority in favour of the pilgrim comprised far more than three-fourths of the company. The few remaining advocates of "true no-meaning," ashamed of the smallness of their number, and of the laughter which it occasioned, thought it prudent to follow the general example, and were admitted as an act of grace to a share in the circle around the fire.

It was arranged that the pilgrim, as he had been the first to bring about the revolution in the evening's entertainments, should also furnish a pattern specimen of that which he desired to have substituted in their stead. He acquiesced without reluctance, and, all being attentive, he commenced the following narrative.*

[* It is fair to warn our readers that the Tale thus introduced will be begun in our next Number, but never concluded. The pen fell from Gerald Griffin's fingers in death, leaving even his last sentence unfinished, as we shall see in the postscript appended to it next month.

On the other hand, we rejoice to announce that Miss Mulholland's new story, with which the present Number opens, will run far into our next Volume, and will conduct the heroine and hero from childhood to maturity.—*Ed. I. M.*]

THE LATE ELLEN DOWNING OF CORK—"MARY" OF THE *NATION*.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART III.

SINCE the second portion of this sketch was given to the printers, additional materials have been placed at my disposal which render it impossible to fulfil the promise held out last month of finishing the subject in the present instalment. Many readers, indeed, have expressed their willingness to hear more about "dear Mary of the *Nation*," as they call her affectionately, though only making her acquaintance in these pages.

When Mitchel and Devin Reilly seceded from the Irish Confederation on the plea that the policy advocated by Gavan Duffy, Smith O'Brien, and Meagher was quite too moderate, the pious and gentle maiden to whom this slight tribute is paid deemed it her duty to transfer her allegiance from the *Nation* to the *United Irishman*. This desertion, which did not create any great sensation in the political world, or necessitate the summoning of a cabinet council, cost the "unkind deserter" herself many a bitter pang. Besides other considerations, Mr. Duffy had shown himself a true and thoughtful friend, aiding his youthful contributor with wise counsel and encouragement as regards her course of reading and the cultivation of her mind. It is pleasant to record that many years afterwards, when the ex-Editor was the leading statesman in Australia, hearing (not from the young man himself or any of his friends at home) that a brother of "Mary" of the *Nation* was in the colony, Mr. Duffy sought him out and procured for him an official appointment which he still enjoys.

Saving space by leaving the pieces unnamed, we may here give the dates of "Mary's" contributions to the *Nation*.* In the year 1845, May 10, July 5, August 30, November 15 and 22. In 1846, January 10, February 21, April 11, May 16, July 4, August 15 and 29, October 10 and 21, November 14 (two pieces) and 21, December 5, 19, and 26. In 1847, February 6 and 27, March 6, 13, 20, and 27, April 17, May 1 (two pieces), June 19, July 24, August 21 and 28, September 4, 11, and 18, October 9 and 30, November 20, and December 4. In the eventful year, 1848, her only and her last contribution to the *Nation* was in the number for New Year's Day.

* We have collated a list furnished to us with the volumes of the *Nation* which Davis's friend, William Eliot Hudson, bequeathed to the library of the Royal Irish Academy.

The *United Irishman* was too stern and warlike to patronise literature and poetry as the *Nation* had done, especially before the death of Davis. The linnets could not make themselves heard amidst the storm. Not that John Mitchel stamped out verses utterly, as is done now-a-days by some cruel editors not merely of political but of literary journals. Such prose as his was at its best could only be written by a man with a rich fount of poetry in him. His famous journal (I do not mean his *Jail Journal*) made its appearance on the 12th of February, 1848, the eve of St. Valentine's Eve—a date which partly accounts for the following editorial note. "Out of a score of poetical contributions, some breathing blood and war, some sounding like the clash of steel, and other some (more appropriately) like the clattering of fetters—some warming, some preaching, some praying, some cursing—out of them all we deliberately select for this First Number a simple little valentine." A very pretty one it is, but as it is a daisy (*Marguérite*) and not a marigold, we pass it by. Indeed, as we have many other things of hers to quote, we shall give no sample of Mary's *United Irishman* verses. We notice her signature to "A Sketch" (March 18, 1848), "Songs for Married People" (April 1), "Past and Present" (April 15), and sundry others, one of which tells us that

"The very subtlest eloquence which injured men can show
Is the pathos of a pikehead and the logic of a blow"—

a bloodthirsty couplet which, a few weeks later, we see quoted by Mr. Joseph Brennan (of whom we heard something last month) in his Inaugural Address to a certain Molyneux Club in Dublin. In a twelve-month "Mary" was to write the holy letter which concluded the second instalment of these notes. She who wrote like Eugénie de Guérin in '49 felt a little too like Charlotte Corday in '48. We ought all to make a generous effort to enter into the feelings of persons placed in circumstances different from our own. So much of one's conduct and one's opinions depends on one's surroundings.

In the *United Irishman* of May 13, 1848 (it is not necessary, indeed, to add the year, for its life did not extend beyond that year of revolutions), "Mary" writes in prose "to the women of Ireland." She begins thus:—

"As it is certain that women no less than men were created with a purpose, and that God never meant one-half of the human race to put their veto on the heroism of the other, it might not be amiss to examine how far the etiquette of society has induced Irishwomen to depart from the first principles of nature. 'A woman should never forget her sex,' sounds to all ears like a mere truism; yet absolutely but few of our *ladies* can be said to understand their womanhood, its privileges and its duties. I believe it is Fontenelle who says of women that they have a pulse more in the heart and a nerve less in

the brain—which seems to imply that they feel more than men and reason less; but certainly Fontenelle never said that they feel little and do not think at all. Yet that would be no inaccurate picture of some of us in Ireland.”

The arrest of Mitchel and the other exciting incidents which followed affected this high-wrought nature to a degree that few of us can now realise. It was not merely a passing shock, but positively affected her health. In the spring of 1849 she rallied, and soon after revisited the scene of which we have before heard her speak in more sportive mood than she was now capable of. During this visit, which was to be her last, she felt more at home in a certain Presentation Convent, of which one of the inmates was a kinswoman of hers. Writing to her in July, 1849, she ends: “I think I may in all sincerity sign myself your affectionate cousin, sister, and daughter, Mary Alphonsus.” Therefore, she had determined on her vocation, patron, and all. In another letter about this time she gives the following novel illustration of the security of conventual life:—

“How happy and safe you all are in convents. The duties of the world are often so many snares. People’s affections get so entangled about them that purity of intention is a virtue very difficult of attainment. After I have written my letters in the morning, I go out to the kitchen-fire to light a candle for sealing them, and there are so many doors open on all sides, as I come back, that I must be very cautious in moving, or one draught or another will extinguish my light. Now I always think that that is much the position of us who try to save our souls in the world. So many blasts assail us, and in trying to secure ourselves against one we so frequently rush upon another. But you in convents are like the lamps with the glass shades over them, and the storms cannot touch you. You ought to be grateful to God and pray a great deal for us whom He has not so favoured.”

Just before the foregoing paragraph she tells her cousin that “Harry, poor little fellow, is so pale and thin that one pities him. But this will soon be over, and I’ll have my little fat, rosy nephew once again.” But in the next letter we see a different change has happened. “Don’t be sorry when I tell you that it is by angels you must send your messages to our darling child henceforth. Harry is with God, safer than even you will be on Monday [the day fixed for her correspondent’s Profession]. The poor mother is very good and patient. We must all be happy in the secure eternal happiness of so good and dear a child; and, if we are lonesome, we would gladly be more lonesome for God’s sake and his.”

The next of these hurried letters which have been preserved so carefully through many years—not quite such *illisibles pattes de mouche* as the earlier specimens of handwriting on which some animadversion has been passed—the next note contains a few last words of leave-taking

before entering the North Presentation Convent, Cork. "I am going to-morrow. * * * For God's sake pray for me, for I'm happy, and still I'm very unhappy. I cannot bid any more good-byes. I am sick from saying, writing, thinking good-bye." And she asks her friend to say for her a prayer, evidently of her own making, which it had been her custom to say when she heard the bell ringing for mass:

"Enlighten me to know your will,
And strengthen me to do it;
Prepare my heart to meet your love
And cling for ever to it."

In an earlier note she had said: "Soon, with the blessing of God, I, too, shall have renounced this wretched will which has led me wrong so often that I anticipate with a stern vindictive joy the seeing it bound and fettered for evermore."

Ellen Downing began her noviceship as a Presentation Nun on the 14th of October, 1849. It was the feast of St. Theresa, one of her special patrons in heaven, and it was the month of the holy angels, to whom she was very peculiarly devoted, as we might guess from the large number of her poems in their praise in the volume which her editor has truly called "*Voices from the Heart.*"

She was quite happy in her new state, and gained more and more the hearts of her religious sisters by her sweetness, cheerfulness, obedience, humility, and true piety. After her probation was thus gone through satisfactorily, she received the "white veil" on the 29th of May, 1850, as the formal beginning of her two years' noviciate. Let us see how much may be transcribed from a letter which she wrote about this time, little thinking it would be heard of thirty years after. It is dated "Easter Monday," which in that year, 1850, was the first of April.

"I won't defend myself from your charge of coolness otherwise than by writing to you the very first moment it is in my power; and I assure you this is now from me no light mark of affection, for what with trying to collect my thoughts as quickly and express them as briefly as possible, and what with fearing to grow into them till I forget that I am 'on the bell,' I find it quite impossible to dream over my paper as I used to do once upon a time. So, not to lose time—I like my vocation better and better, and every day I am more and more ready to confess my folly in not having sooner listened to it [she was in her twenty-first year] and spared myself so many sins and sorrows. You say you pray for my happiness, and there are hours in which I could say to you that your prayers are over-abundantly heard. But I would rather you would pray for something better worth—strong virtues that would make one independent of happiness. I would not like to sink into a sort of spiritual self-love. Do you know, I am afraid my letters will soon read more like sermons, on account of that necessity which is in me of always occupying myself with what chiefly interests me, be it good or bad. * * * I was interrupted—my inspiration broken—and here I am again under new auspices. There is a strange propensity besetting me, a sort of fusion of the old life and the new, that I am half afraid to confide lest you should not understand it. A

thousand times in the daily passages of our quiet and even life, scenes and voices that have actually no connection with my present come vividly before me. Will you laugh at me? Well, I had better not say anything about it, for unless you felt it yourself, you would never understand how certain words in choir affect me like the pealing of joybells, and certain other words like the surging of sea-waves. Yet I know the *Gloria Patri* will surge on when the sea-waves are silent. If it were not that I came in here to forget the world, there are times in which I could find in exquisite miniature everything that bewildered me outside. A garden or a tree would amuse me for the day, or often did at home; but here I know that my course must be upward, and that, if a leaf occupied me too much, it might be a temptation. I have such an overweening tendency to earth! When I was near that darling river which you never see though you can almost hear it gushing, there were some trees* upon the banks that used to point up always so straight and high, like saints; and there were other trees that bent down fondly, hanging over the river and entangling themselves in it; and, ah! Maria, they were very like me * * * Don't ever stop praying for me, all of you, till I come to tell you I am in heaven. I send as many loves as will fit on the paper, and I will put more under the seal. Again, good-bye. Always your affectionate cousin and sister."

Evidently Sister Mary Alphonsus was not liable to the reproach of St. Paul as being "without affection." No, the saints have *not* cruel hearts, for the more truly saintly they are, the more like they must grow to the Heart of their Divine Model, which is the meekest and tenderest of all hearts.

Before Miss Downing had quite completed her first year under the holy roof which she had hoped was to shelter her during the remaining days of her pilgrimage, the mysterious infirmity which was to be her intermittent martyrdom for another score of years, declared itself in such a way that the physicians pronounced her unfit for the duties of a nun's life. It never seems to have been paralysis in the ordinary sense of the term. In the years which followed, after having been forced to lie helpless and prostrate for days, and sometimes weeks, she would suddenly recover her physical energy so far as to walk about as usual. She had great power of self-control, even in very acute pain, and to the last her mind was always perfectly clear and collected. I fear we must distrust her assurance in one of the letters which follow that she did not suffer great pain in these attacks.

When the bad news was broken to her that her only hope of recovery lay in being removed from the convent, Mary Alphonsus submitted bravely to God's will, though she would have gladly stayed to die in her cell, if *that* were God's will too. No doubt she hoped that this would be only a temporary bar to her vocation, as she implies in the following letter, written soon after her removal to her mother's house, which took place on the 16th of September, 1850.

"I am just going to suggest to you that, in ceasing for a little while to be your sister, I did not, it seems to me, quite cease to be your cousin. Could you not spare

* She had already put this idea into rhyme in the first letter quoted in our preceding Number.

me a line or two in the latter capacity, even if I never had the stronger claim? Do not fancy that you must write to me in mourning, for indeed I am not at all dispirited or ill at ease. If God had kept me in my cell, I would have tried to be a good nun; but I am quite satisfied with any situation in which his blessed will places me. Thinking of my sisters in the convent I say, 'He is there for them and here for me,' and so I am quite friends with my sofa life. I am not getting any more vigour. For a couple of days I had a little power in my limbs, but fell back again; and I calculate on a very domestic winter. But my sickness is seldom painful, and, confined to one room, I am not very startlingly reminded that I have re-entered the world. So you see there is a bright side to everything.

"How are you all at my other dear convent of Fermoy? I do so want to hear from you. But it is hard for me to write; and though, fearing to cramp my ideas, I chose a large sheet, I have yet to decide upon filling it. It is my first letter since coming back: for the fatigue seemed too much. But to-day has been a quiet day, and so I feel entitled to purchase the pleasure of intercourse with you by the pain of sitting up a little. Won't you write soon. I can't sit up longer, but to-morrow—

"How fast that to-morrow has changed into to-day, bringing with it, like morning sunshine, a little bit of you in manuscript. Thank you for remembering me before I reminded you. I feel so much better. Another of my fitful intervals. I have walked to the sofa! That will go away again, but while it lasts it is pleasant. *There is an account of myself sufficiently detailed and circumstantial as it seems to me. Now my apologies for not availing myself of your kind hint about an amanuensis. My poor thoughts, my poor pen! after all their time together to suggest to them such a rude divorce at last. Dear Maria, the queer points and ups and downs of my fantasies could never flow into Bessie's smooth harmonies. I often tried an amanuensis, but the thing wouldn't work. Besides, I might say a nunlike thing to a nun like you, occasionally when it happened to suggest itself; but to seculars I invariably speak like a secular. [Twelve words are here made utterly unreadable by an ingenious addition of heads and tails to every letter, more effective as a concealment than any amount of scratching and blotting.] The line that I scratched out had more sense in it than the rest of the letter, so I did not like the contrast. It was too strong.*"

Then other matters follow, which the transcriber in turn must omit, one of which suggests to this patient sufferer the remark, "a free heart to think of God, oh! after any amount of suffering it would be such a cheap purchase, as the sufferers will all know some day." And another regards one whom God made the chief instrument of his goodness towards her. "He is, if that could be, kinder to me than ever, and I never prayed as I pray now that God may bless him for all his unwearying patience and goodness. It comforts me that the less I deserve kindness, the more God will reward him for being so kind to me. O blessed providence of God! He makes himself the debtor and will pay back for me. Sometimes my pen escapes and says things I would rather not say, for I am fonder of writing from the surface than from the depths. Pass over such things slightly. They are '*asides*'—things spoken low to one's self, things one can't help saying but does not wish to be overheard."

I must not overlook two pathetic little touches occurring in the midst of unquotable personalities. Some letter of congratulation on her reception, which increasing illness had hindered her from acknow-

ledging before, seems to have spoken of a religious habit as warm for summer weather. "I did not think it by any means too warm, but, ah! I felt very, very cold when I put it off." And her letter ends: "Pray for me. Remember me in choir. Don't let the cloister angels forget me. I pitied my poor angel that night I was coming away."

To this epoch in her simple story "*Mary*" refers in some verses which, in the autograph which lies beside me, are called "*The Answering Picture*." Not finding that name in the contents of "*Voices from the Heart*," I imagined it had never been printed; but it occurs in that volume at page 41 under the title "*All is not lost that is in danger*," with many serious alterations. In the printed form there is the technical fault of leaving the odd lines unrhymed in the first three stanzas, while rhyming them in the other four. In the manuscript which I follow here, these lines rhyme throughout, and the four-lined stanzas are not put independently on equal terms, but grouped thus according to the sense:—

"Hope was fast and faster sinking,
Heaven had shut its face from me,
And my soul kept sadly thinking
What her final doom might be.
Was she not abandoned by you
To life's dark and stormy main?
Then when she had anchored nigh you
Was she not cast forth again?"

"To mine eyes, that moment stealing
Mournfully towards yonder wave,
You who marked the secret feeling
Swift the answering picture gave.

"Out on the tide with white sail flowing
His tiny bark a young child threw—
Then quickly to a distance rowing,
Let wind and wave their bidding do.
At first the light sail strove to aid her,
But quivering soon began to bow,
Nor ever dreamed the hand that made her
Was just as strong to save her now.
But when the wave, grown bold and bolder,
Had all but swept the trembler o'er,
Oh! he who forned was there to hold her,
And take her to himself once more.

"'Twas your own kindly touch that found me!
I felt, rejoiced, and owned anew—
Life's storms may rise and rage around me,
They ne'er wreck in sight of *you*."

Those who have a copy of the "*Voices from the Heart*"—which, unfortunately, is not procurable at any bookseller's—may

compare the above with the version already in print. For instance—

“A child sent forth, with sail all flowing,
A tiny bark, his creature too.”

The running of the tide, the whiteness of the sail, and the action of the sturdy little fellow, flinging his tiny bark out on the tide, disappear in the *textus receptus*. We may suppose Miss Downing to have seen this “answering picture” during a brief sojourn at Passage in one of her intervals of partial convalescence in the spring of 1851. “I write to you from the banks of the Lee. I was taken out of bed the day before yesterday, laid on pillows, and not, perhaps, against my will, but sorely against my inclination, transported down here. I ought to be always going against my inclinations, for it invariably serves me and even pleases me in the end.”

MEDICAL STUDENTS, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY M. J. MALONE, M. D.

AN unenviable and, let me say at the outset, an unmerited character, seems to cling in the minds of many persons to medical students as a class. They appear to be credited with an instinctive rebellion against law and order, and an unconquerable propensity to do mischief for its own sake. Now, it is difficult to understand why this should be the case in the absence of any adequate cause, and yet I am bold to say that a more humane, intelligent, and well-conducted body of young men than the majority of those of whom I write could not readily be found. No doubt, amongst the *alumni* of the medical, as of every other profession, some errant member may gain for himself an undesirable notoriety here and there, and bring discredit on his associates; and as the “medicals” are by far the most numerous of the genus known commonly as “students” their peccadilloes, in the calculus of probabilities, will be numerous in proportion. But I do not think that this alone is a sufficient solution of the difficulty, though it certainly appears to be an important factor therein. I am rather of opinion that the character of the medical student of the present day comes to him by hereditary title from generations of predecessors who were compelled to pursue their studies in the face of an active opposition from the bulk of the community. The practice of anatomy, a knowledge of which forms the basis of medicine and can be acquired only by laborious and minute dissection of the human *cadaver*, has been at all times repugnant to the feelings of the thoughtless multitude. Those who sought eagerly

the means of benefiting their kind amid the repellent surroundings of the dissecting-hall had to work without sympathy or consideration, and not quite a generation ago were often forced of necessity to procure subjects for examination from the rural burial-grounds. In this way the students acquired the odious nicknames of "resurrectionists" and "sack-'em-ups," and are said to have been occasionally compelled to fight even for their lives with the watchers who for many nights after an interment would guard the grave.

Now, one must admit that this was, indeed, a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, yet of the earnestness of the students, and their generous desire to contribute in every way to the advancement of their humanizing profession, a still greater proof is seen in their voluntary bequeathment of their own bodies, after death, to supply the much-felt want of subjects. I have the pleasure of numbering amongst my particular friends a few senior members of the faculty who, when students in Dublin some fifty years ago, willed their bodies for dissection, as did their distinguished professor, Macartney, and many enlightened and philanthropic men in other walks of life. In 1832, a much-needed reformation was initiated by the passing of the Anatomy Act after the exposure of the crimes of Burke the famous, or rather infamous murderer, had rendered intolerable further postponement of such a measure. Some of my readers may not be aware that the distinction of fixing his name as a new verb in the English language—"to burke"—belongs to this fellow-countryman of ours. In the calendar of atrocities few can be found to equal those of this wretched man who, in his lodging-house in Edinburgh, stealthily murdered humble persons seeking shelter there while they slept in their beds at night, that he might sell their bodies to the surgeons. His *modus operandi* is said to have been that of suddenly kneeling, or sitting, on his victim's chest, by which means the air was forced out of the lungs, its re-entrance being prevented by the firm pressure of his hands against the mouth and nostrils; and thus the unhappy person was suffocated without any marks of violence being occasioned sufficient to awaken suspicion of foul play. But this diabolical ingenuity did not screen its possessor from final detection, and he was executed for the murder of Margery Campbell early in 1829. In December, 1831, two disciples of Burke, Bishop and Williams, were hanged in London for the murder of a friendless Italian boy, Carlo Ferrari.

In the following year the Anatomy Act became law, relieving the students of medicine from many of the difficulties that hampered them in the acquirement of their profession, though failing, as I am of opinion, to rehabilitate them in the estimation of those who narrowly regarded the study of human anatomy under any circumstances as barbarous and profane. The preamble of the Act acknowledges the absolute necessity of dissection of the body for the comprehension and

treatment of injury and disease, and makes allusion to the "divers great and grievous crimes committed, and lately murder, for the single object of selling for such purposes the bodies of the persons so murdered." Provisions are then made in detail for the protection and facilitation of the study of anatomy, and the prevention of crime in its pursuit; and previous enactments are repealed by which the bodies of malefactors were handed over for dissection, that the idea of ignominy might be disassociated in every way from such examinations. So early as the year 1542, an Act of Henry VIII. had given annually to surgeons, for *anatomyes*, four bodies of executed criminals, and the practice had been confirmed in subsequent reigns. But this supply was entirely inadequate to the requirements of the schools; and in the interests of society at large, and for the maintenance of the medical as a scientific profession, the law had constantly to be violated which forbade the dissection of bodies other than those of murderers, while inconsistently enough it insisted on a competent knowledge of the structure of the human frame in those who practised "the healing art."

At first sight it might appear that the dissection of subjects in the anatomy-hall, and constant contact with suffering and disease in the wards of hospitals, are calculated to render the medical student callous and hardened; but this is certainly not the case. They no doubt tend to banish such sentimentality as would shut its eyes and scream, or swoon, at the sight of some fearful accident; and it is well, indeed, it should be so, as nervousness and indecision are about the worst qualities that any surgeon could bring to the treatment of those that need his skill. I have known young men who could look on unmoved at the freest use of knife and cautery, and who yet would not deliberately hurt a fly; and I venture to say that the wildest medical student will be found ready to risk his life in carrying out faithfully the instructions of his teacher, in his attendance on some casual victim of typhus or smallpox. Nay, it is well known in Dublin that frequently when death was imminent from loss of blood the arms of students were heroically bared that they might supply from their own veins the vital fluid to preserve the life of a pauper patient, though they understood that impairment of health and strength was to be their sole reward. Indeed, those who come in contact with medical students in our hospitals cannot fail to be struck with their kindness and humanity to the sick; and so, when one of them happens to get into trouble, he often finds "the friend in need" ready to come to his assistance, perhaps from some unexpected quarter.

The story is told of a mercurial student having been at one time so unfortunate as to get arrested by a policeman for some boyish freak. The prisoner was being marched off, and all chance of escape seemed at an end, when he was filled with hope by hearing his captor whisper, "I'm sorry to nab you, doctor, but I couldn't help it, you know. Push

me at the next corner, and run for it!" And when they arrived at the next street corner the policeman was accordingly pushed, and, strange to say, although a powerful man he staggered and fell, losing his helmet as he did so, and, in fact, in a moment becoming a complete wreck of his former self to the hysterical delight of a crowd of urchins who gambolled in the vicinity of Kevin-street; and when he arose he was so disabled by his fall, or his prisoner was so far away, that pursuit seemed calculated only to bring the law and its executive into further ridicule, and was accordingly abandoned in despair.

I do not know of any other class of students into the *curriculum* of whose studies an equally large and diversified array of subjects is pressed in an equal time. Anatomy alone, embracing as it does the last details of bone, muscle, blood-vessel, and nerve, is indeed a formidable matter to grapple with. On each of its subdivisions the student has generally a favourite authority; and when he applies himself to the reading up of some particular portion of the body, with all his authors open together before him, one would fancy, as a popular novelist (once himself a medical student) has remarked, that he was reading out of half a dozen books at the same time. But surgery, medicine, and many other allied branches likewise claim his attention during the winter session, while the summer comes only to open up new fields of labour yet unexplored to his weary mind. Amongst the latter botany will occasionally afford grateful relaxation. How delightful seemed the days when we used to go herborizing, in the youth of the summer, on the mountains beyond Roundtown, sipping honeyed knowledge all day long from the blossoms of the heather and tiny, blue-eyed speedwell, or learning the mystery of differentiating a butter-cup from a potentilla—for that was a *crux* of the time. And then, how the milk, and oatcake, and newly-churned butter, with perchance an egg sucked raw from the shell, used to go down before our ravenous appetites to the astonishment as well as profit of the mountain farmeress: and so the hours flew by till the first great star that looked out after the gorgeous sundown found us still at our pursuit, and warned us that we were miles from home.

But all was easy work enough until the time came when preparation should be made for one of the professional examinations. Whether it was the "frightful Queen's" or the milder Dublin colleges that held his fate it was then one long scene of bones and books, and "grinds" and "tips" for the unhappy candidate, whose thoughts had little time to crystallize into useful shape or symmetry. And happy he was, when out of the chaos of his learning he had succeeded in satisfying his examiners, to be cordially "welcomed to the ranks of the profession" by some class-fellow who had just himself "got through," and had consequently considered himself entitled to assume the encouraging patronage of a surgeon of five minutes' standing!

So lived and moved the medical students of my generation, passing out of college to rise to positions of honour and trust, accordingly as their diligence and probity had deserved. *Ex fructu arbor cognoscitur* is a divine proverb that applies pretty equally to all.

Fifty years ago things were very different. It is not now the custom, or at least it is "a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance," to bind young lads to country apothecaries before they go up to college. The tendency of the present day is to separate as much as possible the calling of the pharmaceutical chemist from that of the surgeon and physician—a tendency in the direction of that equable division of labour that in art as well as in nature seems always fruitful of the best results. But fifty years ago the average medical student stepped over the threshold of the profession when he stepped behind his master's counter, where, on payment of a fee (generally of one hundred guineas), he was privileged to stand for seven years, living all that time in a toilsome and profitless servitude, euphemistically called an apprenticeship, to which he was bound by indenture and held by law. Things went on very much more slowly in that age of mail-coaches and canal-boats than they do now-a-days, and the medical student moved in unison with the general tardiness of the time. The hegira of his youth was his journey to the Apothecaries' Hall to pass his examination in Arts, after which he was most frequently handed over to some provincial general practitioner to be indoctrinated in the art and mystery of compounding medicines. But this art and mystery were communicated to him in a very roundabout way, indeed, as I gather from most reliable sources of information. At first the shutters were his special care, and he brushed out the shop at an early hour, scrubbed the counter, polished the windows, and made the brass scales and mortar shine again in spotless effulgence. This was the work of the junior apprentice. As time rolled on, and some later aspirant arrived to fill his place, he was promoted to the dignity of washing returned bottles in the back cellar of the establishment. In the case to which my information especially relates the doctor's wife was the guardian spirit of this department, and not until she had conscientiously satisfied herself that each bottle of the allotted task, duly held between her and the dipt candle that lighted the dim vault, was pure from every trace of its former contents, was the prison door unlocked and its occupant allowed to ascend to the day. But there was another Hades in the house in which an equally healthful occupation awaited him, and that was the front cellar, where "blue ointment" was made by unhappy youths—a manufacture which, as my informant, who knew it all from a sad experience, energetically declared, is not now carried on even by horse power, "for horses would not do the work!" but is relegated exclusively to the province of the steam-engine. As the non-professional reader may not know what "blue ointment" is, let

me tell him that it is simply mercury laboriously rubbed up with hog's lard, and rubbed up so well that it ceases to be visible in the metallic form, becoming thoroughly incorporated with the lard, so that the minutest particle of the metal cannot be discovered any longer. While the apprentice was engaged in this third stage of his professional education he was frequently visited by his master, who looked in to see if things were right, and drawing his thumb-nail over the surface of any of the unguent that might have been prepared, held it in close proximity to the candle flame, while he looked for the scintillation of some tiny globule of mercury in the light. But this phenomenon, history says, he was never permitted to see: and, no doubt, the master was "gladdened in his heart" at the diligence of his ward. I do not know if this young gentleman had yet acquired any very exact knowledge of chemistry as a science, but it appears he knew enough of it as an art to be aware that sulphur and mercury readily combine to form a compound in which the mercury loses its individuality, and when he descended to the "blue ointment" department he took care to bring a little sulphur with him which, skilfully introduced in the process of manufacture, took the sting out of the work, and was the hidden source of all the gladness. Of course it took the virtue out of the preparation, too, and some patient suffered in proportion; but as human nature is constituted, a lad of sixteen could scarcely be expected to take that aspect of the matter into due consideration, and so the secret of destroying the mercury passed as an heirloom through the generations of apprentices.

In addition to all these duties it was also the apprentices' business to apply leeches to patients at their homes. I know a medical gentleman who, half a century ago, caught typhus in the discharge of such a task, and for weeks lay in imminent danger of death. When he recovered, a fee of twenty guineas was pocketed by the physician who attended him, though it was in carrying out this same gentleman's instructions the terrible disease was caught! How strange this appears now, when medical men in town or country would blush to accept fees from *bona fide* students of their own profession. Most things have a ludicrous side, and while on this subject I am reminded of the story of the apprentice who did not understand the putting on of leeches, but fancied all was well when the creatures had taken a purchase by their suckers, and so left they would wander over the patient in all directions, biting at their own sweet will, until removed by some more cunning hand.

But it must not be assumed that "all work and no play" was the lot of the apothecary's apprentice of fifty years ago. Quite the contrary. It is the unprofitable outlay and loss of time entailed by the system that I consider so objectionable: for the rest the victims were pretty well able to take care of themselves. Oyster suppers and other delicious

banquets they generally knew where to find when the shop had been closed for the night, and they banished dull care by singing to the music of the "light guitar." Of course they were expected to be in their beds at a "reasonable" hour, but then the servants were on their side, and the master and mistress were probably beyond middle life and retired early, so that slight deviations from severe "reason" in the hour were very likely to be overlooked. There was also a cherished belief that the house was haunted in the particular instance to which I refer, and every apprentice was certain that he had occasionally heard unusual sounds in the stillness of the night; but they were all courageous fellows, and so they kept never minding. The first day of his apprenticeship the gentleman to whose accurate memory I am indebted for the greater part of my information on this subject, informs me that he was early in bed in an empty dormitory and was soon sound asleep. Some hours later on he was awakened by some one singing close by, and was astonished on opening his eyes to see his bed surrounded by his gay companions, one of whom gave out a lovely ballad, "Sheela na-Guira," in witching notes that seemed to go right to his soul where their echoes remain to-day. The ghost, no doubt, had a taste for melody, and as they did not hear a bit too well down stairs the concert was allowed to proceed uninterrupted.

In this way four of the seven years of the term of pupilage were passed, after which their indentures were generally surrendered to the apprentices, and they were allowed to pursue their studies in a medical school for the remainder of the time. Nor is it to be doubted that very many of these young gentlemen subsequently became excellent practitioners, and acquired distinction and fortune in the profession which they had entered by so circuitous a route. Now, as then, any student who applies himself with honest industry to his studies will be pretty certain to do the same. Youthful brains are quite proof against even the rubbing up of "blue ointment;" and, still more, I have seen very considerable allotments of innate stupidity yield to assiduous application and a determined resolution to win. The student will do best who entertains a confidence that success is within his reach if he will it, but that the intellectual soil, however fertile by nature, does not spontaneously yield a harvest without the tillage of diligence and perseverance. Amongst the divinities that preside over matters medical the "fickle goddess" finds no niche; and as my peroration takes this direction, I feel that I but unworthily paraphrase the closing lines of one of the noblest productions of the pagan muse:—

"Monstro, quod ipse tibi possis dare : semita certe
 Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
 Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia; nos te,
 Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cœloque locamus."

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERKEVIL," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

CHANGES.

"'Tis the deep music of the rolling world,
Kindling within the strings of the waved air
Æolian modulations."—SHELLEY.

A WET season, a black blight on the golden-hearted blossoms of the potato-fields, a scourge of fever brooding over the cabins; here is a sad sequence only too familiar upon an Irish mountain side. When little Fan was seven years old these troubles fell upon Killeevy. The potato-plant hung out its little gay flags with promise of plenty for the peasant's simple meal; but a mysterious breath passed over them one night, and shrivelled and scorched them to the root. Then came the fever, creeping like a hideous ghoul up the mountain side, and sitting at every darkened hearth in turn.

On a hot autumn day, Maury Oge and her young husband, Shemus, lay dead, side by side, in their cabin, with a fair-haired boy laid by their feet, and a year-old babe between them.

In a corner of the room two or three old women were keening dismally, with their elbows set on their knees and their heads between their hands. The weird music rang up to the rafters and sank amid sobbing and muttering—a sad substitute for Fanchea's lark-like singing; but Shemus and Maury slept on, smiling, and never noticed the difference.

A number of men waited outside the cabin door; for the wide grave was already dug, and the hour for burial was near. They only waited for the priest, who was engaged in ministering to another parting spirit; speeding it forth on its untried wings, striving to hold it in the grasp of hope and love till angels should receive it and conduct it on that journey where no mortal step may follow.

At the foot of the bed little Fan sat on a stool in a childish attitude of despair; her little face white and fixed with grief and fear, her dark eyes strained with gazing on the faces of her parents, watching eagerly for some sign of waking and recognition.

A step sounded outside the door, and Kevin came in. He had

been busy all the morning doing last services to Maury and Shemus; and all the time Maury's last words to him had been beating about his heart—"I could not die, I could not go, only I leave her to you. My boy, you'll bring her to me to heaven; and, oh, never let her sing anything that 'ill prevent her singing there among the angels!"

Maury had been the last to die, and she knew she was leaving her little beauty, her pretty singing-bird, the child she had feared for, alone in the world. Neighbours were kind and Father Ulick was good; but the priest was old, and little Fan was of finer clay than the people around her. To the slow, quiet youth, who was called stupid, her dying heart turned in its last travail.

"Leave her to me, Maury!" Kevin had said. "Her life is my life, her soul is my soul. I will never go to heaven myself unless I bring her there."

Speaking in the intensity of feeling, he had uttered, with simplicity, more of the truth than he often ventured to express. To the dying ears that caught them, the words did not seem exaggerated, and no other ears were by to hear.

When Kevin came in, Fan got up and stole to meet him, clinging to him and laying her soft cheek against his strong side.

"They will not speak," she whispered; "and they are all so cold. Why are they so cold when the sun is shining?"

Kevin sat down upon the stool, and gathering her up on his knees hid her face on his shoulder.

"They see the angels; they are looking at God," he whispered; "that is why they cannot look at us." Fanchea's tears began to flow.

"Will God never let them look at us again?" she asked, sobbing. Kevin only answered by kissing her dark head again and again, stroking her soft hair with his great hand, and soothing her like a baby till she fell asleep in his arms. Then he carried her, creeping, lest she should wake, into a neighbour's cabin, where he laid her on a bed covered with a mended checker quilt. And immediately after that the funeral began to move.

Dust to dust. The husband and wife were lowered out of the sunshine and given to the earth. The young and loving, the light-hearted and industrious, with their strong hearts broken and all their plans unfulfilled, were put away with folded empty hands and speechless lips, where smile of the living would never light upon them again. And the sportive creatures they had brought into life, nourished, tended, joyed over, they, too, were banished from the sun and hushed away into silence and darkness.

"Alas for love! if thou wert all
And nought beyond, O earth."

All was over, the grave was filled and smoothed, the prayers were said, the priest had spoken his simple sermon, standing above the fresh-smelling earth, and the bitter lamentation of the keen had broken forth again upon the air of the glowing noon. The crowd was about to disperse, when a small, flying figure was seen on the road above the graveyard, darting over all obstacles as if on wings, and making for the consecrated spot.

"It is the child. 'Tis little Fan—may the Lord look to her!" passed from lip to lip.

"Oh, then, faix, it's her Angel might have kept his two hands on her eyes a bit longer!" grumbled a young mother, whose own eyes were sore with weeping poor Maury's fate.

"Whisht, whisht, woman. Och, onee, onee, onee!"

Fanchea darted like a swallow in at the gate, her long hair floating, her eyes strained, her face white. She looked wildly round on the crowd, and then her eyes fell eagerly on the ground, searching among the graves.

"Where have you put them?" she cried, with a frantic sob. "You have dug a hole; you have put them in the ground; you have covered up their faces with the horrible clay!"

"My poor little girl!" said Father Ulick, with a tear in his eye.

"Dig them up again! Dig them up again!" cried Fan, stamping her foot. "Oh, you cruel people, how could you hurt them?"

"Hush! they are not hurt," said the priest, drawing her forcibly to him, and putting his hand on the poor, little dishevelled head. "Why do you talk about the ground, little Fan? They are not in the ground. They are gone to live with God in heaven."

The touch of the kind hand seemed to soothe her passion a little, and she sobbed more naturally as she went on with her complaints. "They were on the bed, and they were cold, and they could not look at me because they were looking at God; and God was going to take them up to the skies. But now He will never find them, down, down in the hole, in the dark."

Poor Fan had been already taught her catechism, but she did not remember it in this hour of her need. The crowd groaned and swayed, and many tears fell, as the child's words came ringing forth, the sweet, warbling voice changed and sharpened with anguish.

Kevin, beside himself with misery, could listen no longer; he stepped forward and put his hand on the child's round, white shoulder.

"Fan," he said, "listen to me. They are not in the ground. We only came here to see them taken to heaven. You were asleep, and we did not like to wake you; but if you had been here a little sooner you would have seen the angels carry them away. Look!" he

continued, pointing with outstretched arm to the horizon. The child followed his finger with wondering, startled eyes. Away across the purple-shaded sea, and over against a rosy distance of cloud-land powdered with golden light and looking like the entrance to paradise, could just be seen vanishing into glory the long white trail of a flock of ocean birds.

"See," said Kevin, "you can still spy the wings of the angels. That is the way they flew; and there is the door of heaven just open to let them in!"

Fanchea sprang from the priest's knee with a cry of relief, and rapture, and longing; and stretching out her little brown arms and flinging back her head, she gazed on that spot of fading glory in the distance until the last white speck had melted away and the rosy gates had closed and vanished.

"Good-bye, mother; good-bye, father, and baby, and little Patsie!" she cried as the vision disappeared; and then, before anyone had time to see what was coming next, the young, over-tired brain spun round, and she dropped unconscious on the grass among their feet.

"A bold lie, Kevin; a bold lie!" said Father Ulick, as they raised her up; "but may God forgive me, boy, I cannot blame you."

Kevin carried her home, and placed her on his mother's bed. The child was very unwell, and lay submissively, content so long as Kevin held her little hand or stroked her hair. And now all the beautiful things that the tall youth believed he had learned from her song came into use, and Kevin poured out his thoughts to amuse her and keep horror away from her mind. Softly the dew of his secret fancies fell upon her excited young brain, while the twilight gathered in the small, brown chamber, and the stars came out to look for the first time on the grave that held Maury and Shemus.

As the darkness crept on, there arose murmurs in the kitchen.

"The poorhouse, indeed. But it's fine to hear you talkin' about sich a place."

"Faix, an', Sibbie, I never thought you would be the woman to ask to bring disgrace on your mountain."

"Smaller houses isn't grand enough for you, I suppose, my good body?"

"It's change of air you're wanting, after all these years that you've been content with what we've here."

Poor old Sibbie's voice, once her pride, was now cracked and broken with keening and sobbing as she answered these kindly taunts.

"You're good friends all, an' the best of good neighbours; and the Lord sees I'd be thankful to lie in anybody's corner. I would not like to think that little Fan had a gran'aunt in the poorhouse. I can make the mats and earn my bit, though I cannot keep a roof over my

head. A wisp o' straw in the corner 'll be enough for me, whiles in one house and whiles in another. And may you all have the blessin' of Him that hada't a roof to cover Himself, an' has taken kith an' kin an' home away from me!"

Late that night Kevin left his father's house, and taking the path down the cliffs to the shore followed it in his own slow, dreamy way, stopping now and again to gaze on the midnight scene, to throw back his head in his own peculiar fashion, "listening," as the people said, for something that was not to be heard. What, indeed, could he expect to hear in such a spot and at such an hour? Even the gulls and curlews were mute, lulled to silence by the intense calm and majesty of the autumn night.

The red harvest moon had risen, large and mysterious, through its own lurid haze, and just rested on the sea like some wondrous argosy, freighted with light and fire. Higher up in the sky greenish tints still lingered, and the pale stars lay scattered like primroses over cool fields at dawn.

Reaching the lower rocks, Kevin unmoored a boat, and springing into it, was soon drifting out to sea, with his oars idly in his hands and his face set towards the growing light, watching the changes of the moon. As she rose, slow and splendid, casting off her lurid veils, beauty and majesty reigned in the tranquil heavens. The stars lost their wan, flower-like looks, and quickened into eager life; the hush deepened. One part of the sea along the coast-line was in shadow—shadow so deep yet so transparent that the grey birds could be seen within it riding on the swell of the tide. All the mid-ocean, with its islands, lying between shadows of the earth and of the distance, was steeped in that unutterable radiance which saturates the soul of the beholder with faith in a superhuman bliss as yet untasted which is waiting for him behind the shades which we call death.

In the wide ocean a hundred isles were gleaming, near and far. Kevin knew them well, could tell their names, had been to visit many of them, had friends living on some that were habitable, and had explored the caves of those that were desolate. Yet now they lay before him like nothing having connection with this earth. They were like

"The islands of the blessed,
The land of the hereafter."

Rousing himself from a long dream, he pulled his oars, and soon came alongside the rocks of a small, barren islet about a mile from shore. As he sprang from his boat on the rock a flock of gulls rose and flew screaming over the sea. Kevin stood and watched how the sudden flutter of their wings winnowed the light into sparks of white fire as the flock steered towards another island, melting into a silver trail in the air, then vanishing into shadow and silence. His heart beat faster

as he peered after them ; and, turning, he faced the light, "listening" again.

After another long reverie, he began to ascend the rocky hills of the island. Now and again a rabbit started out of his path, or a plover flitted off with its plaintive cry. Long ago a saint had lived and died on the island, and had tamed the rabbits and birds ; but now they had fallen back into their natural state, and no trace remained of the gentle dweller in this solitude, except a whisper in the air, impalpable as those other sounds for which Kevin listened, telling that the place was holy ground.

What did the youth seek for as he pursued his way over the pathless island, crushing the sweet-scented broom under his feet, and inhaling deeply as its fragrant odour arose mingled with the briny dew and penetrated his senses with delight ? For whom did he look as he paused and gazed around ? Whose was the voice he yearned to hear as he strained his ear, holding his breath as though the very beating of his own heart might be enough to drown murmurs so ethereal as those he sought to catch ? Did he think to hear the morning stars singing together, or to interpret the indescribable sigh with which the ocean, even from the depths of a calm so profound as this, greets the lonely shores of those hundred isles ? Kevin did not know ; but he knew that he ever listened, looked, yearned after something which was not to be heard, seen, or touched ; and it was in moments when the longing for this unknown most overmastered him, that he would hurry away, as now, to spend a night alone on his island, face to face with God and nature, and in fitful pursuit of his desire, which was as a spirit that eluded his senses and yet followed, led, and surrounded all his footsteps.

To-night he was unusually excited, "out of himself," as the people would say, under the spell of events that had lately passed. He had been face to face with death in its double mystery ; its blighting horror on one side, its majesty and pathetic tenderness on the other. He had seemed to take death in his arms and hold it to his heart, and his veins still tingled with the reaction from the chill of the grave back to the heat of life. The dew of Maury's hope and resignation still glistened on his soul where it had seemed to fall from her's. The wonder and awe that he had felt at seeing her lie there satisfied to part with Fanchea still hung upon him and would not turn away and sleep as poor Maury had been fain to do. Awe, wonder, and a strange joy were disturbing the very depths of Kevin's being. Had not Maury left him Fan ? Had she not put her in his arms, choosing him as her protector from out of a crowd of friends. Fanchea was to be his for evermore. He would cherish her, work for her, shield her from every hurt in life.

He had brought her that evening into his mother's home, under

his father's roof. One day he would have a home of his own, by right of his strong arm, and there should Fanchea reign. She was only a little child as yet, but Kevin was almost a man, and till the dawn of Fanchea's womanhood he would work and save to provide her a home.

The sound of her voice was with Kevin as he walked, with a new chord added to its music since he had heard the outcry of her anguish. The echoes of those soft notes of hers, which contained such unutterable meaning for him, fell about his heart as he lifted his head and listened for other sounds which were mysteriously mingled with them.

Utterly absorbed by emotions which he hardly understood, he continued his walk, sometimes striding along quickly, sometimes standing quite still as some overwhelming wave of thought or feeling broke over his soul. At last he reached the seaward side of the island where nothing was visible but the Atlantic in its transcendent calm, and the ocean-line meeting the sky and glistening under the moon. Here rose tall black cliffs carved by the waves into strange fantastic shapes; on one side a castle with battlements seemed to invade and defy the sea; a little further off a rugged figure with gigantic human outlines, lifted an arm with mysterious sign to heaven; other strange forms crouched around in its shadows, which gave them an indistinctness that added to the supernatural effect.

Kevin, wearied by this time, threw himself on the heather and fixed his eyes upon the horizon. To his mind's eye the shores of other lands lying beyond rose and took shape and became peopled with heroic human creatures. Across that glistening line he saw the Vikings appear in their galleys; for did not these islands lie right in their ocean path? Did not the wild gannet, straight from the northern countries, still perch among the rocks at his feet? He saw the gleaming ships of Heber and Amergin suddenly wrapped in the gloom of the storm as the wrath of the mysterious Tuatha overwhelmed them. The passionate and wayward Ferrogane appeared to him leaning over the bulwarks of his pirate vessel and weeping for love and hate. These dreams soothed the excitement of Kevin's brain and diverted his thoughts, and after a time his eyes began to trace new forms in the rocks around him; the jagged points became roofs and chimneys of a silent city, strange animals began to creep up out of the gorges, and the titans of old mustered below, and, climbing the cliffs, fled away over the heather. Kevin's eyes grew heavy following their movements, his eyelids drooped, and at last Nature folded him away also into the profound sleep in which lay earth and sea.

As he slept a change crept over the world: the moon hid herself, the rocks were released from the spells that the darkness had cast over them, light and shadow both disappeared, and a dimness in

which everything was alike visible overspread land and water. A grey look as of fear was in the open eyes of the world, while a breeze came fluttering over the sea, stirring the waves, and casting drifts of pearls into the bosom of the caves.

And then another change took place. There was a faint rosy flush in the east, and a flutter as of unexpected joy; a smile crept upon the heavens, and a thrill passed through air, sea, and earth; life began to throb again in the world, crimson and golden lights flashed across the heavens, and rapture took possession of the universe as all creation became assured that another day was come, that another sun was about to rise. There was to be yet time for the completion of all good that hovered on the brink of accomplishment; for the sinner to repent, for the deed of charity to be done, for the healing word to be spoken; another day wherein the labourer might work, the tree grow, and the flower bloom; fresh hours for love to endure, for genius to expand, for the poet to pour forth his song to the world.

In the midst of all this triumph of Nature Kevin awoke from his refreshing sleep. Springing up and leaning upon his elbow, he gazed upon the glory which encircled him, and the spirit within him leaped out of its quietude and cast itself upon the radiance of the hour. Sadness, pain, fear, were all flung into the past behind the veils of the departed night. Hope, strength, beauty and bliss, came hurrying upon his heart, and he buried his face in the heather and sobbed aloud.

After the sudden storm of feeling was over he still lingered in the heather, drinking in with worshipping eyes the myriad wonders of the sunrise; while Nature rewarded him for his long vigil by revealing to him something of the meaning of her rapture in the dawn. He got an inkling of this secret, and felt that the new day was indeed given in order that man might attempt and attain something as yet beyond his reach. Kevin did not know that he could attempt or attain anything more than the turning of the sod with his spade and the scattering of the seed in the furrow; except, indeed, it were the winning of the enduring love of little Fanchea, and the cherishing of that mystical light which her voice had power to summon upon his soul. But his will was ready, and his spirit asked in all simplicity to do whatever humble task might lie within the power of his sun-burnt hand. Meantime, it was sweet and mighty to be a part of creation, and he felt, without knowing, that,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Kevin's father was not surprised when he saw him coming up the cliffs that morning to join him at work in the fields. He was accustomed to his ways.

"I spent the night on the island," said Kevin, smiling; "and I have just had a dip in the sea."

"Oh, indeed, you are a queer sort," said Connor Mor, half amused and half discontented. "But I must say you never slip your work."

CHAPTER IV.

SEEING THE WORLD.

"FOLLOW, follow, follow, follow me!" warbled little Fan, tripping out of the mountain school-house, with a flock of companions at her heels, who obeyed her call, and copying, as best they could, her birdlike flight through the air, alighted around her feet on the top of a green bank sprinkled with daisies. There were Nell, Maury, and Bride, and Kat and little Judy, and they had all got a half-holiday. The old hawthorn bushes on the hills and hollows were white with bloom, and golden clouds lay low along the amethyst sea.

"Smell!" cried Fan, tossing her little nose into the fragrant air, and snuffing. "Isn't the world delicious?"

"It's too big!" grumbled little Judy. "I'll *never* be able to learn it all. I wisht Kistuffer Kilombus hadn't discovered Americay, and then there would ha' been fewer places on the map!"

And poor Judy gazed at her little open palm, which had a hot look, suggestive of recent punishment.

"Globes is worse," said Kat, with all the importance of one in a higher class. "Always slippin' and slippin', and runnin' round, just as if there wasn't a spot o' ground to stand steady on your feet."

Judy cast an upward glance of dismay at the speaker, and then gave her maltreated palm a little soft lick, as a kitten caresses the saucer where milk has been.

"Do *you* believe in maps and globes?" asked Nell, boldly, "for I don't. I know how much land there is and how much sea; and there's too much to be put on them bits o' paper, or on big balls. Why, they couldn't put half the mountain down on them, let alone Dooneen town; so what's the use of pretendin', and drawin' out little squares an' corners like fields, an' callin' them names? I never seen anything but Killeevy mountain, and Dooneen town, an' the sea."

"How do you know there's Dooneen town?" asked Judy, eagerly. "I never seen anything but Killeevy."

"Of course there's the town," said Nell, contemptuously, "or else where do you think the pigs would come from?"

"Or shoes, or spades?" added Judy, reflectively.

"An' don't you think there's a road out o' Dooneen town to some other place?" said Maury.

"I niver seen it," said Nell, obstinately.

"You never saw a ghost," said Maury, "and yet you're always the one to be whisperin' about ghosties and bogies."

"Oh!" said Nell, looking round her with a start, "but they have the air to live in, and the clouds—and—and— It's a very different thing from believing in maps."

"Fan will tell us about it," said Bride, laughing. "Wake up, Fan, wake up, and let us see if there's any more world besides Killeevy."

"Of course there's heaven," put in Nell, foreseeing that she would be beaten.

Fan was lying in the grass, absorbed in making a daisy chain. She flung it round her neck, and sprang up in the midst of her friends. She was ten years old now, tall for her age, and slight and straight; her dark, silky hair sweeping backward, and hanging in waves rather than curls about her neck; her eyes, soft, shadowy, and luminous, changing their expression every moment, and the rich colour going and coming in her peach-like cheeks. The broad, innocent forehead, the slight, dark, mobile curves of the brows, and even the little slender nose and rounded chin all at once or in turn emphasised the meanings that crossed her young face.

She was accustomed to be thus appealed to by her companions, among whom she was a sort of queen, by royal right of her joyous temper, her melodious ways, and a certain inborn refinement of nature which even the rudest recognised. As she stood there in her small white sleeveless boddice, and crimson skirt reaching scarcely below her bare, brown knees, all eyes were turned up to the little brilliant face which was expected to throw light upon their difficulties.

"Of course there is more world," cried Fan; "if not, where do you think all the fairy-tale people could ever have lived; all the kings and queens and the beautiful young princesses? Where would their palaces and castles be, and the city gates, and the market-place where the ox was roasted whole, and the big wood where the witches lived, and a great many more places that I can't remember." The other children all looked triumphantly at Nell as Fan thus settled the matter. "Besides," added this enlightener of her species, "I know there is a great, great deal of beautiful world that we never even heard about. I can't help knowing, because Kevin told me."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nell, having now got her advantage. "Kevin, indeed! Kevin that everybody knows is the stupidest fellow on the mountain."

"'Tisn't true," said Fan, flatly. "He's wiser than everybody in the world—except Father Ulick."

"Nobody thinks it but yourself," said Nell; "not even his own mother."

"I don't care who thinks it," cried Fan, stamping her foot. "I know it!"

"He niver learned his books at school," persisted Nell, "and he niver goes to dances, nor jokes with the girls. The ould people's always talkin' about it."

"Let them talk!" said Fan; "he has beautiful things inside his own head that never were put into books. Books, and dances, and jokes, indeed! What does he want with such rubbish?"

"Oh, Fan!" cried Maury, "you that is so fond of your book!"

"And if I am," said Fan, hotly, "it does very well for me that has nothing better to think about. I'm fond of dancing, too," she said, cutting a little caper.

"And of jokes I'm thinkin'," said Nell, "when you say *that* big stupid is wise."

"Nell, stop, or I'll—hit you," cried Fan, flushing all over with anger, and striking out her slim arm, and doubling up her little fist.

"Can't you whisht, Nell, with your teasin'," said Kat, "when you know how fond she is of him."

Fan subsided among the daisies, and presently began warbling to herself disjointed words set to her own music; and the sun began to glow more warmly, and seemed to concentrate all its brilliance on two glittering crags of the mountain which stood out against the sky, looking like the jewelled gates of some indescribable paradise.

"Look there," said Fan, starting up, "I see a path into the beautiful world that I told you about. Who will come with me and see the world?"

"*That's* nothing but rocks with the sun on them," said matter-of-fact Nell.

"And clouds beyant," said little Judy.

"How do you know what it is?" said Fan. "You're not there. I think if we were once up there, we could see the world. We could look down into fairy-tale country; we'd see the well of the world's end, and Jack and the Beanstalk's ladder, and the magic woods that people can't get out of, and the Giant's Castle, and the White Cat's palace——"

"Oh, do come!" cried little Judy.

But Fan was off already with her "Follow, follow, follow, follow me!" and her companions flocked after her as usual over hedges and ditches. On they went swift as deer towards the glittering gate with the golden path leading through to the world.

They scrambled up and down hill, and scampered across hollows; more than once they waded through marshy places where the water took them above the knees, and then their screams of delight made the rocks ring. They got away very far from home; but what did

that matter on a half holiday? Wonderful spoils were made on the way: brilliant bog flowers and grasses, tiny heath-roses and forget-me-nots, fragments of glittering spar.

"I've caught a splendid butterfly!" shouted Judy.

"And I've got such a lovely water-lily!" screamed Maury.

At last, after many swift races and adventurous climbs, the young explorers in search of an unknown world reached the rocks that had looked like jewelled gates, and were disappointed to find them nothing but ordinary crags.

"Never mind," said Fan; "we are going to see something we never saw before. This is the furthest part we can see from home. Now let us march on, and see what is on the other side of our gates."

They found that the rocks shelved away, being, in fact, the ridge of a mountain which they had ascended by easy stages, but which was steep on the other side. The children proceeded cautiously, and leaning over from a green platform where they were safe enough, they saw a sloping shoulder of earth and stones beneath, glittering all over in the sunshine, as if the slaves of Aladdin had spilt their dishes of precious stones on the spot, and had left them there to sparkle in the sun.

"Oh, it is the Diamond Mountain!" said little Judy, clapping her hands. "It is the very same place where Sindbad lived with the diamonds!"

"That was a valley," said Fan; "but the valley may be down below. I suppose it is up here that the eagles live, the eagles that flew down for the pieces of meat stuck over with diamonds."

"I wish I had an eagle and a piece of meat," said Judy, longingly.

"It's no use wishing," said Maury. "That was only a story."

"Oh, but stories are true," said Fan. "At least a great many are; and it may as well happen to be one as another."

"Call the eagles, and see if they will come," cried Nell.

"That I will!" said Fan. And standing upon a higher ledge she waved her brown arms, and sang an impromptu incantation in which the cry of the golden eagle broke out among soft, cooing notes of coaxing invitation. The little girls looked around expecting to hear the eagles replying and to see the shadow of their great wings; and so intent were they on their spells, and so wrapped in their dream of fairyland that they did not miss the practical little Judy who busied herself, meantime, in finding the safest path by which to make her way to the diamond fields. At first she got along pretty well, planting one foot, and then another carefully, letting herself slip with the loose shingle a short way, and then creeping a bit further towards the glittering goal.

"Easy, Judy!" she said to herself, exultingly. "You can just alither now all the rest of the way."

But the next moment a cry made the rocks echo, and the other

children were startled out of their play to see Judy down below on the treacherous shingle of the shining slope. Finding herself "slithering" further than she intended, and suddenly seeing a precipice yawning beneath her, the terrified child clutched wildly at the loose rubbish that gave way at her touch, and sent up shriek after shriek to her companions. Fortunately, before it was too late, a piece of solid stone came in her way, and clinging to it desperately she was able to hold herself motionless, though with the greatest difficulty. But it could not be so for long. Her head was giddy and her limbs were cramped. In a few minutes poor little Judy must certainly relax her hold, and her friends must see her go spinning down the precipice to her death.

"Oh, bring me back, bring me back!" she moaned. "Oh, somebody come and save me!"

The other girls stood in a row above, with pale faces. Nell was paralysed with horror; Kat wrung her hands; Maury said despairingly, "There's nothing on earth we can do."

"'Twas I that brought her here," said Fan, softly. "I must try and bring her back."

"Fan, Fan, you'll be killed, both of you," cried Kat, wildly; for Fan began to descend cautiously as Judy had done, a foot here and a foot there, feeling her way, only taking care not to get right on a line with the other child beneath.

Fan made no answer; all her wits were needed for her perilous expedition. As she went down she dug holes with her hands which might be useful for feet going up again. With great caution she guided her course so that between creeping and slipping she made her way to the spot where Judy clung, sobbing, to the ledge of stone.

"Don't touch me, Judy, till I tell you," she said, and managed to squeeze herself securely on to the narrow resting-place beside the terrified child. "Now," she said, presently, "stand on my back and put your knees in the holes above."

Judy did as she was told, and Fan, on all fours, raised her up, as high as was possible. Her knees, and afterwards her feet, were planted in the holes by the efforts of the strong little hands from below, and finally, after much struggling and scrambling, Judy reached her companions in safety.

All eyes were now looking anxiously down upon Fan.

"Oh, take care!" cried one. "Go *very* easy!" said another; but Fan did not move from the stone where she was crouching.

"There's no one to push me up," she called, at last; "and I couldn't reach the holes; so I won't try."

"Oh, Fan, Fan, what can we do for you?" wailed the children; and little Judy set up a long, piteous howl.

"You must just go home and tell Kevin," cried Fan, "and then you'll see whether he is stupid or not."

"But can you hold on till he comes?" shrieked Maury.

"I'll try," shouted Fan; "only be sure to make haste."

The children set off as fast as their light heels could carry them, each trying to outrun the other. Like a troop of antelopes they leaped up the crags and swept down into the hollows; nevertheless, the sun was sinking when they drew near the village and met Kevin coming to look for them.

In the meantime, Fan held on bravely to her lonely perch. Her attitude was a painful one, but she knew that if she could keep from trying to change it she should be safe. She never once glanced below, feeling sure that the moment she did so her head would reel round and she should drop over. Again and again the muscles of her little frame threatened to relax the tension that kept her fixed where she was; and only the utmost determination of the spirit within her prevented each moment from being her last.

"O God!" she whispered, "I will go to heaven if you like; but I would rather stay in this world a little longer!"

And later on, when endurance was becoming too difficult, and dizziness was beginning to take possession of her, she moaned: "Oh, my God, wait till I say good-bye to Kevin!"

A few minutes afterwards she heard Kevin's voice calling to her from the crags overhead.

"I am throwing you a rope," he shouted, "a rope with a strong loop on it. Put the loop over your head and round your waist, and hold on to the rope. Now don't be afraid to put your feet against the ground. Walk up and I will pull."

Fan silently did as she was told, and quickly found herself by Kevin's side. He snatched her up in his arms and covered her with kisses.

"My darling!" he said. "You have nearly killed me as well as yourself."

The child nestled her head on his broad shoulder and sobbed heartily.

"I know it was very bad," she said; "I nearly killed Judy first. But I wanted to see the world; and it was such lovely fun."

"Wanted to see the world!" echoed Kevin. "Why, Fan, are you not content with the mountain where we live? What is it that you want to see?"

"The world," said Fan; "the places in the stories. Don't you ever want to see them yourself?"

Kevin looked at her in surprise, and pondered. Did he not want to see them really; or was it only in dreams that they fascinated him? He marched on in silence, carrying his beloved burthen, and revolving Fan's words in his mind. What if he were now bound for new lands, he with Fan in his arms; they two travelling together in search of

heroic tasks and an ideal life, somewhere in the regions of story and song? The thought was new and puzzled him. What should he do in those new lands, he who was thought so little of here? And how could he turn his back upon the old people? And yet his heart stirred strangely as the idea lingered with him. What if Fan should want to go? Could he let his singing bird fly into the distance, out of his sight?

"What put such a thought in your head, Fan?" he said.

"You put it there," said Fan. "Your stories put it there."

"But it is you who bring the stories into my head," said Kevin.

"So it must have come from yourself in the beginning."

"No, it couldn't."

"It is your singing that brings me the stories."

"I only sing of the things I see all round me; and then you turn them into stories about things that I never saw."

Kevin pondered again as he strode along.

"Then there is something in your voice that you don't know about," he said, at last; "for the thoughts all come to me from you."

"And I don't know what I sing about till you tell me," said Fan.

"So I think we must somehow be the same."

The same. Kevin's heart thrilled with joy at the simple words, and he kissed the little brown hand that lay on his shoulder. Could he tell the child how gladly he accepted such a faith? He, heavy, slow, stupid, had something mysteriously in common with her bright and bird-like nature. Had he not felt it since the first time she lisped in his ear?

"Fan," he said, after a time, "you know I love you better than anything in the world."

"Yes," said the child.

"And it will always be the same as long as I live."

"Yes," said Fan, "it would be too bad, you know, if you were to stop."

"I am not going to stop."

"And I love you, Kevin, for there is no one so good to me."

"I want to be good to you, and I shall always want. And you won't run away from me, out into the world?"

"Oh, no," said Fan, earnestly. "If I went away out to the world, I'd like you to be holding me by the hand all the way."

A PASSION FLOWER.

HE holds my hand within his own
 With reverential tender touch;
 He speaks in low and gentle tone—
 I think I love him very much.
 Yet still—a vision comes to me
 That draws my soul away from him :
 Two pallid wounded hands I see,
 And oh ! my eyes grow very dim.

I feel a touch upon my brow—
 He puts aside my falling hair,
 He asks me what I think of now,
 And tells me I am passing fair.
 I smile—and lo ! I see arise
 A thorn-crowned head in agony,
 A pale, bent face and weary eyes
 That seem to watch me tenderly.

He sits beside me, pleading low—
 If I would love him all in all,
 The current of my life should flow
 Untroubled to death's mystic fall.
 My soul grows weak—but ah ! I see
 A Heart transfixed by a spear,
 So full of love and agony
 I almost feel its throbbings here.

So full of deep mysterious pain,
 So tortured by our ways of sin,
 So willing to be slain again
 If He could draw us nearer Him.
 How can I revel in soft hours
 And life's dear joys so human sweet,
 When on its pathway, 'neath the flowers, .
 I see the track of bleeding feet ?

Ah ! no, ah ! no, it cannot be
 That I should live one silken day
 Of earthly love and luxury
 Where He has suffered, wept alway.
 I put my lover's hands apart,
 I cling to Christ's dear open side—
 I cannot, cannot give my heart—
 To aught but Jesus crucified.

A. O'B.

ARCHDEACON O'RORKE'S BALLYSDARE AND KILVARNET.*

IN purely Celtic literature and art the native writers of the province of Connaught in ancient times maintained an honourable pre-eminence. Tighernach O'Braoin, combarba or successor of St. Ciaran and St. Coman, by far the most learned of our early annalists, belonged to the royal sept of the siol Muiredhaigh of Roscommon—a race though somewhat fallen from their high estate, by no means extinct either in numbers or influence on the rich plains around Rath Croghan, where they still retain the ancient tribe name of Muiredhaigh (pronounced Murráy). Another combarba of Ciaran and Coman was that O'Duffy, "Bishop of Connaught," under whose superintendence Maelisu O'Echan, abbot of Clooncraft, near Elphin, made for King Torlough O'Connor the famous Cross of Cong, now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, which so competent an authority as the late Sir William Wilde declares to be "undoubtedly one of the finest specimens of metal work, enamel, niello, and jewellery of its age in the western world." The famous O'Dugan, historian of the O'Kellys of Hy Maine, the Mac Firbises of Lecain, the O'Cuirnins of Breiffney, the Mac Eigans of Duniry, in the County Galway, were certainly amongst the most famous of our Celtic scholars. According to the admission of the O'Clerys themselves, the O'Mulchonries "around Cruachain" for many centuries held the primacy of honour amongst all the bards and ollaves of Erin. Of the six scholars engaged on the "Annals of the Four Masters," the two Mulchonries belonged to the same distinguished family; the O'Duigenans came from Kilronan, in the County Roscommon; their illustrious patron, Ferghal O'Gara, was Lord of Magh O'Gara and Coolavin, in the County Sligo; and the three O'Clerys, ollaves of Tirconnell, belonged to a family which came originally from the south of Galway to Tir Fiachrach in Mayo, and from Mayo migrated to Donegal in the 14th century. The titles of the Books of Lecain and Ballymote, the Leabhar Mor Duna Doighre, the Annals of Kilronan, of Boyle, of Connaught, and of Lough Key, sufficiently indicate the places in which they were composed, as the three hundred cows given in exchange for one of them shows the estimation in which they were held. In more recent times, too, we have the great names of Lynch, Hardiman, and the two O'Conors, whose labours are well known and appreciated by every Irish scholar.

But during the present century, in which so much has been done for our history and antiquities, it would seem as if the "West was

* Published by James Duffy and Sons, Dublin, 1878.

asleep." There was, indeed, one bright eye unclosed and one great mind active in the preservation and propagation of the Gaelic language. The translator of Homer, Genesis, and the *Melodies* into Celtic numbers as sweet and full-sounding as the originals can never be forgotten in the record of Irish scholars. But, if we except St. Jarlath's, there was nothing done anywhere else in the Western Province for the ancient history and language of Erin. No local records were published, no county surveys of any value appeared except the Ordnance Survey; no diocesan, or even parochial history, of any portion of the province was written except Sir William Wilde's book on Lough Corrib.

Archdeacon O'Rorke is the first who has made a serious effort to remove this reproach, and reassert the ancient literary fame of his native county. We heartily congratulate him on the success of his undertaking which we earnestly hope may encourage him to persevere in his labours. Accomplished historians, painstaking and unselfish, and willing to work in a somewhat ungrateful field of labour, are not to be found every day. It is our duty to aid and encourage them in their cheerless and laborious task; for it were surely to be lamented if the rich hoardings of many studious years were to perish with the possessor. The "*History of Ballysadare*" was evidently for the author a labour of love, and it is to a natural affection for the people of his native parish that perhaps we ought to attribute any blemishes the work possesses as an impartial history. There is, indeed, abundant evidence of accurate knowledge and extensive research. The writer shows himself to be a man of large and matured culture, considerable power of critical discrimination, catholic in his charity and wide-embracing in his patriotism. This was not unknown before to those honoured with his friendship, or acquainted with the archdeacon's scholastic career. A distinguished alumnus of Maynooth, for many years professor of the Irish College in Paris, a man of studious habits on the mission, Dr. O'Rorke has had more than usual opportunities for acquiring various and extensive stores of information; and those who read his interesting and instructive book will readily admit that he has utilised them to the full.

The work will certainly repay careful perusal. It contains many things of far more general interest than might be expected in a parochial history. The district around Ballysadare was the scene of very many important events in Irish history, and even the most learned of our scholars may glean additional information from the labours of Dr. O'Rorke.

The carn of Traith Eothail, where the Firbolg king from whom it derives its name was slain after the famous battle of Moytura of Cong, is quite near Ballysadare. The carn itself, of which unfortunately no trace any longer exists, was formerly regarded as one of the Wonders

of Erin; and the Strand of Eothail is very frequently mentioned in Irish history as the scene of many remarkable events. The place is mentioned more than once in the Life of St. Patrick. A synod of saints of the family of Dalbronach was held on the Strand near the *carn* (which was a small one), and they prophesied that the highest tide, no matter how it might rise above the neighbouring rocks, would never cover the holy spot; and thus it came to be reckoned amongst the *Mirabilia Hibernia*, or standing miracles of Ireland. Dr. O'Rorke identifies Tullaghan Well, in the parish of Ballysadare, as another of the *Mirabilia* which is thus described by the veracious Giraldus Cambrensis: "Est et in Conactia fons dulcis aquæ in vertice montis exelsi, et procul a mari, qui die naturali bis undis deficiens et toties exuberans marinas imitatur instabilitates"—that is to say, in plain English, this spring on the mountain top ebbs and flows exactly like the tides. There can be little doubt that most of the famous wonders of Ireland owed their origin to the lively Celtic imagination, at once credulous and creative, and certainly they lost nothing of their marvellous character by falling into the hands of Gerald Barry. Either Dr. O'Rorke or the 19th century is much more sceptical in regard to this wonderful fountain, although he confesses he frequently saw "a wet watermark three or four inches deep" around the margin of the well, as if caused by the sudden depression of the water level. We think Professor Huxley would explain it on the principle of capillary attraction.

Dr. O'Rorke furnishes many valuable remarks on the *loca Patriciana* in the neighbourhood of Ballysadare and Calry, which we hope will meet the eye of the learned Father O'Hanlon before he publishes his Life of St. Patrick. His observations on the visit of St. Columcille to Ballysadare after the famous synod of Dromceat are equally interesting to the student of Irish hagiology. A large concourse of all the saints from the neighbouring territories met at Easdara, the ancient name of the place, to do honour to the apostle of the Picts. Their names are given in Colgan's Life of St. Farannan, and are reproduced by Father O'Hanlon. We should have been very glad to see the same list reproduced by Dr. O'Rorke with such antiquarian and topographical notes as his intimate acquaintance with the neighbourhood would naturally suggest. It is in matters of this kind that local knowledge is especially valuable, and, no doubt, there are many persons who would be glad to hear what the learned writer had to say about "Loman of Lough Gill, Mofrisius, son of Fachtna of Sligeach, of Grellan, from Craoibh, at the eastern side of Magh Luirg" (near Elphin), and many other now almost forgotten patrons of our parishes.

Not only in ancient times, however, but also quite recently many important events took place in the parish of Ballysadare. As a favour-

able specimen of the writer's lively and graphic style we shall quote a paragraph from the account of the skirmish which took place near Collooney, in 1798, between Humbert, the French general, who had landed a few weeks previously in the bay of Killala, and Colonel Vereker, who brought a detachment of his Limerick militia and some auxiliary yeomen from Sligo to oppose their progress. The French were much annoyed in their movements by a gunner named Whitters, who brought his field-piece to bear upon their advancing columns with fatal effect. Several attempts were made, but unsuccessfully, to shoot the formidable gunner. "Whereupon Humbert's aide-de-camp, Bartholomew Teeling, performed a feat unsurpassed for its daring nature and for the heroism with which it was accomplished. Little more than twenty years of age, tall and handsome, Teeling was the most conspicuous figure on the field, as he dashed about on his gallant grey with the orders of his general. This chivalrous soul, chafed with indignation and impatience on observing the faltering of some in presence of Whitter's cannon, and resolved to remove the cause of their anxiety or perish in the attempt. Accordingly, he struck away towards the centre of the open field, and setting spurs to his horse galloped straight to the mouth of the gun. There was a solemn pause, and every eye in the two armies was upon the horseman as he pulled up the fiery grey. On the moment, Teeling raised his pistol as coolly as if on parade, took steady aim and shot the formidable Whitters dead behind his cannon. In the twinkling of an eye the intrepid youth was returning, and, although hundreds of muskets were discharged, he and his horse, as if spirit and not matter, passed in safety through the shower of bullets."

Dr. O'Rorke devotes an eloquent chapter to a description of the scenery around Ballysadare. It is by no means the finest part of the county Sligo, and would never be specially noticed by any tourist except for one feature in the landscape, which is exceedingly attractive, where the Owenmore rushes down a long staircase of rocks, and then, resting for a little to gather strength, takes a perpendicular plunge of some fourteen feet into the sea. The view in the distance, too, is exceedingly picturesque; there is abundance of wood and river, sea and mountain, the huge dome of Knocknarea, especially, rising as if from the sea in stately grandeur. On its summit is a huge cairn of stones called the *Misgan*, or, as Dr. O'Rorke terms it, the *Misgan Meidhbe*, the tomb or cenotaph of the warrior queen of Connaught. Cenotaph it may be, but her tomb it certainly is not, if we are to credit what is almost contemporary history. Meave was killed on one of the islands of Lough Ree by her stepson, and Torna Eigas, the poet of Niall of the Hostages, in a poem, which Eugene O'Curry declares is undoubtedly genuine, states expressly that she was buried in the famous cemetery of the pagan kings of Ireland at Rath Croghan, and well known as

Relig na Righ—the burying place of the kings—a statement amply confirmed by local tradition.

Another important chapter in the work is devoted to the history of the great St. Fechin. This eminent man, the founder of the abbeys of Cong, Fore, and Termon Fechin, was, as Dr. O'Rorke conclusively established, a native of Billa, in the parish of Ballysadare. The learned doctor endeavours to show by arguments which, in our opinion, are by no means equally conclusive, that the saint belonged to the family of the O'Haras, the local dynasts of the ancient territory of Liency, in the county Sligo. Most of our hagiologists, indeed, seem very anxious to trace the genealogy of all our early saints to some family of royal or princely origin—a matter concerning which, we may presume, these holy persons are now, at least, perfectly indifferent. At any rate, we think St. Fechin does more credit to his reputed ancestors than ever they did to him, and most likely he is not so anxious about the kinship as Dr. O'Rorke, especially since the O'Haras abandoned the ancient Church of which that saint was so bright an ornament.

Our learned author appears anxious to record every event of any importance in connection with the history of Ballysadare and Kilvarnet. Hence we were somewhat disappointed to find no mention of the tragical death of Malachi O'Queely, Archbishop of Tuam, near Ballysadare, on Sunday, 17th October, 1645. O'Queely was a man of eminent talents, the soul of the Confederation, and confidential adviser of the nuncio, Rinuccini. On the fatal Sunday the Irish troops were encamped near Ballysadare, and the archbishop was entertaining at dinner the confederate generals, Taaffe and Dillon, and most of their officers. Coote, Cole, and Hamilton, a villainous trio, were at the time in Sligo, and hearing of the unguarded state of the confederate camp swooped down upon them with a large force. Everything was in confusion; the soldiers were unarmed and mercilessly cut down, and the archbishop, unable to make his escape, was overtaken and hewed to pieces by the Scotch to whom he was unknown.*

There is, indeed, in this book a vast amount of antiquarian information which is well worthy of the attention of Irish scholars, and likely to prove far more interesting to the general public than the family history of the O'Haras, Coopers, and Percivals. We venture to think Dr. O'Rorke expended rather too much labour in elucidating the family history of these purely local magnates. As far as we know, they were never specially remarkable for anything in particular, good or bad. They were neither heroically virtuous nor greatly wicked. The two latter families were average specimens of the Cromwellian settlers in Ireland; and to say so is not saying much for them, but it is quite as much as they deserve. Mr. Joshua Cooper

* See Father Meehan's "Irish Hierarchy in the 17th century."

of Markree was, indeed, a distinguished astronomer, and built an excellent observatory which is still maintained in working order by the family; but here end all their claims to distinction.

The O'Haras of Lieney are certainly an ancient race. The present excellent representative of the family holds estates which have been in the possession of his ancestors for nearly 2000 years. They have always been keen sportsmen, fond of dogs and horses, they had no objection to a hostile affray, and knew how to strike hard in defence of their own. In more recent times they became colonels of the yeomanry, and sometimes foremen of the grand jury. Some of them were members of the English House of Commons, but not on the popular side, and a few of them sat in College-green, where, to his credit be it said, the O'Hara of the time spoke and voted against the Union. Their highest claim to distinction was the collateral and distant relationship of the family to that illustrious Ferghal O'Gara, the patron of the Four Masters, and the saviour of his country's annals. But when these things are said, the best portion of their history is recorded. There was no hero amongst them, no man like Red Hugh O'Donnell, or Brian Oge O'Rorke, who were so prodigal of their great souls in conflict with an overpowering foe. We do not believe any of them ever struck an unselfish blow for his native country, or in the supreme moment of danger perilled lands and life in the battle-smoke of a desperately glorious field. They so contrived to trim their sails in stormy times as to keep them full no matter how the wind blew—a prudent but not a generous policy. Men who adopt that policy are known as trimmers, and of that worldly wise but somewhat contemptible class were many of the Lords of Lieney. In 1645, at the very nick of time, Kean O'Hara changed his faith to keep his lands. On the "Convert Roll" from 1738 to 1779, we find no less than nine of the name and race. If their faith had been stolen from them by the subtle policy of the wardship instituted by Strafford, we could not blame them; but impartial history must deal in the language of stern rebuke with the memory of men like Kean O'Hara, who loved their estates far better than the religion in which they conscientiously believed. Many of his descendants were tolerant enough towards the papists; but the *last of the male line*, the late Major O'Hara, gave every vacancy on his estates and in his service to strangers because they were Protestants, and persistently refused them to Catholics, natives of the district, whose only fault was their fidelity to the ancient faith to which so many of his family had proved renegades. It is poor palliation for conduct like this to say that he was an improving landlord, and that some of his neighbours were as intolerant as he was. Of the present Mr. Cooper O'Hara we have nothing to say but what is good. He is, we believe, universally respected as a kind-hearted gentleman and indulgent landlord. We may venture to hope that

Dr. O'Rorke's work will make him still better remember that the men of Annaghmore were not the feudal serfs but the free and faithful vassals of his ancestors, and that the history of his family, which gave so many saints and bishops to the Church, will be to him a new inducement to discountenance the attempted proselytism of the poor Catholics by some of his neighbours.* No family in the parish, according to all accounts, better deserve the praises of the historian than the Merediths. They never stooped to any mean attempts at proselytism, and have always borne the character of being exceedingly generous and charitable to their tenants and retainers.

If there is any fault to be found with our historian, it is that he is too much inclined to forget and forgive. His generous charity would hide the animosities of the past. He traces the virtuous traits of his characters with a pencil of light, and puts their shadowy vices in the background. But history should be, above all things, what the Roman orator said it was—the light of truth. The historian must adopt the maxim, not of “nil de mortuis nisi bonum,” but “nil de mortuis nisi verum.” Sitting in judgment on the men of the past, he must weigh every statement in the scales of rigid and impartial justice, mindful of the motto of the Edinburgh Reviewers—“Judex damnatur quum nocens absolvitur.” The judge on the bench is privileged and bound by the law of the land to express his convictions with all freedom; the historian is equally bound by every canon of criticism to speak the whole truth and fear no man. We are inclined to think Dr. O'Rorke leans too much to the side of mercy. His desire to be amiable all round and say nothing unpleasant makes him too meek in his censure. We are sterner of justice and harder of heart, but our words are ephemeral and of less weight. We are unwilling, however, to be too severe on the virtuous delinquencies of an amiable and accomplished writer. And yet his vigorous denunciation of the shabby upstarts who lived in squalid penury, and so dealt with their wretched tenants as to make emigration a welcome refuge from their tyranny, shows that our author can deal out stern and emphatic justice when he chooses. We could well wish if, instead of attempting to palliate his conduct, Dr. O'Rorke were equally vigorous in his denunciation of that lord of Markree Castle, who, in spite of the growing toleration of the 19th century, inhumanly ordered a soldier under his command to be flogged for going to mass against his orders. Yet, perhaps, it is better to be Solon than Draco, and let mercy abound more than justice.

For the rest, we are grateful to the learned author for this instalment to the history of his country. Books like this deserve the generous and enlightened support of all classes of Irishmen. Literature in Ireland, above all, a high-toned Catholic literature, is by no means a

* See the *Sligo Champion* *passim* within the last three months.

profitable pursuit. Both authors and publishers frequently meet with apathetic indifference, where they might naturally expect cordial encouragement. As a priest labouring earnestly and unselfishly in the cause of Irish literature, Dr. O'Rorke has a right to expect every encouragement from his brother priests on the mission. By whom, if not by them, are such efforts to be stimulated and rewarded? Surely they cannot be indifferent to the literary fame of their native country, and the dearest interests of religion. To aid in creating and fostering a native literature which will help to exclude from the Catholic homes of this country the scurrilous productions of the half-educated and Irish-hating scribes of the second-class London publicists, is a duty which we owe to our country and to the Church. Eugene O'Curry has said that the history of Ireland has yet to be written; and to a certain extent the materials are to be furnished. When our wealth of ancient MSS. is digested and published, when careful and accurate provincial and diocesan histories (such as Dean Cogan's Meath and Father O'Laverty's Down and Connor) have been written; then some divinely gifted artist will arise to construct an enduring memorial to his own and his country's fame by writing with fulness and impartiality the sadly glorious story of this ancient and much-enduring land.

J. H.

TO OSCAR WILDE,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENNA."

BY AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.

NO Marsyas am I, who singing came
 To challenge King Apollo at a Test,
 But a love-wearied singer at the best.
 The myrtle leaves are all that I can claim,
 While on thy brow there burns a crown of flame,
 Upon thy shield Italia's eagle crest;
 Content am I with Lesbian leaves to rest,
 Guard thou thy laurels and thy mother's name.

I buried Love within the rose I meant
 To deck the fillet of your Muse's hair;
 I take this wild-flower, grown against her feet,
 And kissing its half-open lips I swear,
 Frail though it be and widowed of its scent,
 I plucked it for your sake and find it sweet.

Moore Hall, September, 1878.

THE HOLY ISLAND.

AN UNPUBLISHED STORY.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS."

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

IN the second century following that in which our national Apostle had bequeathed the great legacy of Christian truth to the inhabitants of this island, there lived in the northern parts of Thomond one of those subordinate provincial kings amongst whom the government of Ireland was at that time divided. His territory extended from the spacious waters that roll into the Bay of Galway to the south of the Cliffs of Moher. This prince was not of the number of those who had embraced the Christian faith on the preaching of the apostle and his followers. An unhappy dissension with a Christian prince, who ruled an adjoining territory, had given him a prejudice against the creed as well as the person of his enemy; and his druids, or idolatrous priests, had taken advantage of the feeling to cause him to issue a decree forbidding all his subjects, on pain of his severest displeasure, to receive or entertain a Christian missionary. Accordingly, while the surrounding districts enjoyed the light of religious truth, the dominion of Caol alone continued wrapt in all the gloomy ignorance of paganism. The spacious woods of yew and oak, which clothed the surrounding hills, concealed within their sombre shades small temples dedicated to the sun, moon, and stars, or other inanimate objects of superstitious adoration. The yearly festival of Fire was celebrated with the same solemnity as if the voice of a Christian apostle had never been heard within the island, and all the vain observances of which the superstitious mummeries of November Eve present a miserable remnant, even in our own days, were in full possession of their gloomy influence over the minds of the people.

Caol had an only son who, from his earliest years, had conciliated to himself the favour and affection not only of his father, but of all those by whom he was surrounded. There is none of us, perhaps, who, in looking around on the circle of his acquaintance, may not fix his thoughts upon some sweet and placid characters, to whom innocence and candour appear so natural an inheritance that one would almost imagine they had been exempted by some special grace from the consequence of man's original transgression. Such was the character of the young Prince Usna; and the charm of early innocence was not lost,

as it too often happens, in the progress of years and education. In him, as time rolled away, the head was not a gainer at the heart's expense, nor was love overlaid by intellect. Love, indeed, from the very dawn of childhood, seemed Usna's ruling principle. To judge from the continual serenity that shone in his features, and the affectionate smile which never ceased to play around them, one would have supposed that he belonged to a world and a society where all was amiable, and where suspicion and unkindness were things unknown and unheard of. As to vice, his rank and the vigilance of his instructors secured him from the contagion of its coarser examples; and its interior sentiment seemed as strange to his mind as its practice to his eyes.

Usna had a young friend, the son of a neighbouring chieftain, who was the constant companion of his sports and studies, and a special object of his affection. Similarity of age, tastes, and inclinations had produced in them its wonted influence, and made them in a manner necessary to each other. The young Moirni entered with the pliancy of friendship into all the pursuits and pleasures of his prince, and seemed as if none could have an interest for him in which Usna did not bear a part. Their attachment continued unbroken until the period when Caol, the father of the young prince, announced to the latter his design of forming an alliance for him with the daughter of a neighbouring monarch, a princess no less distinguished by her amiability of mind and person, than by her rank as heiress to one of the most extensive amongst the inferior principalities of the island. Usna had seen the young princess on several occasions, but though he admired the excellent qualities which she possessed, the announcement of his father occasioned in him no extraordinary sentiment of pleasure. He answered the king, however, in such a manner as to leave the latter satisfied with his affection and obedience, and then hastened privately to seek the counsel and sympathy of his friend Moirni.

He had not seen him now for many days, and enjoyed in anticipation the pleasures of their approaching interview; the heartfelt joy of meeting, the very delight of being together; the intimate communication of all the thoughts, and events, and sentiments that had filled up the interim since their parting at the last change of the moon. As he approached the dwelling of his friend, he was astonished to see the entrance crowded with the members and adherents of the family who observed a mournful silence while he drew nigh. He inquired for Moirni. There seemed a general reluctance to reply. Astonished at their silence, he repeated his inquiries.

"Alas, son of Caol," said one of those whom he addressed, "thou wilt never more hear the voice of Moirni until thou join him in the tomb. His lifeless remains thou mayest yet behold within the tomb of his fathers."

Dead! Was it possible? Usna rushed into the building. There, extended on a funeral couch, he beheld the body of his friend no longer conscious of his presence. For the first time no smile appeared upon the lips of Moirni at the approach of Usna. For the first time no hand was raised to greet him, no flush of joy passed over the pallid features of his friend. A brief but violent illness had, within the interim between their last meeting and the present, made that warm and loving heart acquainted with a coldness it had never known before. Usna could scarce believe his eyes and ears. He gazed in silent astonishment on the closed eyelids and pallid features of his friend which bore so new and terrible an expression. He had never until now looked upon death, and least of all had death and Moirni ever dwelt together in his thoughts. A horror seized him which, for a time, excluded grief. Dead! Moirni dead! He could only repeat these words over and over again in his own mind. The friends removed the body, but Usna continued to behold it wheresoever he turned his eyes.

For the first time sorrow seized upon the soul of Usna. As he returned to his father's palace all nature seemed to have suffered a sudden alteration. The skies, the hills, the woods, the lakes, the flowers seemed all to wear a hue of uncertainty and death. His own life appeared to him a thing so frail that it seemed as if about to pass away on every breeze that shook the surrounding leaves. Every object that before had given him pleasure served only now to give more poignancy to his affliction. Even those to which he had been hitherto bound in love, were regarded by him with an indescribable feeling of anxiety and apprehension.

"Why waste my thoughts upon them?" he said, as his eyes rested on some favourite object. "How long shall I possess them? They, too, may die like Moirni. I see that love is no less the source of pain than of delight, with this sad difference that the joy is shortlived but the pain remains. And yet what is life without it? Why cannot I find something to love over which death and time can have no power? It is true I have loved the flowers and sunshine of the summer yet seen them fade without regret, because I knew that the next spring would bring them back with all their loveliness and odour. But what spring shall ever restore life and beauty to the inhabitants of the grave? what summer shall bring Moirni? O Death, O robber Death! restore me my friend or tell me where thou hast conveyed him. I know, indeed, the tomb in which his body moulders; but the soul!—the soul that counselled, that loved and felt with me!—the tender, the affectionate soul, oh! where is that? It is not in his tomb, for it was not on his bier. Where is it? Had even that mouldering body a longer date than the hidden principle which gave it life and motion? The bones of Moirni will exist for hundreds of years, and is nothing left of the mind and will which they obeyed?"

He consulted his father's druids, but their vague and evasive answers served only to augment his secret anxiety. They told him, indeed, of a land beyond the tomb, a country of spirits to which the souls of men were conveyed after death; but what the nature of this country was, or what the condition of the souls who were received among its inhabitants, they could not declare. Dark and misty conjectures, or conflicting testimonies were all they could afford him. There was nothing certain, nothing clear or definite in the accounts they gave him, and when he seemed still unsatisfied and pressed to know more, they told him he would incur the anger of the gods by inquiring further.

Ever full of deference for age and wisdom, Usna was silent, but he was not at rest. It was strange, he thought, that the Creating Power of which the druids spoke should have shown in all his works so much benevolence towards mankind, and yet have left them so profoundly ignorant of their future destinies. A deep melancholy seized upon him, and from day to day his hidden perplexities of mind occasioned a visible alteration in his health. His father who perceived the change and attributed it solely to the loss of his beloved companion, sought a remedy by hastening the preparation for his approaching marriage. Usna witnessed them without any apparent interest. A dull, listless indifference seemed to have taken possession of all his faculties, and rendered him incapable of enjoyment or exertion either of mind or frame.

Caol, who perceived with uneasiness that the preparations for the marriage diminished nothing of his son's melancholy, ordered his attendants to prepare for the chase, hoping that the exercise and animation of the sport might have a healthful influence on the spirits of the young prince. Accordingly, at an early hour on the appointed morning, all was in readiness before the palace. A large concourse had assembled to share in the diversions of the day. According to the custom of the ancient times in the island the chase was to be conducted on foot. A young attendant foster-brother of the prince held in his hand a leathern leash made fast around the neck of two gigantic wolf-dogs, once the favourite companions of Usna's hours of recreation, though now neglected like all he had hitherto loved. Another youth stood near, bearing his bow and arrows, and the spear which was used in following the more formidable species of game into the close recesses. The young prince himself at length came forward, attired in a light and close-fitting dress suitable for the occasion. A short cloak of scarlet was fastened across his shoulders by a golden clasp; a bonnet or pointed cap of a somewhat graver hue rested on his head, while a profusion of light coloured hair hung gracefully around his neck and shoulders. The animation of the scene appeared for the moment to have restored his spirits to their customary tone, and he took the arms from his attend-

ant, and received the eager caresses of the poor hounds with a satisfaction which gave joy to the heart of Caol.

The game was abundant, and the morning's sport successful. Usna, however, had not yet found a prey on which he thought it worth while to let slip the noble dogs which he carried in his string. The sagacious animals, as if aware of their master's meaning, beheld with indifference the red dun fly before them, and even heard without apparent interest the death-cry of the small, wild swine which the other dogs had roused from their lurking-places in the woods. At length, an enormous wolf, startled by the sounds of the chase, appeared for an instant in their path, and then vanished in the recesses of the wood. Usna let slip his hounds and seized his spear. The dogs sprang forward on the game. For a moment Usna forgot every consideration in the excitement of the chase. Companions, attendants, all were left behind, and he had been running now during a course of many miles, straining all his force to keep the dogs in view, without perceiving that he was alone. Onward still they flew over hill and vale, through marsh and wood, until it became evident to Usna, from the strangeness of the scene around him, that he had passed the frontiers of his father's territory. The direction which the chase had taken was towards the south, and the day was already on the decline before Usna had reached the spot on which the dogs, panting and exhausted, kept watch beside the lifeless and mangled body of their prey. Usna was no less in need of rest than they. After admiring for a moment the prodigious size of the wolf which they had killed, and repaid their toil with a caressing hand, he sat beside them on the heath. He did not, however, remain long in the attitude of rest. A burning thirst compelled him to arise and seek the means of allaying it in a neighbouring wood. Neither house nor cultivated land, nor any mark of human habitation, was observable in the scene by which he was surrounded. The face of the country was less hilly than in his father's territories, but not less diversified with change of heath and woodland. Beneath a close hazel in a little glen Usna found the water which he sought gushing among the brambles from the cleft of a rock. Having satisfied his thirst, he abandoned himself once more to repose and to the train of thought and feeling which the loneliness of the place and the tranquillity of the evening hour were calculated to inspire. By degrees his interior disquietudes began to revive and to take exclusive possession of his mind. His distance from home and the uncertainty of reaching before the following morning were no subject of anxiety to one whose hardy frame would find an acceptable couch beneath the oak, and abundant protection in the spear which he carried in his hands and the vigilance of the faithful though mute companions of his adventure. He resigned himself, therefore, with an undivided attention to the thoughts which pressed upon his mind. None but those who have

experienced such perplexities of thought upon the profoundest of all subjects can imagine what were at this moment the inward sufferings of Usna. He was not one of those who can drown such reflections in the excitement of ambition, or in the pleasures of intellect or sense. He thirsted after truth, not as a mere subject of abstract curiosity, but as something wanting to his heart and his affections still more than to his understanding. Meditating on these subjects, he plucked one of the wild-flowers that adorned the rock at whose foot the fountain gushed forth, and considered for a time the delicate beauty of its leaves, while he inhaled its exhilarating odour.

“Can it be,” he said within himself, “that the Great Being who has caused this exquisite flower to blossom in these wilds, and that refreshing water to gush from the rock for my relief, is indeed the haughty and inapproachable spirit that our druids would represent Him? What injury could his majesty receive from my intimate reverence and love? Can it be that He has done so much for his creatures and yet hides Himself from them, abandoning their wretched minds to cruel anxieties and dark and unsatisfactory conjectures? Has He left no channel open through which to hold intimate communication with them? The cry of the lamb that is lost on the mountain side is no sooner heard than answered by the compassionate mother; and can He who framed mountain and valley for our habitation have left us to wander unheeded in the dangerous intricacies of our own thoughts? Ye flowers which I have so much loved, ye woods and rocks that were the scenes of my happiest hours while Moirni lived, but which I never more can love as I did then while I was ignorant of death; tell me, I beseech you, in what cleft or cavern do you hide that truth for which my heart suffers a more parching thirst than that which I have just quenched in these refreshing waters? Thou gentle wind of evening, that bringest coolness to my brow and music to my ear, will your whispers never tell me where He dwells who has sent you on your errand of mercy and of love? Ye works of beauty and of goodness, ye stars of night, thou sun whose genial heat makes nature fruitful, why can you not communicate to my understanding the light for which it grieves? If ye be the deities for which our druids hold you, why is it that your beams can pierce no farther than the mere outward sense? Or if you refuse to tell me of Him whom I seek, answer, ye works, which He makes the instruments of his displeasure. Thou deep and rolling sea, whose waters whiten the base of our cliffs with foam; ye tempests, that deform the heavens, and scatter ruin on the earth, of whose anger is it that ye speak? Or if thy lightnings and thy thunders will not reveal thee, to thee—to thee I turn, mysterious and awful Power! Do Thou, thyself, make known to me the secret which my heart bursts to know. Oh, tell me where is Moirni? Tell me what I am, and what I am to be? Do not—oh, do not leave me in this

terrible—this melancholy ignorance! Explain to my poor mind the enigma of what I see and hear. Let me know something of what I have to hope and fear in the future, for since Moirni's death the present is not worth my care."

While he spoke these words, with tears gushing from his eyes, and a countenance inflamed by the ardour of his desires, his hands were outstretched and trembling with emotion. Overwhelmed at length by the intensity of thought and feeling, he flung himself prostrate on the heath, and gave vent to the long gathering sorrow of the past weeks, in a fit of convulsive grief. They were the first abundant tears he had shed since the death of his friend, and the relief which they afforded had a healthful influence upon his mind. The poor hounds, unable to comprehend the cause of their master's distress, advancing to his side licked the tears from his face and expressed their sympathy by mournful whinings. In his anguish, Usna was tempted for the moment to envy the poor animals their irrational nature which at least exempted them from the internal sufferings to which reason rendered him a victim.

Suddenly a strange sound struck upon his ear. It was a familiar one in other districts of the country, though in consequence of the decree of Caol, already mentioned, it had never yet been heard within the precincts of his kingdom. It was the peal of one of those large bells which, within this century, began to be used in the Christian churches of these islands. Startled by the sound, Usna arose from the ground and remained for some moments in a listening attitude, with an expression on his countenance that partook of pleasure and alarm. Perceiving that the sound came from the direction in which the sun was hastening to his decline, he ran to the summit of an intervening hill, and contemplated with rapturous astonishment the scene which burst at once upon his sight. A river of some miles in breadth rolled majestically at the foot of the sloping hill on which he stood. In a kind of bay, formed by the winding of the nearer shore, were two small islands which seemed as if asleep on the bosom of the calm and sunny waters. On the smaller of the two some sheep and cattle were quietly grazing in various postures. The larger, which stood farther out into the river, presented a more striking spectacle. Seven lofty edifices of a size and style of building entirely new to the eyes of Usna seemed almost to cover its entire extent and to give it the appearance of a little floating city. In the midst arose a slender and lofty round tower whose shadow, lengthening as it sought the east, now reached the margin of the waters by which the little islet was encircled. From this singular group of buildings the sound proceeded which had startled the unaccustomed ears of the young prince. It had not yet ceased, and the deep-toned peal, echoing over the tranquil waters, gave a solemnity to the scene which filled Usna with a sensation such

as he had never before experienced. Full of the confidence of innocence, he longed to pass into the island, and explore these singular buildings. But where should he find the means of passing into the island? As he looked inquiringly around, he perceived lying close to the pebbly strand one of those little currachs, or leathern skiffs, which were used on the coast and inland waters of the country. A pair of narrow paddles lay nigh upon the shore. Without hesitating longer, he stepped into the currach and in a few minutes landed on the larger island. Making fast the little boat, he advanced in the direction of what seemed the principal of the buildings, and from which the solemn toll which had perplexed him continued to resound, even after he had set foot in the currach. But all was now silent; and as Usna proceeded a feeling of profound and unaccustomed awe took possession of his soul. The size of the buildings by which he was surrounded, their singular character, the loneliness of the place, the absence of human inhabitants, all impressed him with a sensation which bordered on fear and made him advance slowly and wonderingly, like one who doubts if what he sees is earthly or supernatural. In this state of feeling he entered the common cemetery of the place. He gazed around him on the numerous graves with their crosses and antique memorial stones of the object or use of which he was wholly ignorant. Apart from the rest, upon a rising ground, was a monument of more elaborate structure than the rest, adorned with many sculptured figures and inscriptions, most of which were in a language and character which Usna did not understand. Amongst the rest he observed the words *Requiescat in pace!* and underneath the same sentiment repeated in the common language of the island, with which the prince was familiar.

May he rest in peace! thought Usna, repeating the words in his own mind. What mean these words, and of whom do they speak? While he thus mused, a sound at some distance struck upon his ear. Turning, he beheld at the entrance of the large building already mentioned a figure which fixed his whole attention. It was that of a venerable man whose snow-white hair and beard contrasted strikingly with the dark hue of his loose and sombre attire. Any islander who dwelt without the frontiers of Caol would have instantly knelt to receive the abbot's blessing, but Usna continued to regard his pastoral staff, his rosary, and the peculiar and to him entirely new expression of his worn yet placid countenance with a mixture of surprise and veneration.

"Benedicite, my son," said the old man, advancing cheerfully, "why do you delay here? The bell has ceased ringing; run, run, or you will be late. How the poor child stares! Do you not come to vespers? Well, God be praised, there is often as much devotion under a scarlet cloak as under a grey cowl, and sometimes a great deal more. Come in—come in—God reward you! He lends at interest

who gives to the Lord. Remember the Lord in the days of thy youth, and He will not forget thee in thy old age. What ails thee, child? Oh, ho! perhaps you come for confession? Will go in to vespers, and send to me when they are over?"

"Venerable stranger," said Usna, "I do not even comprehend of what it is you speak. I am a stranger in this country, and have come into your island moved by curiosity alone. I have lost my way in following the wolf, and ——"

"Hunting!" interrupted the abbot, with a displeased look, "hunting, my child, and on the Lord's day! Shame—shame! Oh, shame for you—shame for you! I thought it was devotion brought you. Remember thou keep holy the sabbath day. Is that to keep it holy? Poor child! and thou dost look weary, sure enough. Ah, if men would but undergo half the toil and danger to serve the Lord that they incur in offending Him by their criminal pleasures! Oh, sons of men, how long will you have heavy hearts? Why do you love vanity and seek after a lie? My child, you have spent your sabbath not so well; had you not six days of the week to hunt the wolf?"

"Father," replied Usna, "I am again at a loss to comprehend what you say; I know not of what lord you speak, nor how I have offended you by hunting on this day, nor what you mean by the word *sabbath*. I am Usna, the son of Caol, whose territories skirt the north of Thomond, and of whose name and power perhaps thou art not ignorant."

"Art thou the son of that unhappy prince?" exclaimed the abbot, with an altered air:—"alas! who is ignorant of Caol and of his sorrowful decree, by which he has shut out the light of truth from his dominions? It is not wonderful that its language and the duties which it prescribes, should be little familiar to thine ears?"

"What sayest thou, father, of truth?" asked Usna, with sudden animation. "If thou knowest anything of it, I beseech thee tell me. I have sought it long and vainly; yet I would gladly give my father's inheritance to become acquainted with it."

"Why, how is that?" said the abbot, with a smile. "Thy father has his druids and arch-druids, and chief poets, and chief historians, and yet his son is at a loss to know the truth."

"Alas," said Usna, "they cannot communicate that of which themselves are ignorant. On other subjects connected with the business of this life they are learned enough, but of the abyss that lies beyond"

* * * * *

[Here the bell summoned Brother Gerald away to some other duty; and he obeyed, as the rule of another Order enjoins, *vel imperfectâ jitterâ relictâ*. The *d* of *beyond* is left unwritten in the original manu-

script* preserved at Our Lady's Mount, Cork. Before he could return to this task, his last sickness seized on him, and he died the death of a saint, on the 12th of June, 1840, aged 37. How striking is the broken sentence in the middle of which death dashed the pen from his fingers. We may find a parallel for it—not in the last sentences written by Dickens or Thackeray or Mrs. Gaskell, each of whom left an unfinished story behind when the story of their lives was finished somewhat abruptly—but in the sentence which the great German convert philosopher, Frederick Schlegel, left also unfinished two hours before his sudden death on the 11th of January, 1829. He had received Holy Communion on that Sunday morning; in the evening he was preparing a lecture on the degrees of knowledge attainable by man, and he began a new sentence with the following words: *Das ganz vollendete und vollkommene verstehen selbst aber*—"But the consummate and the perfect knowledge—." There he paused, laid aside the paper, and died before midnight.

May we venture on a word of protest against a certain harshness of tone in the introduction to the "Holy Island?" I greatly fear, *candid* Lector, that you and I have ranged ourselves in spirit amongst that disedifying, recalcitrant minority whose voice was still for nuts. Mr. Read's pious stories would do very well if told pleasantly and tastefully at the proper time; but was Snap-apple Night the proper time? Why should the young people, like Tony Lumpkin, be "snubbed when in spirits?" However, our present protest is rather in favour of our poor uneducated peasants. The account of their ignorance of the truths of religion seems exaggerated, even for that time. No doubt many of them ought to take, and ought to be forced to take, more pains than they do to acquire and preserve a knowledge of the Catholic faith suitable to their faculties and opportunities. But I hope and believe that their knowledge thereof is far deeper than one might conclude from a perhaps injudicious and unskilful cross-examination of them on the subject. I once cross-examined in that manner a very stupid and ignorant beggarwoman, and the result appeared eminently unsatisfactory. But I was reassured by the simple statement that she made about her method of prayer. Here are her very words as I pencilled them on a card at the moment with textual and phonetic accuracy: "I be prayin' for the poor sows, that they may have rest in the heavens through the marcy of God (ahmin!) and may God give us all a happy death and a favourable jidgment and a holy life to the wide world!" Was not this the Apostleship of Prayer in its broadest sense? My poor old woman evidently knew much more of the Christian faith than she could formulate articulately.—ED. I. M.]

* It is written with a style on carbonised paper, as Dr. Daniel Griffin tells us was his brother's custom during his literary life.

THE LATE ELLEN DOWNING OF CORK—"MARY" OF THE NATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART IV.

"IN fact there were two Mangans—one well known to the Muses, the other well known to the police." Like many a clever phrase, this one of John Mitchel's is too pointed to be true. It is unjust to poor Clarence Mangan, who, even at his worst, was never familiar to the police. But certainly there were two Ellen Downings—one known as "Mary" of the *Nation*, the other known later and in a different circle as Mary Alphonsus: for even after hopeless ill-health had, as we have seen, evicted her from her chosen convent-home, she still clung to her religious name, and, as far as she could, to her religious vocation. Some time after leaving the North Presentation Convent she became a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic, and, while residing in her own house, like the glorious St. Catherine of Sienna, who belonged to the same Order, or finally in a hospital, she lived faithfully to the end as a strictly observant Dominican Tertiary. Before receiving the habit, she drew up for the regulation of her life rules which show the perfection with which she wished to serve God. Some of these may be given here:—

"To rise at the proper hour as instantaneously as if the bell still summoned me. To practice obedience, as far as may be, as if I were still in a convent. To eat and drink nothing but what my health requires. To spend as much time as I can before the Blessed Sacrament. To arrange my time as usefully as I can, and to pass none of it in idleness. To set apart a reasonable portion of the day for spiritual exercises and let nothing but necessity interfere with them. To pay no idle visits. To live alone as far as charity permits. To make no acquaintances without sufficient reason. To enter on no pursuits without advice. To consider only the necessities of the body, paying no regard to its inclinations. To write no useless letters. To devote as much of my time as is prudent to teaching the poor. To salute the Guardian Angels of all with whom I hold intercourse and to address them interiorly from time to time. To hold intercourse only with Christ by regarding every one as representing Him to me. To resign my own will whenever it crosses the will of another. To believe firmly that I have no rights, and therefore cannot be wronged. To embrace sufferings as only a part of what is due to me. To be covered with confusion when I am served by others. To humble myself profoundly if I have failed in serving them. To hold myself the debtor of every one for the graces I might have won for him if I had been faithful to God. To humble myself interiorly beneath whatever I am doing. Not to desire the esteem even of those few whom I most esteem and whose good opinion it is most natural for me to value. To accept with indifference as much esteem as, in his care for my salvation, God designs for me; but to desire only to be like Jesus Christ whose life was a series of humiliations. To cultivate perfect meekness, meekness and prayer being my arms when I would convert sinners. To yield up even spiritual consolations to

the wishes of my friends, unless some breach of duty is involved. To receive as an alms whatever I get ; to possess nothing as my own, but feel as if I had less title than anyone to whatever is called mine. To embrace with thanksgiving all those incidental humiliations which are so much more profitable and painful than what we choose for ourselves. Whenever I ought to humble myself but cannot reconcile myself to the pain, to *force* myself to it. To vivify the customary forms and politenesses of the world by the interior spirit of profound reverence and humility. To wish always to please God perfectly but to let Him choose the way. To let flowers and all natural objects either remain unnoticed by me or else attract my heart to the Invisible Beauty that called them forth."

If any reader should dare to find fault with some of these resolutions and aspirations as unreal and exaggerated, let him remember that they were not meant for such a soul as his. Some flippant creature said to Dryden, after seeing one of his tragedies: "If I had been in your hero's place, Mr. Dryden, I should have acted differently." "But you, sir, are no hero." If some portions of a saint's principles or conduct grate on our feelings, let us bear in mind that *we* are no saints.

A saint Ellen Downing certainly was, in a far stricter sense than that in which the name is often applied to souls innocent but not heroic. She was a saint, and, like most saints or all saints, she was sanctified chiefly by suffering—by the cheerful endurance of long years of suffering. The tone of all her letters is like that of the one from Passage, at which we broke off last month. She dispenses with compassion by being not only cheerful but playful under her ailments. "I am writing (she says) just close to the river, and setting my sentences, sometimes to the cool flow, and occasionally, as the boats go past, to the rapid dashing of the waters. I hate describing my sicknesses when they are over, and this attack, which was really more severe than any I have yet experienced, is, as I suspect, pretty well over now ; for from the moment improvement sets in, the work is very rapid, and I shall soon have to look back on my invalidship."

This cheerful tone she kept up during the long years of suffering which, unknown to her, lay before her. Those who were with her most constantly and watched her most closely never overheard one word of repining. As she writes in the letter I have just quoted "from the banks of the Lee:" "I think my only desire for myself is the fulfilment of God's will. Pray much for me that, saying this with my lips and pen, I may say it with my whole heart also. Oh ! how happy it is for those who have attained that holy indifference to which enjoyment and suffering are essentially the same, who see in either the manifestation of the will of God and embrace both with the same spirit. One might become attached even to suffering if it stayed always, and take a secret pride in it as in the highest vocation ; but by sometimes resting we can bow the head and say, 'Lord, I am not worthy.'" Ending this letter, as she ends most of her letters, by winding

round to the top of the first page where the date ought to be, in the middle of an act of gratitude for services done to her by one from whom she was so accustomed to receive every kindness that, "though I grow more grateful to him, I have almost ceased to feel the pain of putting him to trouble"*—she breaks off with the unnecessary resolve, "Well, no matter, I will try and be a saint myself yet."

I have thought it necessary to quote so much at least as this of one of the acts of thanksgiving which break out perpetually in her correspondence: for there is question here of her sanctity, and gratitude is a favourite virtue of the saints. As a further illustration of her thankful spirit, it may be mentioned that, in her letters to holy nuns and others, she asks frequently their prayers for the diocese of the bishop who did most to earn her gratitude, and of whom she says "only God can repay what I owe to him—may He do so in his own time and way!" And as she practised she preached, inculcating this obligation of gratitude in many passages like the following:—

"I hope Mother Augustine will forgive me if I remind her that, as long as the saints lived on earth, they were adding to their own merits and becoming every day more powerful with God. If she has discovered a saint in the * * * * or anywhere else, she will give great glory to God by praying for him. Saints are more prepared to receive grace and make better use of it than others do. To pray for one saint is to pray for thousands of sinners. Reverend Mother must not think me impertinent in telling her what she knows better than I do. I do so because she owes debts to her spiritual Father, and she must not think herself excused from paying them because he is already rich. Let her remember the words of Scripture: 'To him that hath it shall be given, and he shall abound.'"

Amongst her exercises of gratitude I have no doubt that she thanked God with special fervour for that gift of song which was the most effective of her natural resources towards the alleviation of her pains and her weariness. If she ever chanced to read the "France" volume of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," she must have applied to herself the words in which that good man dedicates the book to his sickly little grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, aged nine years. "Heaven, at whose pleasure we receive good and evil—and we are bound to receive both with thanks and gratitude—has afflicted you from infancy with delicacy of constitution. With this misfortune there are often connected tastes and habits the most valuable any one can acquire, but which are indispensable to you who are liable from ill health to be occasionally confined to the solitude of your own apartment. The hours you now employ in reading are passed happily, and render

* At another time she writes: "The more he does, the more he seems anxious to do. I think he lives upon fasting, praying, and incessant working."

you independent of the society of others." Still more for Miss Downing, whose sickness often debarred her from the society even of books—still more useful was her faculty of weaving words together in musical forms—a gift which she now consecrated entirely to the direct praise and service of the Giver. This formal consecration of her lyre was made in the following lines which have never before been printed:—

"Give me my early gift, and then
No more for earth that gift sha'll be ;
Make me a minstrel once again,
That I may sing sweet songs to Thee.
My early fire is quenched, I know,
My early faith hath fallen away,
I have no thoughts for earth, but, oh !
Fill all my soul with heaven to-day.

"Now when the wings aspire to rise,
Why must their flight so straiten'd be ?
Now when the voice would reach the skies,
Hath it no help at all from Thee ?
Ah ! 'tis the doom they earn too well,
Who sing of world so false as this :
That, when they will, they cannot tell
Of purer joys and higher bliss.

"Well did I know the gold was thine,
And only given in trust to me,
Yet, laid on many an earthly shrine
So much, there's little left for Thee.
But still the gold that's cherished most,
The heart which taught the songs to roam,
Was not so altogether lost
But Thou hast brought the wanderer home.

"And though the gift be wholly fled,
Though I can never tell in song,
How much I mourn for all I said
In praise of danger or of wrong ;
A dearer joy my tears have brought,
To lean this heart upon Thine Own,
And feel that each repentant thought
Is dearly prized and fully known.

"I thank Thee, Lord ! for all the pains
That wrenched this trembling heart within ;
I bless the hand which broke the chains
That bound me to this world of sin.
If I had songs in countless store,
For Thee they'd charm the souls of men—
But, if my silence please Thee more,
I'll never wish to sing again."

This poem might well have been placed first as a preface to the collection of Miss Downing's sacred verses printed (but not published*) in 1868, under the title of "Voices from the Heart," in which this post is occupied by a similar but inferior "Offering" beginning

"O my Love, my Life, my Lord,
Bless the re-awakened chord
Vowed at last to Thee."

The author's name on the title-page is merely "Mary Alphonsus," and the dedication runs thus: "To Saint Alphonsus Liguori, my patron, friend, and guide, my physician and my father, whose pen has instructed me, whose life has pleaded for me, whose prayers have sheltered me; who taught me to pray, to visit the Blessed Sacrament, and to seek the Crucified Son through the Immaculate Mother; lovingly, gratefully, and reverently I dedicate my first little book." "*My first little book.*" No doubt she imagined that others would follow—as most people do when giving to the world their "first little book."

Out of a hundred-and-sixty pages we can only quote two or three. It is thus that Mary Alphonsus sings "the Mercy of God":—

"Tis the glow of his love which hath ripened the harvest,
The dew of his pity that freshens the sod,
Then raise we an anthem, a heart-stirring anthem,
And be its glad chorus—the mercy of God.
Yes! sing for these mercies that never have tired,
As fresh at this hour as when first they began,
Delighting the saints and amazing the angels,
Such wonders they work in the service of man.

"Twas the mercy of God that tracked out that poor sinner,
Who tottered so long on the borders of hell,
When the sting of remorse goaded on to confession,
And his soul was absolved just an hour ere he fell.
'Tis the mercy of God that hath snatched that sweet maiden
From earth while her footsteps in innocence trod;
The angels are glad and the demons are wailing,
Their web has been crossed by the mercy of God.

"Tis the mercy of God which hath flung the gay sunshine
So warm round the steps of these children at play,
The time may come on for the cloud and the tempest,
But young hearts must gladden and bask in the ray.
'Tis the mercy of God that when tempests rush over,
As mild as a mother will look from above,
To calm the first cry of their grief and their terror,
And soothe all their sorrows with whispers of love.

* We are delighted to announce that this volume, which, besides its high literary merit, is a solid and attractive spiritual treatise, may now be had from the Publishers of this Magazine. In some religious communities which possess it, it is greatly valued, lying on their priedious amongst their holiest books. The price is two shillings.

"'Tis the mercy of God that, when hopes are the highest,
Doth dash on a sudden these hopes to the sod,
Lest pleasure begin to ensnare and mislead us
From singing for ever the mercy of God.

"'Tis the mercy of God that when life is the calmest
Doth wake up the sorrow which spurs us along,
Lest footsteps, delighted to tread amongst flowers,
Should linger till summer was over and gone.

"'Tis the mercy of God that first drew us from nothing
To hang round this nothing its trophies of love,
Our beam in the night and our shade in the sunshine
That ill may not reach us below nor above.

"'Tis the mercy of God sends the song to the poet.
The quick, throbbing life to the heart-beat within,
'Tis the mercy of God gives the longing to bless it,
And teaches the spirit to love and to sing.

"'Tis the mercy of God, the enduring and patient,
Which grieves to see any escape from its hold;
How hard must they fight, and how long must they struggle,
Who, madly resisting, keep out of its fold.
Then raise the glad song on the heights of the mountain,
And let the gay chorus ascend from the sod,
Our hope on the earth, and our home in the heavens,
Our end and beginning—the mercy of God."

Besides the angels, to whom more than a dozen poems are devoted, she celebrates a great variety of saints, her attraction being, of course, towards the saints of her own order. Thus, St. Dominic and St. Thomas Aquinas are often sung, and St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Agnes of Montepulciano, St. Catherine de Ricci, Blessed Henry Suso; and outside the Dominican Order, St. Pancratius, St. Patrick, St. Joseph, and many others besides "my own St. Alphonsus." Let our choice in this department fall on St. Agnes—not the modern saint who was named a moment ago, but the sweet young saint who is the true heroine of "Fabiola."

"Her cheek was not a shade more pale,
She wore no look of pride,
She gently drew the amber veil
Of her long hair aside.

"No stern defiance taught her eye
To smile upon the glaive;
She simply felt it sweet to die,
And meant not to be brave.

"She scarcely seemed the angry eyes
Of her stern judge to see;
She scarcely heard the muttered cries,
Revering his decree.

"She scarcely felt the lightning stroke,
Which hurled her on the sod :
'Twas a short dream from which she woke
To her embracing God.

"Her love had been a virgin love,
Her brow a virgin brow,
And virgins twine her wreath above,
And seek her shrine below.

"Death found her in her bridal dress,
And heard her bridal vows ;
She passed in bridal tenderness
To her eternal Spouse."

I must now put into print as many as possible and as much as possible of the remaining letters which have been entrusted to me. The following is dated "Whitsunday" and seems to have been written, in 1851, before the venerable Dr. Blake of Dromore had received a coadjutor from the Order of Friars Preachers :—

"I have just read your letter, and if you saw how often I had to lay it by before conquering my first impatience to read it through and through, you would hold me guiltless, in this instance at least, of the sin of indifference. I am not counting letters with you; and it is weak hands and dizzy head, not cold ceremony, that makes me only reply to you where I have so much time and you so little, and where I think it is a mutual pleasure to talk confidentially, even though only upon paper, regarding subjects which have for us an eternal interest. I have so many things to say that I am at a loss where to begin. In the first place, however, Father Leahy preached at early Mass to-day; and it appears to me that, as is told of the priest seen in vision by sweet St. Aloysius, the Holy Ghost must have formed every word he uttered, for it was on Love, and it thrilled like fire. Even from him I do not remember to have ever heard so burning a sermon. It left an intense worshipping for everyone as a living image of the living God. You could scarcely pass a little child in the street after it without wanting to kneel before her guardian angel and almost seeing God above and around her. * * * If I do not become a saint with such helps, I do not know where I shall hide myself from God or 'what He could have done for his vineyard that He has not done.' * * * How happy you made me in speaking of an increasing love for the Blessed Virgin Mary. I was reading lately of a holy man who said that his soul appeared to him like one of those churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, whose walls are all hung with tablets inscribed by grateful petitioners with such words as these—'Healed by favour of Mary,' 'restored by favour of Mary.' The other day I went to see a widow lady who has suffered much and is always in new troubles, but whom resignation makes calm. She took me to her bedroom to show me an image of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A small lamp was burning before it. She told me that night and day that lamp was always burning in honour of her who repays small things with great. Sometimes, if I am awake at night, my heart seems to be hushed near that lamp; yet how often I have passed by through the crowded street where nothing seems to be occupied with God, and there was only noise and bustle, and I have gone past that very shop without ever suspecting that the business of this world was there attended to only for the good pleasure of God, and that the faithful lamp was always above, watching and praying before the image of Mary. * * * I am longing to see you all, and have some hope of this, later in the summer. We shall be nearly

always talking of St. Theresa. Since you just feel as I did about the 'Way of Perfection,' I am sure of our agreeing everywhere else. The very passage you extracted is my daily comforter. Do ask your new child to pray for me to her patroness. I often think that if St. Alphonsus and St. Theresa had lived at the same time, their doctrine of desires and resolutions would have set the world on fire."

The letter which follows next is the longest of this correspondence, and for many it will be the most interesting, and will make them learn with regret the destruction of a series of letters addressed to another correspondent in a northern convent, who, when smallpox broke out in the community some years ago, and when she was told off to tend the sick, thought it well to prepare for contingencies by destroying all such records of her *vie intime*.

"Unless I should give you extracts from the books I have been reading lately, it appears to me that this evening's communication will not be very interesting. My originality is at an extremely low ebb, and I have been poring over a closely-printed Bible till my head ached from it. Sometimes I cannot taste any other book except this holiest book, in which, however, I make little progress, owing to my fashion of going over the same familiar pages again and again. To-night I have clung very much to that text in St. John: 'I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from evil. And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me.' Do you ever feel that sort of passionate longing to be out of this world that would be a sin if you consented to it or even thought much about it; and so under this influence you go looking about for texts to remind yourself that it is a place of danger and not necessarily of doom? Perhaps you will say you have not time for such uneasiness, but I have a long day and very little strength to put work into it; and so my thoughts are at work. However, these long days will be less than a moment when I am dying, and it is enough to know that God wills my salvation and that He knows Himself how and where He is leading me.

"I was thinking of you all on the feast of the Presentation—of you and your novices especially. What sweet saints you have to form! A St. Bernard, a St. Magdalen, a St. Joseph—all under your charge must be very inviting to spirituality. The very names they bear will not let you forget the virtues that you have to plant in them. I am very anxious to know your children, but I have only that claim upon Sister Mary Joseph who, perhaps, has forgotten the acquaintance. I was reading the Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, who was so much devoted to St. Joseph that she wished all her nuns to carry a picture of this great Protector always about with them. One of her particular devotions which pleased me much was her custom of sending flowers to bloom and fade near the Blessed Sacrament, and then taking them back again as holy relics by which she assisted herself when tempted. She said that, colour and scent being the life of flowers, she expressed by means of these graceful messengers her desire to yield up, like them, her life for Jesus Christ, and to die in the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

"Do you ever remember any of the things we used to talk about when I was in Fermoy? Sometimes I recall a conversation that we once had about hope—high, great, saintly hope in God. Well, every hour that I live, everything that I read or hear, still confirms me in this resolution to hope, to hope to the end, for the magnificent gifts so easy to God and which are only denied because we have not yet opened our hearts to admit them. The sense of one's own unworthiness, far from lessening, seems to me the very foundation of this hope. Even to desire to love God is only an effect

of God's grace; and the same grace is powerful enough to bestow upon me the most ardent love for Him when I shall have asked it long and often, striven for it, suffered for it, left all for it. Then again, to submit to a slight reproof is what of myself I would not have humility enough to effect; and, feeling God's assistance with me, I hope to become so humble that I will be glad to suffer reproach and to be despised and forgotten and still to sink always lower in my own esteem by the help of external humiliation. This hope in God seems to me a sure and direct road to his favour, because I never yet met a man of a generous disposition who did not feel a certain necessity within himself for befriending any one that confidently and with faith in his help had recourse to him in difficulties. Even his enemies feel safe in trusting themselves, because they know that it is the very instinct of greatness not to betray a trust. And is it possible that God should be deficient in a generosity which He has breathed into the soul of every God-like creature? Thus, whatever my sins may have been, I say to God with great confidence: 'I know that you will not let me perish.' And it appears to me that this hope in Him seems in a manner to constrain his mercy. I wish I could increase this hope in my heart and fill every heart with it; for, with hope in God and with distrust (even to despair) of one's self, I think we might all become saints, and that with less pain than it costs many persons to fight against the grace of God and remain in their imperfections.

"I must bid you good-night, for my headache increases. Writing is painful and confusing to me, or I would write oftener. I beg of you to recommend me to God, for my continual weakness hinders me from being able to occupy myself almost at all, and you know that idleness is the mother of mischief. If I were not obeying in this, I would suffer greatly through leading (now that I am not actually confined to my room) a life so listless and lounging.

"If you can write to me soon, I will be very glad, and I will answer your letter as soon as I can.

"Always your affectionate cousin,

MARY ALPHONSUS.

"We can still meet in spirit at 7 o'clock, for, thank God, I am always strong enough for the first Mass at St. Mary's, and am still permitted to attend it. But the rest of my day is passive."

In another letter she says:

"You will like to hear from me that I am growing most unpoetically strong and stout, and beginning to find health for so many things that, though as much alone as ever, I have not so many hours for my own particular thoughts, but can apply pretty well to reading or writing. * * But, after all, what does health mean except that state of body which enables us to serve God in his own way? I never mean anything else by health when I pray for it, and thus I feel healthy in the severest sicknesses. Since Dr. Leahy and Father Michael Sullivan, C. M., told me that patience and submission are what God desires, *then*, and sickness facilitates the exercise of patience, I feel very healthy when I am sick. Whenever our Lord desires from me the practice of any virtue which would require physical strength, I hope in his mercy that He will supply that strength—as indeed in some degree He is beginning to do."

These letters, written without a thought of their being ever seen by other eyes than those for which they were first intended, surely go far to prove the sanctity of this tried and gifted soul. No unamiable type of sanctity, certainly, but full of tenderness and kindness of heart. So also to the last, amidst all her sufferings and her unearthly

detachment, she shows the same affectionateness of disposition—like St. Francis Xavier begging earnestly for long letters that would let him know everything about his brethren in Europe, even novices whom he had never seen and was never to see—letters, as he says, which it would take him a week to read through. In the same spirit Ellen Downing ends one of these holy letters: “You are to write as soon as you conveniently can, or, if that be too far away, as soon as you can command the time and form the inclination.” This qualification of the adverb “conveniently” reminds me of the moral tacked on by a certain novice to his “pious story” about Silence: “Hence we may learn to try and bridle our tongues as much as we *inconveniently* can.”

AN IRISH WINNER OF THE NEWDIGATE.

SOME time ago the public journals announced that the Newdigate Prize for Poetry in the University of Oxford had this year been gained by Mr. Oscar Wilde of Magdalen College. This announcement had some interest for such Irish readers as recognised in this latest winner of the undergraduate Blue Ribbon of Literature a youthful countryman of their own, the youngest son of Sir William Wilde and “Speranza,” himself a faithful but too infrequent contributor to this Magazine.

In 1806, a Warwickshire Baronet, Sir Roger Newdigate of Arbury, died at a very advanced age. In the last year of his life—let not the profane draw any disparaging conclusion from this circumstance!—he gave a prize to be competed for by Oxford students for “a copy of English verse of fifty lines and no more in recommendation of the study of the ancient Greek and Roman remains of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting;” and by his will he provided that twenty guineas should be paid annually as a prize for a similar poem. At first the subjects appointed were such as the Parthenon, the Apollo Belvidere, the Coliseum, the Dying Gladiator, &c. But since the year 1826 there has been no such limitation, either as to the length of the poem or the range of subjects, as was originally prescribed. There seems, however, to be an unwritten covenant as to the exclusive use of heroic verse, but with much more laxity and variety in the pauses and cadences than Pope’s couplet was wont of old to tolerate.

In spite of the common prejudice against prize poems as an institution, it is remarkable how many of the Newdigate Prize winners

have won afterwards the more important prizes of life. The first of them, in 1806, before old Sir Roger died, was John Wilson—Professor Wilson, the Christopher North of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* and of many other things. "Palestine," by Reginald Heber—which Gladstone was accused of misquoting the other day, and which is sometimes spoken of as the only prize poem that ever earned a place for itself in literature—gained, not the Newdigate, but another University prize for English verse, which was soon after discontinued, leaving the field to the Newdigate prize and a biennial prize for poems on certain sacred subjects. The next names which catch the eye in the catalogue of Newdigate prizemen are Henry Hart Milman, in 1812 (Dean Milman, the historian of Latin Christianity), and, in 1821, the Hon. G. W. F. Howard (Lord Carlisle, twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland). In 1827, R. S. Hawker won the prize for a poem on Pompeii—that quaint and genial Vicar of Morwenstowe, who lately died a Catholic, and whose life has since been attempted by two parsons. 1832 presents to us the name of Roundell Palmer (now Lord Selborne), and 1836 the dearer name of Frederick William Faber, the holy Oratorian who has given us many a sweet hymn and many an attractive spiritual book. His subject was "the Knights of St. John;" while, the year after, Arthur Stanley (the future Dean of Westminster) sang the more congenial theme of "The Gypsies." The theme, however, is not of the poet's own choosing, but announced a year beforehand at the June encœnia, the same for all the competitors.

We have passed over Ruskin and some less famous but still distinguished names. Even since 1840, at which date begins the catalogue appended to the latest of the series, there are names which have already made their mark in various departments of literature. Principal Shairp (the present Professor of Poetry at Oxford) is followed, in 1843, by Matthew Arnold. G. Osborne Morgan, Edwin Arnold, and Frederick George Lee have since been heard of. Philip Stanhope Worsley, who won the prize in 1857, is already dead, after winning a high name chiefly as a poetical translator of Homer. His exquisite version of the *Dies Iræ* has been quoted in this Magazine, at page 292 of our fifth volume. Mr. John Addington Symonds and his initials are well known in contemporary literature; while a still more robust reputation has already been achieved by one who gained the Newdigate prize ten years after him, as late as 1871—Mr. W. H. Mallock, author of the "New Republic" and the writer of many remarkable articles in the *Contemporary* and the *Nineteenth Century* on the "Future of Faith" and kindred subjects, pointing towards the Catholic Church whither the writer himself will, we trust, follow.

The poem, for whose sake the foregoing details have been gathered together, may claim, we suspect, high rank in the Newdigate hierarchy of poetical merit; but, as we have never seen one of its

predecessors,* the suspicion does not count for much. In itself, it is an eloquent and musical poem of some three hundred lines beyond the regulation fifty. (By the way, did any successful or even unsuccessful candidate ever use his freedom in the other direction by stopping short of the fifty?) Mr. Wilde possessed over most or all of his rivals an advantage which he candidly puts forward by bracketing after his dedication to the author of "The Nile Novel" the suggestive dates—"Ravenna, March, 1877—Oxford, March, 1878." Ravenna was no stranger to him; he was at home in Italy. This personal feeling gives a warm glow to many passages in the poem, raising it above the conventional standard of mere elegance and cold correctness. After paying due tribute to the beauty of our northern Spring, the poet thinks of what he saw at the same season a year ago on his way to Greece.

"A year ago!—it seems a little time
 Since last I saw that lordly southern clime,
 Where flower and fruit to purple radiance blow,
 And like bright lamps the fabled apples glow.
 Full Spring it was—and by rich flowering vines,
 Dark olive-groves and noble forest-pines,
 I rode at will; the moist, glad air was sweet,
 The white road rang beneath my horse's feet,
 And musing on Ravenna's ancient name,
 I watched the day till, marked with wounds of flame,
 The turquoise sky to burnished gold was turned.
 Oh! how my heart with boyish passion burned,
 When far away across the sedge and mere
 I saw that holy city rising clear,
 Crowned with her crown of towers!—On and on
 I galloped, racing with the setting sun,
 And ere the crimson after-glow was passed,
 I stood within Ravenna's walls at last!"

The historical names connected with Ravenna are shadowed forth with a chastened richness of poetic diction which shows not only the born poet but the poet *factus ad unguem*; for, in spite of the old saw, the true poet *et nascitur et fit*. The pilgrim's finest enthusiasm is kept, not for—

"The calm white brow, as calm as earliest morn,
 The eyes that flashed with passionate love and scorn,

* Some novice rhymester may be curious as to the choice of subjects. Here are some taken from the last thirty years:—Prince Charles Edward after the Battle of Culloden, Columbus in Chains, The Niger, Nineveh, The Ruins of Thebes, The Martyrs of Vienne and Lyons, The Mosque rising in the place of the Temple of Solomon, Alfred the Great contemplating Oxford University at the Present Day, The Temple of Janus, The Discovery of the North-west Passage, Lucknow, The Vikings, Julian the Apostate, Coal Mines, The Catacombs, The Isthmus of Suez, The Burning of Paris, St. Louis of France, The Last of the Red Indians, Livingstone, Troy, The Battle of Stamford Bridge, and (last for the present) Ravenna.

The lips that sang of heaven and of hell,
The almond-face which Giotto drew so well,
The weary face of Dante"—

but for Lord Byron. Mr. Wilde's generous admiration goes too far and forgets too much. Whatever excuses we may try to draw for poor Byron from the miserable circumstances of his birth and education and social surroundings—however we may dwell on some good points in his character, recalling Sir Walter Scott's exclamation, "Byron, you'll die a Catholic!"—whatever halo the sun of Hellas may throw around his early death; it is, alas! an amiable extravagance to speak of "his perfect name" or to imply that pitying Truth has not almost as bad a story to tell of him as venomous Slander.

From the youthful poet himself who, at the very outset of his career, has evoked so admirably the full poetry of the name "Ravenna," we have a right to expect much in the future. With this faith and confidence we repeat the warning which, in an earlier page of this Magazine, the son of one distinguished Irishman* has addressed to the son of another:

"Guard thou thy laurels and thy mother's name."

A SICK-CALL IN AUSTRALIA.

BY MELBOURNENSIS.

SICK-CALLS in Australia are frequently attended with much labour. The distance to be traversed is sometimes very considerable, perhaps sixty, eighty, or a hundred miles, and, if the nature of the ground demand it, the priest must travel on horseback. Such a ride in the broiling sun of summer is by no means pleasant to human nature, nor is the journey made the pleasanter by the change from intense heat to the cold wind and driving rain of winter. Not a few young Irish priests have met with an early death on the Australian mission from the hardships encountered in attending sick-calls. However, this happened more frequently in the early time, when priests were not so numerous as they are now, and when the country was not thoroughly opened up or so thickly populated. As an instance of what a priest might then be called upon to do in bearing to those in danger of death the last

* The late George Henry Moore, M.P. See *antea*, page 610.

consolations of religion, I may be permitted to relate an incident in the life of Father John Joseph Therry, who is justly regarded as the founder of the Catholic Church in Australia. He was once told that a convict, condemned to death, desired to see him before the execution of the sentence. The prison where the condemned man lay was far distant, and scant time had Father Therry for the journey. Without hesitation, however, he sprang upon his horse and set out. It was winter, and the river, swollen by the rains, had, in many instances, overflowed their banks and flooded wide tracts of country. He rode on as speedily as he could, wading through the floods and swimming his horse through the swift and dangerous streams, and, despite every obstacle, he made comparatively rapid progress, till, as the day was drawing to a close, he reached a furious torrent, which his horse refused to enter. In his distress he shouted to a man on the opposite bank. A rope was thrown across. He bound it round his waist, and was dragged through the foaming water to the other side. Getting a fresh horse, he resumed his journey without a moment's delay, and arrived in time to prepare an immortal soul for its passage into eternity.

The sick-call, of which I purpose giving an account, had no hardship connected with it. It was rather a trip in which pleasure was combined with duty. It took place at the end of a mission given by two Jesuit Fathers (of whom I was one) in Albury, an inland town, two hundred miles distant from the southern coast of Australia. This pretty town is built on the northern bank of the River Murray, which divides the colony of New South Wales from that of Victoria. It stands in a broad valley, surrounded by high and verdant hills. Upon those hills and the adjoining uplands grow the grapes from which the well-known Murray wines are made. It has a population of three or four thousand persons, and among its buildings one of the most remarkable is the Catholic Church, a massive and imposing pile, built of granite blocks. This church owes its existence to the zealous efforts of the present pastor, Dr. M'Alroy, to whom the Australian Church, especially in the diocese of Goulburn, is deeply indebted. Close to it there is a large convent of Sisters of Mercy, which contains an excellent boarding-school for young ladies.

One morning, towards the close of the mission referred to, Dr. M'Alroy came to me and said in his usual genial and hearty manner: "Here is a telegram from Germanton" (and he held up the despatch to view), "stating that a lady is very ill some ten or twelve miles beyond that place. Will you attend this sick-call? You will be soon returning to Melbourne, and this is a good opportunity to see something of the country."

"I should like nothing better," I replied. "I have never been through the country parts of New South Wales, and I must not return

to Melbourne without getting a view of them. But how shall I travel? The sick lady's house is, if I mistake not, some fifty miles away."

"It is fully fifty miles. You shall have my buggy and pair, with a man to drive you and act as guide."

Shortly after, a large buggy drew up before the gate of the handsome presbytery. I took my seat in it, and received from the doctor a warm pressure of the hand, with a cheery "God speed." Next moment the horses were touched with the whip and started forward. Of a gray colour, and well matched in size, they were full of spirits, and Jem, the driver, had quite as much as he could do, in the beginning of the journey, to curb their impetuosity. One of them, a mare with Arab blood in her veins, was a beautiful creature. She proudly arched her neck, snorted with distended nostrils, and bounded lightly in the traces in her eagerness to exhibit her speed. The day was joyous with bright sunshine, and the road which we followed was gay with horsemen, well-filled carriages of ladies and children, and pedestrians in holiday attire, all wending their way, with smiling and happy faces, to a neighbouring race-course, where the annual races of Albury, long looked forward to, were about to be held. Leaving quickly behind us the church and town, we advanced at a rapid pace, for we were determined to lose no time in getting to our destination. It wanted an hour of noon when we began our journey. The raised hood of the buggy protected us from the hot sun, while our motion created a grateful and refreshing breeze.

The road, at first, ran through a flat country, lightly timbered and used chiefly as pasture-land. In many places the fields were cleared of the timber. This was effected by the following process: a deep circle was cut in the bark about a yard or half a yard from the ground; this prevented the sap from ascending; and after the lapse of some time the tree withered, drooped, and fell. We passed by some very primitive dwellings, regular Robinson Crusoe huts, built of wooden piles and roofed with long and broad layers of rough, stringy bark. But the majority of the houses were well and neatly built of wood, brick, or stone. Each had generally a garden near it, full of vegetables and fruit-trees, or a field, in which the grape-vines stood in marshalled rows. The inns on the road were long, low-built edifices, with shelving roof, which was prolonged in front by means of a verandah. Near them stood large drays heavily laden, from which the horses had just been taken, or which were being prepared by their owners for a new journey. Dust-covered travellers smoked and chatted under the verandahs and in the doorways. Great outhouses, irregularly built, appeared in the rear, with extensive yards, in which reeking horses drank at the troughs, and dogs and domestic fowl filled the air with familiar sounds. There was an appearance of bustling life and homely

comfort about those inns, which made them pleasant objects to meet as we journeyed on.

The monotonous flat country soon disappeared, and the road descended into long, undulating valleys, wound round the base of wooded hills, and creeping gradually up a mountain range, traversed the ancient forest which crowned its summit. From this point we got interesting views of uplands, valleys, and wide-spreading plains. Parrots, with hues of crimson, green, and gold, darted by in the sunlight like fragments of a broken rainbow. Cockatoos, swarms of paroquets, and others of the feathered tribe possessing the varied and brilliant plumage for which most Australian birds are remarkable, disported themselves in the trees about us. One species, called the soldier-bird, was of a more sober hue than the rest. Small in size, it was full of a bold, quick, and joyous activity. A curious incident is related of the hostility with which the soldier-bird regards the venomous Australian snake. A gentleman, travelling once on horseback along the road which we were following, heard a great chattering among a number of soldier-birds a little distance from the wayside. Wishing to know the cause, he dismounted and proceeded to the spot, where a singular sight met his view. About thirty little soldier-birds had boldly attacked a large brown snake which, with forked tongue quivering in its open mouth, had risen in anger upon its tail. Two of the birds lay dead near the reptile, while the others kept darting at it with loud cries in the vain hope of avenging their fallen comrades. The gentleman watched the scene for a few moments, and then hastened with a stick to the aid of the birds. He incautiously approached from behind, the most dangerous quarter, and the snake, making a sudden backward spring, very nearly succeeded in biting him. However, he sprang aside and speedily dealt it a fatal blow. On measuring the snake he found that it was six feet three inches in length. Another bird, which displays a great antipathy to snakes, and which is very useful in killing them, is the laughing jackass. It has gained the epithet "laughing" from its loud cry, which resembles a hoarse, chuckling laugh. The plan adopted by this bird to destroy the snake is to pounce suddenly upon it, seize it by the back of the neck, so that it cannot bite, and, carrying it high in the air, let it fall to the ground. A few such falls are quite enough to kill it.

When we had travelled about twenty-eight miles, we stopped at an inn to give the horses a drink. While there, Jem came to ask if I had ever seen an iguana. On my replying in the negative, he pointed to a paddock at the other side of the road, where some men and boys were striving to capture one. I proceeded to the spot and found that the iguana had taken refuge in a tree with one of her young. As stones and sticks failed to dislodge her, one of the men climbed the tree, with an axe in his hand. He set about cutting the large branch,

on which the iguanas had stationed themselves. After some time it broke and fell, bringing its occupants to the ground. The iguanas proved surprisingly swift. Before their eager and excited assailants had time to deal them many blows, they had jumped upon the trunk of the tree and effected their escape. In their hurry they nearly took refuge in the trousers of the climber, who had not descended from his elevated position. A fresh branch was felled, and this time the young iguana alone escaped. The other, in running up the tree, was hit with the axe and dropped wounded to the earth. It was immediately seized and worried by a dog. Some blows of a stick on the head put it out of pain. From the snout to the tip of the tail it was nearly five feet in length, and its body was covered with scales which protected it like a coat of mail. The iguana has a forked tongue, similar to that of a serpent, but is not poisonous. It is very harmless except when roused to anger, and then it gives a dangerous bite, as it holds on with its sharp teeth till it is killed. The axe-wielder descended from the tree, turned the iguana over on its back, and ripped it up with a knife. He extracted two layers of fat, which he declared, in reply to my inquiries, to be very efficacious in curing rheumatic pains. The flesh was left to the dogs, although some persons in Australia eat it, and I have been assured that it makes a dish not at all to be despised. Goldsmith, in his "Animated Nature," tells us that it is considered the greatest of delicacies in Africa and America, and that the hunters in those countries go out to hunt the iguana as we do the pheasant or the hare.

We resumed our journey, and travelled rapidly through a varied country, pretty rich in trees indigenous to Australian soil. We saw several species of gum-tree. This name of gum-tree is incorrectly given to the eucalyptus, for less gum is got from it than from the acacia. Again, the gum of the eucalyptus is a substance called kine, which, unlike tree gum, dissolves in alcohol. The tall blue gum, so rapid in its growth, reared its beneficent form by the wayside. This is the species (*eucalyptus globulus*) which has been found so efficacious against malaria. The exhalations of the antiseptic oil with which its leaves are filled, completely neutralise the evil influence of unhealthy localities. The eucalyptus I speak of has been planted near the monastery and church which stand on the spot where St. Paul was beheaded outside the walls of Rome. This place had been long remarkable for its infected atmosphere. Previous to the planting of the health-giving blue gum, the monks could reside in the monastery for a short time only and had to be frequently changed. Now they reside there constantly, and experience none of the pestiferous effects that formerly prevailed. The oil contained in the leaves of this eucalyptus is of great value in medicine, and is, I believe, used also in diluting the costly scents employed in the manufacture of soap.

The white gum is the tallest tree on the globe. In the fern gullies of the Australian mountains it grows to the height of 400 and 500 feet, thus surpassing even the celebrated pines of California. The red gum, when cut at the proper season and carefully dried, supplies us with very hard and durable timber. Jem pointed out a tree whose bark was whitish, rough, and furrowed, which he called yellow-box. This is the name commonly, but improperly given to it. Its correct name is honey-eucalypt (*eucalyptus meliodora*), so called because its blossoms have a fragrant odour like honey and exude a sweet substance much sought by bees. The country abounded in stringy bark-trees, whose thick, fibrous bark forms a good roof for many a shed and primitive hut throughout Australia. This bark furnishes pulp for the manufacture of rough paper.

Of the acacia, or wattle, rich in gum and tannin, many species exist on this island continent. The golden wattle bursts into flower early in spring, and a beautiful object it then becomes, with its wealth of bright yellow blossoms, filling the air with exquisite fragrance. The silver wattle produces its flowers about the same time, while the black wattle does not blossom till the beginning of summer. The flowers of the two latter, like those of the golden wattle, exhale a sweet odour. The timber of the blackwood-tree, another acacia, is much used in the manufacture of furniture and carriages.

We thus beguiled much of the way by remarking the peculiarities of the trees around us, and recalling what little we knew about them. After traversing the village of Germanton, the road led us through the property of Mr. Garry, a rich Irishman from Trim, in the county Meath. His house and land bear the not inappropriate name of "Garryowen." The sun set splendidly in the West, the golden vapours which succeeded gradually disappeared, and the shades of evening were spreading their sombre mantle over the landscape as we reached our destination. We drew up before a large house, belonging to the father of the lady who was ill. The invalid had been carried from the sick-chamber, that she might breathe the cool, evening air, and now lay on a couch under the verandah. Rejoiced that I had arrived in time, I hastened to administer the last sacraments. The lady, who manifestly had not long to live, breathed heavily and had strength to whisper but a few words at a time. As her dispositions were excellent, for she was resigned to the divine will, she received, in abundant measure, the consolation and strength which the Sacraments of the Church impart at the hour of death.

Next morning, Jem roused me from sleep at four o'clock. While he was getting the buggy ready, I went to the invalid's bedside, and before leaving I gave her a last absolution. I subsequently learned that she died about twenty-four hours after my departure. We drove

to Germanton, where I said Mass in the village church. During our return journey, Jem, who is from Rahan, near St. Stanislaus' College, Tullamore, King's County, entertained me with many stories about home and the colonies. He has been in Australia for more than twenty years, and he had much to tell about early colonial times. Both yesterday and to-day he was afflicted with a "powerful thirst," for allaying which he had provided himself with a flask of good Irish whiskey and a large black bottle of spring water. The latter he kept cold by wrapping it in a wet cloth.

Once, after chatting for a long time, I said to him: "Now, Jem, we must keep silent for a while, I want to say a little of my Office."

"How long will your reverence be?"

"About a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes."

"Oh, your reverence, I must get a drink first; I never could stand the thirst so long as that!"

"Very well, Jem," said I, smiling; "pull up in the shade of this big gum-tree, and I will hold the reins while you get what you want."

Jem liked a little of the "good stuff," but he was not intemperate; he never went to excess. He had a profound contempt for wine. It was amusing to hear him talk of it. "Wine! He could drink half a dozen bottles of wine without feeling it; he might as well be drinking water; he wouldn't give a glass out of his little flask for all the wine that was ever made."

"I suppose, Jem, the wine doesn't excite such pleasurable sensations as the whiskey?" To this remark he assented with an appreciative chuckle of enjoyment. We reached the Albury presbytery about two o'clock in the afternoon, and were heartily welcomed by its hospitable owner.

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland*: with a Preliminary Enquiry into the Authority of the Traditional History of the Saint. By WILLIAM BULLEN MORRIS, Priest of the Oratory. (London: Burns & Oates. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THOMAS DAVIS, in the opening sentence of one of his Essays, claims for Ireland the possession of a climate soft as a mother's smile and of a soil fruitful as God's love; and Mac Carthy, returning from the

fairest scenes of Southern Europe, declares, in his Ode to the Bay of Dublin, that earth holds no lovelier land where life is worth the living. The essayist and the poet are right, as far as God's dealings with our beautiful island are concerned. Our sky may not always be quite as blue as we might desire; Erin may be fonder of having a tear than a smile in her eye; the services of the umbrella-maker may be in somewhat too frequent requisition; but there are few, if any, spots of God's earth where life, under proper circumstances, is on the whole more tolerable. If we must dispense with many luxuries, we are also dispensed from the yellow fever of Memphis, and the sunstroke of New York, from the rattlesnakes of Hyderabad, and the mosquitoes of sundry sunny places. But far more than for any natural blessings our country must be grateful for the special providence that has watched over her spiritual life. No really Christian heart, whether beating in an Irish bosom or not, but must thrill proudly at the thought of Ireland's constancy to the faith preached to her by St. Patrick. What country has a right to be so proud and fond, and what country is so proud and fond, of Patron Saint, as Ireland is of hers? His very name is identified with the Irish race and the Catholic faith, and the vulgar sneer against Paddies* is, in reality, a compliment to Ireland and her great Apostle.

St. Patrick's personal story and character are worthy of his fame and of his work. That story has just been told anew, and very effectively, by Father Morris, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. As the Oratory has no Irish home, and as the labours of two English converts—the Rev. John Brande Morris, Father Faber's correspondent, and especially Father John Morris, S.J.—have distinguished the name of Morris in recent Catholic literature, it is well to mention that this new biographer of the first and greatest Irish Saint, Father William Bullen Morris, is an Irishman, and his second name will remind many readers of a physician well known in Cork in the days of Father Prout, and a little earlier.

Father Morris has striven successfully to mingle, in due proportions, the historical and devotional elements of his theme. He of course avails himself of the labours of those who have been before him in this field—the late Dr. Todd, the present Bishop of Ossory, Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and especially that indefatigable Poor Clare, who is described in the recent *Whitehall Review* list of distinguished converts, as "Miss Cusack, niece of Sir Ralph Cusack, known in Catholic literature as 'the Nun of Kenmare.'" In his next edition

* In the United States, St. Bridget also gives her name to the poor Irish servant girl. Mr. James Parton, husband to Fanny Fern and a distinguished writer himself, said lately: "To Bridget toiling in the kitchen religion is all in all. It is father and mother and friends to her. It is Ireland to her."

he must take into account the very learned disquisitions bearing on his subject, and especially on the chronology of St. Patrick's life, which have been contributed by the Rev. J. F. Shearman of Howth, to the *Archæological Journal of Ireland*, under the title of "*Loca Patriciana*."

We hope that one of the good effects of this publication will be to induce many readers to turn to that exquisite volume—"The Legends of St. Patrick"—in which the religious and patriotic inspiration of Aubrey de Vere's genius has, we think, reached its highest. As Father Morris remarks: "in all that relates to St. Patrick's life, it will be found that the poet has adhered as closely as the historian to ancient and authentic records." It would be an ignominy and a misfortune if we were unable to appreciate this poetic embodiment of the graceful and amiable portents which ushered Christianity into Ireland. What saint's life contains more beautiful legends than "the Baptism of Ængus," or "St. Patrick and the Childless Mother," or "St. Patrick and the Two Princesses?" And for what saintly legends is there a stronger historical foundation?

The effort that Father Morris has made to realise the great and tender-hearted man in the glorious apostle, his diligence in collecting all the details that can now be forthcoming, and the clearness and simplicity with which he has woven them together in a volume which for its size and elegance is certainly cheap—these circumstances account for the "*Life of Saint Patrick*" having reached a second edition before we have been able to give it this scanty and inadequate notice.

II. *The Spouse of Christ: Her Duties and her Privileges*. Vol. II. By the author of "*Jesus and Jerusalem*." (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

THIS is the second volume of a work belonging to the Kenmare series of books for spiritual reading. Sister Mary Francis Clare's method of composition differs widely from that of St. Alphonsus Liguori, who breaks up every page with half a dozen quotations from saints and holy writers whose words have often less weight with us than St. Liguori's own words. In the present thick volume, on the contrary, there does not seem to be a single quotation, reference, or proper name. It reads more fluently and pleasantly on this account. The holy counsels and instructions about the various duties of religious life are given with much clearness and simplicity and in a very impressive manner. But there is almost more attractiveness, because more novelty, in the programme of the third and concluding volume of the work, not yet published, which will contain special instructions concerning the offices of a religious house, such as portress, infirmarian, sacristan, mistress of novices, assistant, and superior.

III. *The New Departure in Catholic Liberal Education.* By a Catholic Barrister. Second Edition, with Additions and Appendix. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THE additions and appendix to this second edition make it exactly twice the size of the first. The Catholic Barrister has been warmly commended by the *Dublin Review* and hotly abused by the *Saturday Review*. Keen, solid reasoning is set forth in a trenchant style which is generally free from those faults of taste to which vigorous controversialists are prone. We might, indeed, deem the pamphleteer somewhat ruthless in exposing his victim's sins against sense and grammar; but how is one to deal with an opponent who constitutes himself a judge on those very points and who promises to "issue shortly an outline of a system of teaching English composition and essay-writing and of the evolution of literary taste?" Yet many will think that the ill-judged publications which provoked this spirited rejoinder might safely have been left to refute themselves—a task which they perform more effectually than any number of spirited rejoinders. It is a pity to waste on the exposure of the crotchets of friends any part of the energy which is little enough to combat our enemies.

IV. *Hamand, and other Poems.* By E. S. LITTLETON. (London: E. W. Allen. 1877.)

THE first *Blackwood* Reviewer of Tennyson and the first Quarterly Reviewer of Keats hardly went too far in the ridicule thrown on the specimens which they selected from the early writings of those true poets; but their malevolence was shown in selecting only those passages which, in themselves or as torn from their context, afforded scope for the critic's shallow wit, while they kept carefully out of sight the parts which were beautiful enough to justify hope and even enthusiasm. No such injustice can be committed in the case before us. Mr. Littleton may hereafter do much better than anything in this very small volume gives us reason to expect; but we are not able conscientiously to praise him except for a certain elevation in the tone of the poems. In one who must have read a good deal of poetry we are surprised at the number of technical faults, such as the cruel manner in which little pronouns and little prepositions, placed at the end of lines, are separated from their verbs and nouns. Does Sir Henry Taylor write dramatic verse in this fashion?

V. *Stories of the Saints.* Fourth Series. Saints of the Early Church. By M. F. S. (London: Washbourne, 1878.)

M. F. S. has already published more than a dozen books for children. If her first attempts had not been successful, she could not have reached the dozen. She deserves to succeed with her youthful constituency, for she tells her story very gracefully, and she evidently feels that to

write a small book well you must read a good many large books. Convents and mothers at home ought to place these books within reach of their children. Nay, we may allow ourselves to take this occasion of saying that the parents who neglect to provide their households with Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints" ought seriously to scruple the omission. Let them at least procure forthwith Father Bowden's "Miniature Saints' Lives."

THE LORD AND LADY OF THE LAKES.*

(Killarney, September 26th, 1878.)

THE holy oil had touched his head ; the prelate's lifted hand
Had raised him to a prelate's rank, pastor o'er Brendan's land.
The sacerdotal feast was giv'n, the prayers and greetings said—
Unto the living honour due, the memory of the dead.

Then spake the Earl: "They shall not part, gathered from far and near,
Our priest-guests, ere they sail our lakes and taste our southern cheer."
And bade he man each stately barge and launch each pinnacle fleet;
Prelate and priest, three score and o'er, his gracious bidding greet.
Greet it the Church which Laurence ruled, the Church which Brigid
blessed,
The land where Patrick first was heard, the shrine that gave him rest;
The pastor on the barren hills of distant Donegal,
The fanes of ancient Conacht, too, Desmond and Thomond all.

A joyous calm! Wood, hill, and lake lay basking in the sun,
As sprang our boats, like trained steeds, forth, their bidden course to run.
Across the lake, now flashing back the brightness of the sky,
Now glooming 'neath the giant shade of massive mountain nigh.
Our curious eyes with greedy gaze wander from lake to hill,
On mighty forms and varying hues feasting, unsated still.
Ross isle retires; by Innisfallen the beautiful we sail—
As notes the Earl each point of worth, the skipper tells its tale.

* The priests and bishops who attended at the consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. MacCarthy, Bishop of Kerry, will long remember the 26th of September, 1878, and the cordial hospitality which they received from the Earl and Countess of Kenmare on that occasion. One of the number has written these verses *in perpetuum die memoriam*.

Beneath the frown of Mangerton, hard by Torc's wooded sides,
Round the tall cliff the eagle's home, each shallop lightly glides
Through the long reach by sedgy banks that fringe the dark hill-side—
The red deer there, last of their race, in friendly covert hide.
Still dip the oars, the boats leap on to the strong oarsman's stroke,
Till on our ears the splash and roar of headlong waters broke;
And high above the rushing stream that cleft the wooded glen,
Beckoning from nature up to God, a lovely shrine we ken.
Long shall they bless, those mountain homes, and hold *her* memory dear
Who raised an altar in their midst and brought their God so near.

A cottage on a beauteous bank, the work of crafty hand,
And deftly set 'twixt wood and stream, invites us to the land.
The board is set, they range us round, to each an honoured place—
Our cheer the treasured wines of France, the riches of the chase;
And like gay sunshine o'er the feast the welcome in the eye
Of Earl and Countess, as each boat sends up its company.
Nobly they play their genial part, and nobly with them vie
The son and daughter of their house in gentle courtesy.

Again our little fleet glides on blithely with favouring tide;
Wafts the sweet song the soft still air around us far and wide.
At length by level banks we pass with ever-freshening speed,
As down its narrow bed the stream bounds like a rushing steed.
Ahead, the strait grim archway frowns; but our craft must speed along—
Sole hope our helmsman's steady eye and his cunning hand and strong.
'Tis past! Hurrah for the cunning hand, hurrah for the steady eye!
On the surging wave through the rock-bound pass unscathed we
gallop by.

The current dies, the oars are plied with a long and steady sweep;
At green Glenà, as calm and still as Nature were asleep,
We touch, and break its quiet up, its liveness sweetly sad,
With the cheery ring of our voices, the music of men made glad.
And ere we part—as memories fade, but the written word shall stay—
The cherished Record holds our names in witness of this day.

But gathering mists in mountain rifts with slanting sunbeams blend—
The longest day must have its close, the happiest must end.
Farewell, then, noble host, farewell! Within the Mystery dread
Our consecrated hands shall ask God's blessing on your head.
Long may your lordly mansion crown the fair and peaceful scene!
Long may the bounty of Kenmare be praised around Lough Lene!

H. F. N.

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERREEVIL," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

"Her voice was like the voice of his own soul,
Heard in the calm of thought."—SHELLEY.

"I NEVER seen a child so improved," said Kevin's mother. "She's downright giving up her wild ways. I'm beginning to hope she'll turn out a proper hardworking girl yet."

It was Saturday evening, and Kevin had laid the spade and other emblems of labour in the corner of the outhouse and come in for his evening meal, the tea and hot bannocks with which his frugal mother regaled him on the eve of the day of rest.

She shifted a needle in the stocking she was knitting as she spoke, and pointed to Fan, who, mounted on a little wooden stool, was up to the elbows in flour, as she made ready the last batch of cakes for the griddle.

"She's able to do all that for me now," said the strong, hard-featured housewife, with a quizzical look in her kind, shrewd eyes. "There'll be no need of an old woman about the house after this. She is taking all into her own hands."

"I made the tea, too," said Fan, looking up at Kevin for approval. "At least I can't pour in the boiling water, but I did all the rest." And she deposited her last cakes on the griddle and touched up the little bits of red turf ember that were keeping the teapot warm. Then she began tugging out a table from the wall, but this Kevin took out of her hands.

"We mustn't allow you to kill yourself with hard work," he said, laughing.

"But you must let me set out the tea-things."

"Well, run away and wash your hands, and we'll see."

"She's that changed I wouldn't know her ever since she gave you the fright," said Kevin's mother when the child had vanished up the little ladder-like stairs to her own particular nest under the thatch. "I couldn't ha' thought a child would have taken it so much to heart. The tears comes into her eyes whenever she thinks of it. 'Mother,'

she said to me the other evening, quite sudden, 'he did look so sorry. If I had been killed he would have been too sorry.' 'And shame 'twould be for you to make Kevin sorry,' I said to her. 'I will never do it again,' she said, as serious as an old woman. 'And tell me,' she says, 'what I can do to make him happy.'

"I just looked up at her, sitting there with her eyes as big as tea-saucers, and she thinkin' and thinkin' all over, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. 'Well,' I said, for I couldn't help humourin' the seriousness of her, 'you must give up a bit of your wildness, and not be hoppin' and skippin' so much about dangerous places; and you mustn't go roving so far away from home, pretendin' to be a bird and singin' unairthly songs; for you haven't got any wings when your two feet fail you, and it'll be time enough to be a bird when the wings begin to grow.'"

"Mother!" said Kevin, "you couldn't be so cross to her!"

"Couldn't I? And she didn't take it for crossness. But she says 'I'll try,' with her eyes lookin' straight at mine as if they were askin' something more nor I could well understand. 'But you don't know how my feet do keep dancing,' she says, 'and how hard it is to stop them, and to keep from singing.' 'I don't want to keep you from singing, my dear,' I said, 'only I would rather hear you oftener at your hymns. And if you want to make Kevin happy ——' 'I do,' said she. 'Well, then,' I says, 'I'll show you how to work for him, to make his supper and knit his stockings;' and I declare she set to like lightning, and she has learned more in one week than most children would do in a year."

At this point down came the little girl again in her Saturday evening attire, a clean print wrapper reaching half way down over her crimson petticoat, grey stockings and well-blacked shoes. Her thick hair was brushed smoothly into a darkling mass upon her shoulders, leaving a short curly undergrowth to cluster about her temples; her brunette cheeks were glowing after a scrubbing, and the grey eyes which were the charm of her young face shone with the consciousness that she was a good girl at last. She brought in her arms a coarse white cloth which she spread on the table, and on which she arranged the cups and plates, buttered her bannocks with fresh sweet (but well-smoked) butter, and finally filled the tea-cups with a little assistance from Kevin.

"She'll do yet," murmured the mother, sitting up in state and allowing herself to be helped like a visitor. "Maury needn't ha' been so uneasy about her, nor Connor neither."

When tea was over, Fan brought her stool to the good housewife's knee and produced the beginning of a stocking, over which she bent her brows, glancing up now and again to see the effect of her good conduct upon Kevin, who sat watching her with all the interest her heart could desire. At last she sighed:

"Oh, Kevin! I wish your foot wasn't so big. I'll never get down to the heel."

"Put it away and sing us the *Ave Maria*," said the mother; and the child gladly obeyed, folding her hands and fixing her eyes dreamily on a large bright star that was shining through the doorway. The sweet, clear refrain rose and fell as the twilight deepened, and the soft Gaelic words seemed to grow holier every time they were uttered, intoned in notes of such power and fulness as made the listeners gaze in astonishment at the little creature who gave them forth.

Kevin walked to the door before it was done and drew the back of his brown hand across his eyes.

"Fan," said he, after a silence of some minutes, "there will be a holiday next week, and I will take you to the island."

Fan's eyes suddenly burned with delight, and flinging her knitting into the corner, she threw up her arms and danced across the floor.

"Well, well, well!" said the mother, "but she's as wild as a hare yet."

"I'll knit six rows every day until then," sang Fan, "and when I get to the island I may do what I like. I'll *earn* my wildness, and then nobody must scold me!"

An hour later, when Fanchea was fast asleep, with her small hands crossed on her breast, as Maury had taught her to place them, and when the mother had taken her knitting into the next cottage for a chat with a neighbour, Kevin followed a winding path up hill and knocked at Father Ulick's door. The old priest looked surprised to see him.

"No one ill at home, Kevin, I hope?" he said.

"No," said the youth; "no, thank God." And then, after a struggle to shake off his shyness, he made his business known.

"I've come to ask you to help me, sir. You know I was always stupid at my books at school, and now I keep wishing that I had learned more than I did. I can't go to school, for the people would laugh, I have got such a name upon me. You know it yourself, sir."

"Ay, Kevin, they say you are dull."

"Yes, sir, I read very badly. Long ago I did not care. The little bits I got to read were all about nothing, and I liked better to be looking at the stars and the sea. But lately I've been longing to read fast and well. There are things I want to know about that I can only find in books."

The old man took off his spectacles, and shifted the turf sods on his primitive hearth; and then he looked up at the youth's kindling face, all flushed and excited with the effort he had made to give forth so much of his confidence.

"You are a good fellow, Kevin," he said, "to come and talk to me like this. But why are you so anxious to know the things that are in books?"

"I do not know, sir. I think I should be happier."

Father Ulick looked at him again and mused. Strange that this lad, who was looked on as the dullest on the mountain, should have suddenly been seized with a thirst for knowledge. Was it a freak that would pass away? Had the desire been roused in him by wounded pride? or was this the tardy awakening of some natural gift? The priest was puzzled and interested.

"Let us see, Kevin," he said. "There is the night school, of course."

"I could not, sir, indeed I could not bear it."

"Well, we must think of what we can do. Suppose you come to read to me here of an evening."

Kevin's face blazed with pleasure.

"Oh, sir, you are so good. There is nothing I would like so well."

"Come to-morrow night, then. But before you go, my boy, let me talk to you a little. How is it that you speak so much better English, have a better accent, and are altogether more refined than most of the young men about the place, even than those who consider themselves better scholars."

Kevin blushed up to the roots of his hair at the compliment, which took him completely by surprise.

"I do not know, sir; unless it may be talking to Fan, sir," he said, simply.

"Talking to little Fan?"

"She's different from all the rest, sir, her voice is so like an angel's and her words are so soft and fine. I don't know how to describe it, but nobody could be very rough, sir, who is always with her."

Father Ulick smiled an indulgent smile as he thought of little Fanchea.

"Ah," he said, "I forgot about that wonderful friendship. She is, indeed, an uncommon little creature. And so she already repays you for your protection of her?"

"Sir, it is I——"

"Ah, well, cherish that holy and beautiful affection. The love of a child is a message from God."

Then Kevin went away, and as he walked down the hill again he thought of how he had been nearly led into trying to tell Father Ulick of all his thoughts about Fanchea. And it was better he had not attempted it. Probably the good old man would have told him they were wild, exaggerated, and even superstitious. Such as they might be they were to him as his life, and it was better he should share them with

no one. Looking back over his shoulder he saw Father Ulick still standing in his doorway, his white hair gleaming in the starlight. The old man was looking after the youth with some wonder and much interest in his heart.

"What a frank, handsome face the lad has," he thought, "and what a thrill in his voice when he speaks of that little creature. They are a very unusual pair, and I cannot but think that Providence has some purpose in their friendship. If the Lord should spare me I will be curious to see what comes of it."

The holiday found Kevin and Fan on their way to the island. Fan danced over the hills, and sang her wild songs, and chased the sea-birds till she was tired; and then she was very glad to light a fire and roast the potatoes which they had brought in the boat for their refreshment. No feast was ever sweeter than this "dinner of herbs" which the happy creatures shared between them.

"Kevin, you must tell me a story," said Fan.

"Then you must sing first, and I will listen; and I will tell you whatever story your song tells me."

"I am going to sing the song of the sea," said Fan, joyously, when they had perched themselves on a rock from which they could behold the sun beginning to set royally towards the rim of the wide lone Atlantic, and the long line of the mountains on the coast catching the fire of heaven upon their faces.

She began a winding, fitful, picturesque song without words, in which her clear ringing voice mimicked all the different sounds of the sea, from the long, slow rise and fall of the waves that broke now at their feet stained red as wine by the sunset, to the hurrying and confusion of the billows in a storm. As she sang, the colour rose in Kevin's cheek and his eyes kindled; and the child herself was carried away by the weird power of her own music, rising and waving her little brown arms in the tempest, and sinking down and rocking her body back and forward dreamily as the waves subsided into peace again.

When she had finished, Kevin, who had covered his face with his hat, removed it, and gazed at her with adoration in his eyes. Then he took her two slender sunburnt hands in his own large one and kissed them reverently.

"You liked it?" said the child, eagerly. "Oh, then, quick with the story!"

But before Kevin could reply, a figure appeared which took them both by surprise. A large dark, singular-looking woman was standing before them, a real gipsy of the more respectable class. Her brilliant black eyes and eastern-tinted complexion were enhanced by the varied and glowing colours of her dress, which was so clean and well-arranged as to be vividly picturesque rather than gaudy. Elderly and portly

as she appeared, yet there was something brisk and elastic about the whole expression of her figure, and her face was strangely handsome in its setting of scarlet and amber and white.

In most country places gipsies are not an uncommon sight, but in remote Killeevy they were unknown. Strangers of any kind were seldom seen, and the apparition of this foreign-looking creature on their lonely island struck our two simple friends with a surprise which left them breathless. Both sprang to their feet, and Fan slid her little hand into Kevin's.

"My pretty dear," said the woman, with a sort of contralto laugh, which was not unmusical, "you are not going to be frightened of the gipsy. I have been listening to your singing. When I came over to see this nice little island I did not expect to find a bird among the rocks with so sweet a pipe."

"You startled us," said Kevin, smiling; "for we do not see many strangers. No one comes to this island but ourselves."

"I saw your boat," said the gipsy, nodding her handsome head, "and I thought I should startle somebody, for we never have been in this country before. But we are friendly people, and nobody need fear us. When you return in your boat you must come and see the gipsies, my little dear."

"I do not know your house," said Fan, shyly, gazing with fascinated eyes upon the stranger.

"My house!" laughed the gipsy. "No one ever knew it, my pretty. Gipsies have no houses; but they live under the hedges, and in the pleasant green fields. Look yonder, where some white things are shining in the sun, on the slope of the hill, just under the mountains! Those are our tents where we are resting from a journey."

Kevin and Fanchea looked towards home, following the gipsy's finger with their eyes, and saw tents gleaming on the hillside which had not been there in the morning.

"We have music in there," said the stranger, "and dancing and singing, and all sorts of games. People come to see our show and pay us money, but when you come, my little singer, you need not bring anything but your own pretty face."

Music, and singing, and games! Fanchea became interested and forgot her shyness. "Oh, thank you!" she said, gladly. "I will be sure to go to see you."

"We are greatly obliged to you," said Kevin, more slowly.

"Oh, I did not promise to refuse your money, young man," said the gipsy, laughing. "Be sure to fill your pocket when you come to our tent."

Kevin blushed. "I did not mean—" he began, proudly, but the stranger nodded her head at him and moved away. They saw her descend

the rocks, where she was met by a man. They entered a boat and put off from the island.

This trifling incident was an event of importance to our inexperienced pair. Neither could forget the stranger, but sat silently watching the retreating boat.

"Kevin," said Fanchea, "what are gipsies?"

"People that wander about," said Kevin. "Shawn Rua told me of them."

"You will bring me to see them, Kevin?"

"Yes, but you must hold tight by my hand. They are not always good people, I fancy."

"Oh, she spoke so kindly I am sure she must be good."

"Are you wishing to come home, Fanchea?"

"Home, without your story?"

"Ah, well," said Kevin, "I thought you had forgotten the story." And his slight jealousy of the gipsy melted away. "Indeed, I have almost forgotten it myself."

"But you must try to remember it."

Kevin covered his eyes for a few minutes, and listened to the long roll of the waves breaking on the beach. Fan sat patiently watching the shifting of the crimson clouds until he spoke.

"Once upon a time there was ——"

"A brave prince and a lovely princess," said Fan. "That makes such a nice beginning."

"Very well! And the brave prince loved the beautiful princess so well that he became braver every day, and all men were afraid of him in the wars."

"Does loving people do that?" asked Fan.

"Yes," said Kevin, "it can do everything wonderful. It brings out all the good that is in people."

"Go on."

"It was his love that made the world beautiful to him; his heart grew larger every day, and great thoughts poured into his mind. The prince used to think sometimes that the princess had his soul in her hands."

"How could that be? God gives everyone a soul of his own."

"I don't know how it could be," said Kevin, wistfully, "but I know the prince felt that it was only by living near his beloved princess and doing everything good to please her he could hope to win in the end the soul she had in keeping for him. When he had won his soul he thought he would do some noble work in the world."

"Well," said Fan, "do make haste. I hope she kept it for him well."

"She did," said Kevin; "but something happened."

"What?"

"The brave prince had an enemy."

"Oh!" said Fan, drawing a long breath.

"An enemy who had been overthrown by him in the battle. And this enemy was longing to destroy him. And he thought and thought for a long, long time. At first he intended to kill him."

"Oh, *what* did he do?"

"He thought the most terrible thing he could do would be to carry off the princess; and he put her in a ship, and sailed with her away into far distant seas. They arrived at a lighthouse one calm, moonlight night—a tall, lonely lighthouse on a rock in the middle of the ocean. He killed the lighthouse man and put out the light and imprisoned the princess in the lonely tower in the darkness. Then he sailed away and left her."

"Oh-h-h-h!" sighed Fan.

"When the prince found she was gone he became so unhappy that he could scarcely bear his life. However, he thought he must surely be able to find her somewhere in the world; and he set out to search for her all the wide world over. He went from land to land, and from city to city, inquiring if any one had seen his beloved princess; but no one could tell him anything about her. And years passed on and still he could not find her. His heart was always breaking, and his hair grew gray, and still he kept searching and searching. But he never became wicked and fierce, as his enemy thought he would become. If he had left off searching he would have grown wicked and fierce, but he kept on seeking and hoping, and became greater and better as the years rolled away."

"And what was the poor princess doing all that long time in the dark?" asked Fanchea, anxiously.

"She was also very unhappy, but she tried to keep hoping that her prince would come for her. She was dreadfully lonely, and only for the little white sails she sometimes saw in the distance, and for the moon and stars at night, I think she would have gone mad from loneliness. On stormy nights, when the waves dashed against the lighthouse windows, it was terrible, and vessels were often wrecked upon the cruel rock, for the poor princess had no light to put in the light-chamber, and she had to sit in the dark listening to the cries of the people who were drowning."

"What did she have to eat all that long time?" asked Fanchea.

"Let me see!" said Kevin, rather startled and puzzled. "I never thought of that. Well, I believe there was a good store of provisions left by the poor lighthouse man who was murdered; and then the princess had a very small appetite, you see, and she did not eat very much at a time."

"No, poor thing!" said Fanchea, who was accustomed to be healthily hungry.

"And so the years kept rolling on, till at last one night there was a violent hurricane at sea, and the prince's ship was on its way from one country to another seeking as usual for the princess. The vessel was wrecked, dashed to pieces against the rock, and the body of the prince was washed into the princess's arms as she leaned from the lighthouse window. A sudden flash of lightning showed her that it was her prince."

"Yes," said Fan, eagerly, "and what did she do then?"

"She tried to restore him," said Kevin, "but she could not do it, for he was dead. She was herself so wasted that it only required this shock to kill her, and she lay down beside him and died. Their souls floated away above the storm together, and they are now living a splendid life far beyond the ocean and the stars and the moon."

Fanchea heaved a deep sigh.

"Are you sure that was the end of it?" she said. "I like that, you know, about their souls afterwards; but in the meantime, Kevin, I'd like to have a different kind of ending. I am sure that he was not dead, but that the princess and he got away on a raft and came home to their kingdom. And the enemy was also in the vessel that was wrecked, and was also washed into the lighthouse; only the raft went away without him, and he was left in the lighthouse instead of the princess."

Kevin laughed. "Have it as you like," he said; "but you oughtn't to have sung of how they died in the storm."

"I didn't," said Fan, reproachfully and half frightened. "You put things into my songs that I never thought of."

Kevin took her little brown hand and spread it out on his own broad palm.

"You are my princess, Fan," he said, "and you pour everything that is beautiful and good into my mind. I often feel that you have my soul in your little hands."

"Do you?" asked Fan, looking straight into his eyes with her clear gaze. "But I don't feel a bit like a princess. Do you feel like a prince?"

"No," said the youth, laughing, "but I would like to do something great in the world all the same," he added, dreamily.

"So you do, and so you will," said Fanchea, stoutly. "I wonder what it will be. But, Kevin, you won't let anyone shut me up in the lighthouse where you never will find me till you are dead?"

"God forbid!" said Kevin, heartily. And at this moment the last burning rim of the sun having quenched itself in the ocean, the two friends agreed that it was time to return to their boat, whence they could see the faint smoke from the cabins on the mountain warning all wanderers that supper-time was near.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GIPSIES.

THE gipsies' tents gleamed in the twilight as our pair of friends climbed the mountain path, glancing back towards the grassy hollow where the wanderers were encamped. The moon rose large and clear over the heights of Killeevy, and, out of the shadows beneath, the open-air fire that the gipsies had kindled flared and flickered as dark figures gathered round the flames and formed themselves into a shadowy group. Kevin and Fan were longer than usual on the upward path, so often had they to stop to take yet another peep at the novel picture below.

Arrived at home, they found others beside themselves excited about the strangers. The tents had been perceived from the mountain hamlet, and the glaring of the fire had caught many an eye. Brown-legged scouts had been sent flying to ascertain whether this wayside encampment was one of fairies or men, and had returned with eyes widened by wonder. They had peered into the tents and seen enchanting visions. But the people were human, after all; for they were eating their supper of meat out of a pot.

An hour later a thrill passed through the entire population of the mountain. A fountain of music suddenly sprang from that grassy hollow under their feet, and rose higher and higher, filling their ravished ears and making their susceptible hearts throb with ecstasy. Louder, grander, more majestic the melodious sounds swept on till the people held their breath and tears started in eyes that gazed at each other with wondering questions. The mountaineers who worshipped their pipers, their fiddlers, and their occasional wandering harper were struck speechless with delight at this sudden volume of melody which made the rocks and valleys ring.

"Good heavens! what can it be?" cried Kevin; and the old lame piper who had hobbled out of his cabin, leaving his supper of potatoes untasted, bent down his head and wept outright.

It was the majesty of Handel's Hallelujah chorus that thus overwhelmed the spirits of a music-loving people; and the instrument which flooded it far and wide upon the night was a large and powerful organ, which, played without hands, was a triumph of mechanical skill.

But the mountaineers had no notion of what this music could be. It might be the voice of a God calling to their souls across the valley of death. They listened spell-bound, with faces flushed or pale while the mysterious sound floated upward with the fragrance of the broom and the sea.

Hardly had the music ceased when a hundred pairs of feet were hurrying down the mountain. These strangers, with their music,

must be visited at once, lest they should take flight on the instant and be heard of no more.

Arrived at the spot, the bewitched mountaineers found a very ordinary gipsy encampment, with tents containing gaudy pictures, various games, and the wonderful organ; with poles from which swings were hanging, targets for shooting at, and little booths filled with delft and mock jewellery. The young men and women from the mountain poured into the tents, the organ which had so enchanted them gave forth its music once more, no longer thrilling them with sacred strains, but setting their light feet dancing to the gayest of jigs. The tents would not hold the dancers, who overflowed upon the sward; a gipsy with a banjo and another with a tambourine emphasized the time of the dances and drove the dancers wild with their quaint cries and snatches of foreign song. In the intervals of the dance fortunes were told, young men tried their hands at shooting, and thoughtless heads were made giddy in the swings. A sad-looking gipsy woman sang a song to a guitar, but broke down at the second verse and retreated, weeping, into the tent.

"She lost her little girl a while ago," muttered one of the gipsies, looking after her: "a fine little girl that used to sing for us. And she is going on like that ever since."

Among the crowd was Fan, clinging to Kevin's hand, her eyes glittering with the wonder and excitement of the scene. She had been undressed and just stepping into bed when the astonishing music broke forth upon the night. Her cries of delight had brought Kevin's mother to her side.

"Oh!" she cried, "what is it? Is it coming from heaven?"

"I don't think a gipsy's tent is just like heaven," said the mother, grimly, "if all my good man says is true."

"The gipsy!" echoed Fan. "Is it she who is making the music? And oh, mother, she asked me to go to see her."

"So you may; to-morrow, perhaps. You don't suppose you can go in your night-gown—and after your prayers!"

"Oh, I can put on my things; it is not so late. And you know it will be all the better if I have to say my prayers again."

The mother remonstrated, and Fan began to cry.

"Oh, listen to it, listen to it! as if all the strongest angels were singing and shouting together!"

The mother lectured, but the child's passionate tears prevailed. Trembling with excitement and radiant with joy, she tripped down the mountain in the moonlight by Kevin's side; and she and he wandered in and out of the tents together, looking at the pictures, standing before the organ to hear it play, listening to the strange singing, and even touching the banjo with their fingers.

"Oh, I'd like to have a banjo of my own, Kevin!" cried Fan. "I could hold it on my knee and sing to it as they do."

"Perhaps we may get one some day," said Kevin.

"Will the little darling have her fortune told?" asked the same portly gipsy who had startled them on the island.

Fan thrust out a little eager hand. She would drink this cup of delight to the dregs. She would see all that was to be seen, and do all that was to be done.

"A bonny fortune!" said the gipsy, smiling broadly, as she peered into the child's little palm. "You will travel far from here, and grow up a great lady."

Fan stared and flushed. "That is not pretty at all," she said. "I do not want to go from here."

"'Tis all nonsense, Fanchea," said Kevin. And he glanced at the gipsy with no friendly eye.

"Let me tell you yours, young man," said the gipsy, as if in answer to his look. "Bah! it is not so good. You will lose that which you love best in the world, and be a wanderer seeking for it in vain."

"Thank you," said Kevin, quietly, feeling that the woman had only revenged herself for his audacity in calling her predictions nonsense.

Then Fan got a ride on the swing, and they visited the little booths, where Kevin expended threepence (a large sum on Killeevy mountain) in the purchase of a white delft mug adorned with the name of Fan in bright green upon the one side, and a "rose-tree in full bearing" on the other. Not till she had exhausted every delight that the gipsies offered her would the excited little maiden consent to go home.

There was much gossiping among the old women in the cabins that night. Sibbie, Fan's old grand-aunt, who had dowered her with her voice, sat in the doorway with Kevin's mother, and knitting-needles and tongues clicked and clacked as they saw the moonlight shining on the tents below, and heard the music echoing along the hill-side.

"The rogues!" crooned Sibbie. "It's myself that knows the sort o' them. When I was a girl at sarvice near Dublin, they told me my fortune, and they told it wrong. They said I was to marry a bonny man with a tawny beard, and I paid them a silver sixpence for the news. But sorra man iver I married, and I owe them the grudge yet."

"Maybe ye were as well without one, Sibbie," said the housewife, with the sage air of one who had a right to know. But this utterance was due rather to her sympathy with the homeless Sibbie than to disloyalty to Connor Mor, who was the easiest of husbands.

"An' while I was gapin' at their stories," continued Sibbie, "they stole the silver spoons behind my back."

"They won't find silver spoons on Killeevy mountain," said Kevin's mother, contentedly.

"But they'll find cocks an' hens, an' ducks and sheep," said Sibbie, sharply; and her hostess, taking fright, went off to count her precious livestock in the little outhouse.

The next day Fan set out as usual to go to school; but as she went the organ began to play, and somehow her feet took the downward instead of the upward path, and led her to the gipsy tents. At dinner-time she came flying in flushed and breathless, and crying out that she had been learning a wonderful dance. With a few swift movements she cleared the centre of the floor, and pointing her little toes, and holding out her crimson petticoat with finger and thumb, she gave the bystanders a specimen of her newly-acquired skill.

"Well, well!" cried Mrs. Connor Mor, "if she hasn't been down among the gipsies again! Indeed, and you're just fit to live with them and learn their antics!" And the good woman frowned hard to hide her admiration of Fanchea's performance.

The child's motions were so graceful as she waved her arms and snapped her fingers and skipped over the earthen floor on her pointed toes, her blooming cheeks and arch eyes looked so winsomely lovely with the excitement and exercise, that it would have required a sterner monitress than Kevin's mother to pluck up courage to scold her.

"Brava!" cried a familiar voice outside, and there was Father Ulick standing in the doorway. Fan instantly stopped her dancing, and advanced respectfully to take his outstretched hand; but the glow of pleasure still shone in her eyes.

The old man surveyed her all over with a quizzical smile.

"On my word," he said, "the performance is so pretty that I do not know how to say what I have got to say. So the gipsies have had you in training, my little woman?"

"They taught it to me," said Fan, "and they will teach me another."

"I think not, my dear," said Father Ulick, gently. "The gipsy's tent is not a good place for a little girl like you. I am sorry to be a spoil-sport, but it can't be helped." Fan hung her head, and tears gathered in her eyes. "I intended to speak from the altar on Sunday," he continued, "but I see I had better not wait for that. These gipsies are not safe neighbours. It will be better not to encourage them, but let them go their way."

"'Tis what I've been saying myself, your reverence," said Sibbie; "but it's hard to put ould heads on young shoulders."

"I'll speak a word to all as I go along," said the old man. "I would not be uncharitable, but I must look after my own. And you will not go any more, little Fan?"

"They were kind," said Fanchea, regretfully.

"What did they say to you, my dear?"

"I went down only to listen to the music, and the gipsy-mother came out and called me in. She asked me to sing for her, and of course I sang. Then the sorrowful gipsy began to cry, and said it reminded her of her own little girl."

"Well, what more?"

"Then," said Fan, "the gipsy mother laughed and said, 'Do you imagine your sickly creature could ever sing like that?' And the sorrowful woman gave a cry, and covered her face and ran out of the place."

"So they are not always so kind, after all?" said Father Ulick.

"No, not always; and indeed I said so. I said, 'I wonder how you can be so unkind.' But the gipsy mother laughed, and said she would teach me to dance."

"Well, you will promise me not to go there any more?"

"Especially as Kevin is goin' to Dooneen," said the mother, in decided tones, "and will not be here to look after her. He'll be away for two days about business for his father."

"But I promised to go again to-night and to-morrow," said Fanchea.

"That is a promise you must not keep. Now, Fan, be good; I am an older friend than the gipsy. Come and take tea with me to-morrow evening; I have some pictures to show you, and there are roses out already in my garden."

"Roses and pictures!" echoed the little girl, softly.

"Really," said Father Ulick, laughing. "Roses and pictures, and good-bye to the gipsy."

"Yes, Father Ulick; I will never go there any more."

She spoke in all sincerity, and meant to keep her word.

That night many of the younger mountain people found their way to the gipsy tents in spite of Father Ulick's admonitions. The large, handsome woman whom Fan had named the gipsy-mother looked anxiously among the crowd for some one she could not find. At last she went up to a man whom she had seen speaking to Fan the night before.

"Where is that little singing-girl to-night?" she asked, carelessly.

"Little Fan?" answered the man. "Oh, she is not to come near you any more!"

The gipsy smiled, a tight, hard smile that began with her mouth and went slowly upwards, scarcely reaching her eyes, and only touching them with a chilly gleam.

"Her people are right; this is not a safe place for her," said she, pleasantly.

"Yon's a very sensible woman, though she is a gipsy," said the simple mountain man to a neighbour. "She knows right from wrong as well as another."

The next evening Fanchea took her way to Father Ulick's cottage after school-time. The old man showed her the contents of his port-

folio of photographs and prints, and shared his tea with her, and kept her singing and chatting to him till the sun began to set, and he was called away to a sick person at a distance; and after that she stayed still later with the priest's old housekeeper, helping her to make griddle cakes, and listening to her stories about fairies and banshees: creatures in which both old and young of Killeevy delighted to believe, in spite of the rebukes of their pastor.

And so when Fanchea took the homeward path, with her hands full of roses, the moon had already risen over the sea; the round silver moon of Killeevy mountains which the child never forgot in all the wanderings that were to come. Full and white and splendid it shone over the ocean and steeped the hill-sides in a flood of ethereal glory.

Fanchea, feeling happy and good, walked along sedately, holding her bunch of roses with both hands against her breast, proud and glad of having behaved so well, and having earned so delicious a reward. She never once looked towards the tents or thought of the gipsies, till suddenly the organ began to play; and it played the Hallelujah chorus.

"As if all the strongest angels were singing and shouting together." So had Fan described this music before, and the idea now returned to her even more vividly than when she had heard it first. She stood transfixed, and tears gathered in her eyes. The sacred triumph, the mighty sweetness of the wonderful strains seized on the soul of the child, untutored as she was, and shook her with an enthusiasm which made her forget everything else for the moment. The sounds drew her towards them, and she stepped on slowly like one walking in her sleep, her feet taking the downward instead of the upward path, her heart beating fast, her eyes dim, and her roses held tight to her breast. Lower, and a little lower, nearer and nearer she came creeping towards the overwhelming music. At last, her foot striking against a stone, she was startled out of her reverie, and glanced around her with a consciousness of wrong-doing.

"I promised not to go to the tents," she said to herself, "and I must not go. I will only sit and listen awhile; and then I will come home."

She curled herself up against a mossy stone, and nestled there in rapturous contentment. Long years afterwards she remembered the scene: the shining ocean; the darkling mountain with white homesteads on its summit gleaming in silvery haze; a red light glowing here and there and a smoke-wreath floating in the moonshine; the forbidden tents blazing out of the shadows beneath her, the overpowering music, the smell of the turf-fires of home, mingled with the fragrance of heather and of the sea.

There were not many people in the gipsy tents that evening, for Father Ulick's warnings were beginning to take effect, and the few who were there departed early. Fan watched them leaving the place in groups, and ascending the hill.

"Indeed I must go, too," she thought, "or mother will be frightened. Oh, I wish the music would stop and let me run!"

She got up to go home, but something came against her as she turned. An arm was thrown round her; she gasped and struggled in the hold of some silent person whose face she could not see. Too terrified to be able to cry, she strove to find her voice as one does in a dream; but as the first attempt at sound passed her lips, a strongly-scented cloth was thrown over her face, her head fell on some one's shoulder, and she knew no more.

On the road at the foot of the mountain, about a quarter of a mile from the tents, a covered vehicle was waiting in the shadow of the hill, and by it were the two gipsy women who have already been mentioned. When a man carrying a child came striding up to them, the one began to cry and the other to smile. The crying woman got into the conveyance, and the child was laid across her knees.

"You villain, you have killed her!" she said, in a wailing whisper.

"Hush, stupid!" said the older woman. "She'll be able to give you trouble soon enough."

Then the man took his seat as driver, the vehicle was noiselessly driven away, and the gipsy mother returned to her tents.

TO KENELM HENRY DIGBY,

AUTHOR OF "MORIS CATHOLICI," "THE BROADSTONE OF HONOUR," "COMPITUM," ETC.,

*On his presenting me a Copy, painted by himself, of a rare
Portrait of Calderon.*

HOW can I thank thee for this gift of thine,
DIGBY, the dawn and day-star of our age—
Forerunner thou of many a saint and sage
Who since have fought and conquer'd 'neath the SIGN?
Thou who hast left, as in a sacred shrine—
What shrine more pure than thy unspotted page?—
The priceless relics, as a heritage,
Of loftiest thoughts and lessons most divine.
Poet and teacher of sublimest lore,
Thou scornest not the painter's mimic skill,
And thus hath come, obedient to thy will,
The outward form that Calderon's spirit wore.
Ah! happy canvas that two glories fill,
Where CALDERON lives 'neath DIGBY's hand once more.

D. F. MAC CARTHY.

October 15, 1878.

THE LATE ELLEN DOWNING OF CORK—"MARY" OF THE NATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Conclusion.*)

THOSE who have followed thus far these memorial notes, which must now be brought to an end, have formed, I trust, such an opinion of Ellen Downing as will make them glad to learn that two more valuable and more lasting mementoes of this gifted and holy woman will soon be placed within their reach: one of them, indeed, is already within their reach, namely, that volume of "Voices from the Heart" which the Bishop of Dromore revised during the author's lifetime, but which has only been offered to the public at large during the last month. Since Father Robert Southwell died a martyr in the days of good Queen Bess, no holier tome of verse has been put into print in English or in any other language. The second souvenir of Miss Downing is even of a more sacred character, and will consist not of verse but prose. The attention of our readers is sure to be called to it when it appears.

The few remaining incidents of this hidden life must now be told. Amongst the letters which we pass over, one extract at least ought to have found its place amongst the proofs of the writer's spirit of gratitude. "I feel more affection for all your community than I can at all say; but it comes easy to me in my prayers. It is a very favourite prayer with me to say over the charities of which I have been the object, and to ask God's blessing on those who for his sake have done me good."

Miss Downing's mother died in 1860. During her illness, Ellen, whose health was at the time comparatively good, took up her duties as matron of the Fever Hospital. This position she filled very efficiently for a year. Shrinkingly sensitive as she was, she was never afraid of contagious diseases, and she was quite at home among the sick and poor. After a time, however, her health gave way again; and the last years of her life were but one tedious illness, each rally that she made leaving her weaker and more helpless. But she was never one of those cowardly, selfish valetudinarians of whom St. Theresa or some other wise saint says that they refrain from their proper work to-day because they had a headache yesterday, and to-morrow they will do the same for fear of having a headache the day after. On the contrary, our holy Tertiary was ingenious in availing herself of every lull in the storm. During her intervals of comparative health she turned bravely and cheerfully to whatever work lay ready to her hand. Priests were glad to obtain her services in instructing converts in the truths of re-

ligion; and for the sake of some poor ignorant woman she readily deprived herself of even her greatest delight, which was to pray for hours before the Blessed Sacrament. To perform this great act of charity the more effectually, she composed, by the advice of her director, an excellent catechism for adults, which has never been published.

But probably she did far more, even for others, during the silent hours in which she haunted the altar-rails. One who only saw her once has never been able to forget her demeanour as she knelt absorbed in God, her lips hardly moving in prayer. Many have assured us that her very appearance, as they met her in the street, was a sermon to them. Children have been known to kneel near her in the church to watch her and learn from her look how to pray. Our good God thus enabled her to teach by example the lesson she gives us in her Novena to St. Rose of Lima—which is about to be entrusted to the devout faithful—in which, after beseeching our Lord to accept the donation of her entire being, she adds: “Whether in the cloister or in the world, I will endeavour, O Lord, to acquire, and always faithfully to preserve, that gravity of demeanour, that recollection and modesty, which, like the lamp of the sanctuary, remind men of thy presence and invite them to Thee.”

“We want faith in prayer—we want faith in prayer!” was a saying often repeated by Dr. Dixon, the successor in the See of Armagh of that zealous and holy Cardinal who has just been taken so suddenly from the Church of Ireland.* Mary Alphonsus had as full and practical faith in prayer as the pious Archbishop could have desired. “Have I not reason to say (she asks in one of her letters) that God is good to me, and to think that even if He withdrew all that is now so dear to me, the Cross itself would be the unfailing friend on whom I need never fear to lean, and who, reminding me of my necessities, would repeat continually the one word in which is all help and all consolation—‘Pray, pray!’” Further on in the same letter she tells her correspondent: “I hope that your desires of spiritual things will go on increasing, and that you will desire them sometimes for my soul too. I ask your prayers oftener for others than for myself, because two classes of persons seem to take precedence of any claim that I could put forth—those whose position or character eminently fits them for the guidance of souls and with whose sanctification the salvation of many is bound up, and those poor orphans who do not recognise a Mother in the Church of God, and whom my heart yearns to with an indescribable love as if they of all had most need of intercession. Still, in spite of seeing that others are more bereft of succour and in

* In giving his approval to the publication of “Voices from the Heart” by the subject of the present sketch, Cardinal Cullen said that he would be glad to see a copy of the book in every house.

this may have more need of prayer, I cannot but be often struck with the account I shall have to render of such abundant graces as the Communion of Saints, the heritage of every Catholic, ensures to me. I want you to pray for me particularly now, for I think I feel a greater desire to correspond with grace than I ever felt before."

These extracts, to which many others might be added even out of the few letters which have been placed in my hands, show how much at home this beautiful soul was in the theory and practice of prayer. No wonder that one who suffered so patiently could pray so fervently. Many believe that to her prayers during life and since her death they owe special favours which they have received from God. One whose brother had neglected some of the obligations imposed by the Catholic religion was greatly distressed at the news of his sudden death; and she rejoiced all the more when she afterwards came to learn that, suddenly as he had been called away, he had the grace to seek and to receive with edifying dispositions all the spiritual succours and consolations of the Church. For this stretch of mercy his sister thought she had found some explanation, when she received the following letter from the death-bed of Ellen Downing:—

"I have been longing to write one line to you, in vain. My whole heart and soul quivered and throbbed with you. I would not have known how to bear my own negligence if God had not been so good to me as to remind me, in my great sufferings after I came here, to pray for your family and especially your brother. I will continue to pray for him and very specially for your mother. * * * Do not fancy me in a ward. The doctor would not listen to my remonstrances, but would himself arrange everything for me as he liked, without giving me the trouble of a thought. I have a large room, quieter and more secluded than any I ever had. When the hour came to remove me, he sent his own carriage with two nuns to take care of me. He seemed more ready to sob than to speak. As long as there was a chance of saving me outside, he never would consent to my entrance. All this is as if I wrote nothing when compared with his persevering kindness. I am as happy as constant pain and bewildering sickness allow me to be. The nuns are very, very kind and thoughtful. My long suffering moves much compassion. The chaplain, regardless of his own trouble and of established custom, gives me communion every day. My room is very near the Blessed Sacrament.

"Since I came and am so happy, whether to soothe my death or restore my life, the doctor is delighted to have me here. I must cease.

"Your deeply grateful sister,

"MARY ALPHONSUS."

The foregoing letter is dated (as usual, without year or month) "Mercy Hospital, Saturday." The postmark on the envelope is "Cork, Dec. 12, '68." It was, therefore, in all probability, the last written by Miss Downing, and brings us to the last scene of her little story. It shows us that already the end was nearly come; and in giving it a place so soon we pass over many a year full (as one of her own rhymes expresses it) of poetry, and prayer, and pain. It illustrates

also the observation of one whose name would add value to his testimony:* "During her long-continued sickness, God in his great mercy gave her some consolation in the unremitting care of a most skilful physician, Dr. O'Connor, who attended her with the kindness of a devoted father; and she in return felt and expressed towards him the warmest gratitude, and never failed to offer up for him her daily fervent prayers, the only remuneration which she could afford or which he would accept." How abundantly content the good physician was with such remuneration may be judged from the following extract from a letter in which he has been so good as to reply to my inquiries about his holy patient, enclosing a characteristic note of hers which accompanied the gift of her first copy of her "first little book." "I know St. Alphonsus has heard my prayer and blessed it for you."

"I have always felt it a compensation for many troubles which the exercise of my profession brought that it had also procured for me the friendship of two such characters as the venerated Bishop of Dromore and the subject of your memoir. From the time Miss Downing entered the convent until her death I was in frequent, if not constant, attendance on her; and it was and is a source of much pleasure to me to think that I afforded some alleviation of her sufferings in her severe and never-ceasing malady. The most exalted piety and the deepest humility characterised her every word and I believe her every thought. Her conversation was the most eloquent I ever heard, poured out with the utmost rapidity in a voice not above a distinct, audible whisper. In the latter days of her life, when her attenuated form was scarcely visible in the dim light which she always preferred, to hear her clear voice expressing such beautiful ideas, one would be tempted to think that all but the spirit had departed. She constantly refused the comforts and luxuries which her friends wished to send her. In her greatest suffering she never in the least lost control over her mind, always saying that suffering was good for her. In my long professional life I have never met anyone whose heroic endurance of suffering, exalted piety, and fine intellect made a more lasting impression on me than this sainted young woman."

The "dim religious light" for which Dr. O'Connor mentions here his patient's preference was merely an expedient for alleviating her pains. The extreme delicacy of her nervous system, which was remarkable from her childhood, increased according as her frame was weakened by disease. Things which usually relieve suffering served

* Space may here be found for one of the notes furnished to me by another devoted friend of "Mary Alphonsus":—

"It was a keen affliction to her uncommonly affectionate nature to be separated from those whose souls God had linked with hers in the closest bonds of sacred friendship. The dearest of all her friends, because the one who had assisted her most effectually to serve God, was removed by circumstances to a great distance from Cork. A Sister of Charity, who knew her intimately, testifies to the perfect dispositions with which she bore this, to her, crushing sorrow. 'She presented the most complete model of resignation to the Divine Will I ever witnessed when — left Cork. Coward that I was, I almost dreaded to meet her when he had gone, for he was everything to her. When we met, she simply said: 'I know not what to do, but surely God knows how to help me.'"

but to sharpen hers. The mere sound of a voice speaking to her, a bright ray of light in her room, would often cause her the most excruciating torture. It seemed as if our good God, who chastises those whom He loves and who knew how much her courage could bear, would shut out from her all human comfort at the very times she needed it most. She describes her piteous state in these lines, which have not been printed till now :

" Deep in the shadow of my room,
In stillness, loneliness, and gloom,
I live enclosed as in a tomb.

" My strange disease has scared away
Familiar sound and cheerful ray :
'Tis night with me the livelong day.

" The word which comfort would impart,
Shoots such a terror through my heart,
In pure compassion friends depart.

" And when a living sound to hear,
I fain would speak to my own ear,
At my own voice I shake with fear.

" As loathsomely my life-blood goes,
As if recounting all my woes,
And chills, and curdles, more than flows.

" What a fierce torment she can be
Imagination proves to me,
Who but her hideous nightmares see.

" Words, thoughts, and deeds that once seemed good,
Have now become a monster brood
Of ills, too clearly understood.

" Sharp, fiery pains like arrows fly,
And as they strike in passing by,
I hear my own affrighted cry!

" Yet, Lord! through all how faith can see
That every blow is struck by Thee,
And struck in changeless love to me.

" If light, and bird-notes through my room
Should chase away the wintry gloom,
My thoughts were farther from the tomb.

" If friends had from the first been free
To enter in and talk with me—
My hope had ne'er so grown to Thee.

"And had thy sweet celestial light
Remained to gild and bless the night—
I ne'er had learned how Prayer can fight.

"Then welcome! every sharpest pain
Which comes to cleanse the hidden stain,
Or plant one joy that will remain."

Perhaps the virtue which shines out most brightly in the account of her last illness is her utter unselfishness, her sweet thoughtfulness for others. When the immediate change for death came upon her at midnight, the nurse, perceiving it, wished to call the Sisters; but she besought her not to disturb them. The nurse, knowing how contrary this would be to the wishes of the kind nuns who had tended their patient with the most loving care from the moment of her entrance into the hospital, disobeyed her and went for them in haste. From a letter, written by one of them on the 3rd of February, 1869, we have the following account of her last moments. Her death took place in the early morning of January 27th.

"I should be glad, if possible, to tell you all I know of our saintly patient. Her weakness and her sufferings continued to increase day by day, until, to use her own expression, she seemed *steeped* in bodily pain. Her interior sufferings were also intense. Often she spoke, in a manner I could not attempt to describe, of the awful dereliction she experienced, the absence of all sensible devotion, or the least consolation in anything, even Holy Communion. During this utter abandonment the words of our Lord on the Cross, *Deus meus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me?* was her favourite aspiration. She would sometimes say, 'Speak to me of the sufferings of our Lord; they are my only consolation in this pitiable state.' On one occasion she shed many tears, asking me to pray, and telling me her fears of temptation to impatience: though her patience was something the most extraordinary ever witnessed. She was never heard to moan, even once, by those who attended her. Never shall I forget her exact obedience under all these sufferings, even to the last hour of her life. Just before her last agony she gave a strong proof of the perfection of her obedience, that brings tears to my eyes whenever I remember it. Her prayer was as uninterrupted as prayer could be, both day and night. She seemed to be praying particularly for others, and loved to be told when any of the patients were dying, in order to pray for them. That dear, unselfish sufferer would ask so often about them. The night she died, she said to me: 'I should be glad to have you here with me; but go and see the rest of the patients—go to poor Alice [a girl who was dying] and, lest you should be uneasy about me, I must tell you I have made all possible preparation for death.' She fell immediately after this into her last agony, during which she was perfectly conscious of our presence. She looked at Sister Mary Ignatius, who knelt at the foot of the bed, seemed to recognise my voice, and tried to see me. I was close to her side, and put the crucifix to her lips, after which she raised her eyes to heaven twice, gazing intently each time; then deliberately closing her eyes, breathed her beautiful, pure spirit into the hands of Him whom she loved with, oh! what a love!"

And so at last the longing of her heart was granted, her chains were broken, and she flew to meet her Redeemer, now become her Judge. Was not a soul so innocent, so penitent, so patient, so long

and sorely tried—was she not well prepared for that meeting to which she had looked forward with the feelings described in the following unpublished lines?—

“They tell me thoughts can never shape the strange, mysterious woe
Thy justice has prepared for souls unpurified below ;
That years of keenest torture here were light indeed to bear
When set beside the mildest stroke which is inflicted there.

“Yet, Lord! I do not reason thus in asking still of Thee
Such merciful affliction here as Thou shalt choose for me :
And, should it but increase my pains, I here would rather wait,
Than go to meet Thee with my soul in such a piteous state.

“Oh, woe! to see my Spouse come forth and hide my drooping face,
Ashamed to let Him see the soul which He could not embrace—
To feel that in the bridal hour I must to exile go
And pass from all his tenderness to prison-chains below!

“My Lord! my Love! what wonder if I smile the rod to see,
Whose every stroke prepares me for thy first approach to me?
What wonder if that rapturous hour can light up every woe,
Until I scarcely feel the pangs which fit my soul to go?”

Surely her soul *was* fit to go. She had prayed to good purpose that prayer of the Jesus Psalter: “Lord, send me here my purgatory, but send me grace to bear it.” May we not hope that any purgatory which might otherwise have been hers was superabundantly forestalled by the long and tedious years of sickness, which have wearied our readers merely to hear so much about them? May we not have a happy confidence that the meek and much-enduring spirit whose earthly sufferings ceased ten years ago is now among the spirits of the just made perfect, singing the new song, seeing as she is seen? And if, as we trust, her unpublished poems* should soon form a companion-volume to her “Voices from the Heart,” might it not fitly receive the name of “Voices from Heaven?”

Heaven may well be the last word of this tribute paid to the memory of the holy and gifted Irishwoman, Ellen Downing, called in the Third Order of St. Dominick “Mary Alphonsus,” and known earlier in the Poet’s Corner of the old *Nation* as simply “Mary.”

*The latest of these—if, indeed, she ever wrote it down—was a poem on the venerable Curé of Ars, John Baptist Vianney, which she repeated to her eldest sister at her ordinary daily visit, a few hours before her death. She mentioned that that was the last day of a triduum to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour in which Monsignor Kirby had made many join in Rome on her behalf; adding that she did not know whether the result was to be life or death, but that she was quite content either way. The sick one had seemed so often dying, that, as is usual with long warnings, death in the end came as unexpectedly as if there had been no warning at all. Happy they who are “always ready.”

LOST IN THE MOONLIGHT.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

IN one of the wildest parts of Western Ireland lies a country district whose chief characteristics are its great rocks and its peculiarly rich brogue, and clasped to its bosom is a crystal, gem-like lake, about which traditionary lore discloses strange stories, savouring of the romantic, the weird, and the supernatural. Dreamlike tales, suggestive of gossamer shapes and ærial dances upon green moonlit raths, tragic revelations of human love and broken hearts, and dread mysterious shadows following the steps of crime—all echoes of the hushed voice of the past still lingering and reverberating in the hollow haunted years.

It is a lovely part of the country, and beauty, enamoured of her own fair face, crept close to the edge of the lake and gazed on her exquisite reflection. The great trees dipped their pendent boughs in its wave and answered its silver melody in soft murmurs, clashing their trembling leaves together; fine cliffs rose at one side, on which the mountain-ash waved its pliant arms, and the delicate moss stole in and out among the rocks, softening their rugged faces, and clothing their nakedness in her emerald dress.

The lake was of considerable size—perhaps a few miles across. There was a little island in the centre, in which were the remains of an old ruin, surrounded by the tender ash. All the birds of the air built their nests there, the curlew's lonely call filled the listener's heart with momentary melancholy, and the owl's hoot by moonlight woke the echoes among the cliffs.

A little back from the shore, and at opposite sides, were the residences of two gentlemen, houses rather alike in architecture, but entirely different in that expression that most things assume, inanimate as well as animate. One was a jovial-looking abode, a good illustration of its name, Sunnyside. It was of a warm, creamy colour; its door was open like the lips of a laughing, frank face; its windows looked at you, and sparkled like a pair of kindly eyes; there was a pleasant open space in front; and altogether it was not unlike an old gentleman who had flung back his coat, put his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, had a good story to tell, and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

The Recess was quite different—pale, cold, and lonely-looking; the door was always shut, and the white-blinded windows were suggestive of eyes that had cataract. Great unclipped hedges grew close about it; firs and tall pines nodded with a hearselike solemnity, casting

their shadows over the doorway and walks; everything was neglected and intensely gloomy.

The inmate of this sepulchral dwelling was a Mr. Lockhart, a man who had long ceased to consider externals, a great student, and a fine writer. He was a cold, silent person, with a tall, spare figure, a thin, pale face, and about forty-five years old. He had the name of being strange and stern, though what he did to deserve it his neighbours could not well define. He kept aloof from the ways of men, and, as is the wont of men, they judged him rashly, seeking neither the true nature of the recluse, nor the causes which made him one.

Mr. Lockhart had once upon a time been a young man, hopeful, happy, and relishing existence. He was of an ardent and sensitive temperament, though always reserved and shy. He had dreams, as is the wont of the ardent and thoughtful, and one of the most delicate and exquisite fabrications of his spirit loom was love. Unfortunately for him it proved to be a dream indeed. When he was about twenty-three years old, he became attached to the sister-in-law of his opposite neighbour, Mr. Weldon, when she came on a visit a short time after her sister became mistress of Sunnyside.

She was a gay, winning maiden, with a lovely face, and eyes she knew how to make the most of. She had an extreme thirst for admiration, and was quite incapable of any emotion or feeling that had not her own well-being as the great cause. It is hard to realise how any one so beautifully human, young, and lovable-looking could be thoroughly animal. And yet so it was. In Ada Hawthorne moral and spiritual life seemed never to have awakened. She only cared for the pleasant things of this world, and her sole aim was to minister to the comforts of her fair white flesh.

At the feet of this simulacrum of womankind, this yellow-haired syren, whose witching face kept his eyes uplifted from her deformity, Mr. Lockhart poured the rich treasure of his earnest, deep affection. Ada received it with coyest grace, and when she found he was a desirable match, looked softly at him out of her luminous eyes, and did not say him nay. He believed in her as in the bright blue heavens above him, and on one memorable day in leafy June—a day to him seeming to open into a long vista of love-illuminated years—they were married at the village church, the bridegroom wishing they could kneel alone before the angels, and the bride thinking what a pity there were not more spectators, when her dress was so expensive and fitted so beautifully.

A year passed by, and though it was unacknowledged even to himself, an unsatisfied heart lay in the young man's bosom. He did not analyse yet his disappointment, or its cause, but he gradually began to feel some want in his wife. She seemed to have no inner life, but in some unaccountable way to be all on the outside. To be living

with her was like wandering round a high stone-tower, with neither door or window where one may gain an entrance. Yet still he continued to love her.

Ada Lockhart was very gay, and posing on the domestic hearth, with only one man to mark her graceful attitudes, soon became tame and dispiriting, and she sought wider fields for display. Her husband went out with her as much as he possibly could, without giving up necessary work, and relinquishing entirely his literary pursuits. When he was unable to accompany her, she went without him, and accepted the service of other escorts. After a time, a baby was born, filling the father's heart with happy anticipations. "Baby-fingers' waxen touches" may soften the mother's nature and weave tiny fetters to bind her to home, realising his Arcadian vision of fireside bliss.

The maternal instinct beat feebly in Ada's heart. She grew tired of infant babble after a time; it cried too much, and seemed to get on better with its nurse. So she resigned it to the care of that more motherly person, and went back to her life of pleasure. The father's soul was wrung. He appealed to her ever and anon; sometimes in passionate anger, and again with passionate love. She turned from both, at first indifferently and soon with temper, and at last, about three years after their marriage, she went out one soft summer evening, and never returned.

The young man's heart was almost broken. He wandered about the world for some years, trying to get out of his empty days, only to find how impossible it was to fill with anything earthly the great rent in his life. He returned again, a cold, silent man, keeping aloof from every one, renewing no intercourse with former acquaintances, and more particularly avoiding his connexions at Sunnyside. He found his little child grown a lovely boy of seven, and his heart smote him for leaving him to the care of servants so long. For the rest of his days he was devoted to him, and a great love grew up between father and son. When the proper time came he sent him to college, where the boy distinguished himself. He was going in for the bar, and at the time where I commence my tale, he had just come home after passing his first examination—handsome, clever, and inheriting the early beautiful nature of his father.

Mr. Weldon, whose cheerful home I have described, was just the master one would expect to find in Sunnyside. He was a genial, good-natured man, ready to do a good turn for anyone, pleasant and hospitable, with abundant vitality, an easy conscience, and his bosom's lord sitting lightly on his throne. The world had treated him with great consideration. It had given him good measure of its desirable things. It had not loosed on him any of those vulture cares that feed upon the hearts of others; so that it was his opinion that the world was much maligned, that it is pretty much as we make it ourselves. And as he sat after dinner in his handsome dining-room, a

bottle of fine old port before him, his gentle wife beside him, a guest or two chatting pleasantly, a soft breeze waving the curtains at the open window, the scent of flowers stealing in, Mr. Weldon would tell you candidly it was actually sinful to be unhappy.

He had been truly sorry for the early misfortunes of his friend, Mr. Lockhart; but after a time the saddening influence wore away, and it began to surprise him that the deserted husband could be so foolish as not to put it all out of his head, and give up moping about what was inevitable. The surprise changed to sorrow when he found him persistently avoiding himself; and at last when Mr. Lockhart gave him plainly to understand that he did not wish for further intercourse with those who reminded him of his wrong, the sorrow gave place to anger, as is not unusual in shallow, generous natures; and he joined in the rash judgment of the local censors of morals.

It is not a very difficult thing to wound the self-love of good-natured persons. They have a natural liking for binding up your wounds, and touching your sores. To some peculiar organisations the gentlest touch may seem caustic. These prefer to be let alone; they may give expression to such preference, and, lo! the kind sympathiser of a moment ago is not alone hurt, but rapidly develops into a critic, and ends in discovering that you are not so much to be pitied after all, but very likely brought all your troubles on yourself.

Mr. Weldon decided that Mr. Lockhart had become a sulky brute—very probably he was always an oddity, and perhaps, if the truth were known, had something to do in driving poor Ada to misfortune. There was no reason at all in his conduct to them, as if *they* could help how things turned out: which, of course, was quite true; but unfortunately our emotions are not always under the control of our reasoning faculties, and Mr. Weldon could not understand how the nerve in his old friend's torn heart always lay bare, and all things connected with by-gone happy days were touches that made it quiver.

Mr. Weldon's family consisted of his wife and of a young girl, a second Ada Hawthorne, who, though she called Mrs. Weldon aunt, was not so closely related. They had no children of their own; so, when the widow of a somewhat remote cousin of Mrs. Weldon's—with whom, however, they had been very intimate—was about to marry again, they offered to adopt her only daughter. The mother was only too glad to give up her child into such kind, good hands as childless and wealthy relations; she was ready to sacrifice all maternal feelings for the sake of her girl's material advantage, and spoke quite beautifully on the necessity of unselfishness in such cases.

Ada was very fortunate in her change of circumstances: she was as dearly loved by her new guardians as if she had been their own child, and was petted and indulged to a dangerous extent. Mrs. Weldon was one of those soft, easy-tempered women, whose specialty is to

look after the physical well-being of things young and helpless, having but vague ideas of inner growth or formation of character. As long as a girl was agreeable, she took it for granted she was good; when she went upon her knees at stated times, Mrs. Weldon took it for granted she was religious, without speculations on routine and mechanical action. As long as she saw the accidents she gave no thought to the substance. Under this careless government Ada grew to womanhood, and flowered into such abundant life that the bindweed running in and out among its tender branches was quite unnoticed. She was one of those to whom sorrow comes as the divine awakener, shaking her out of spiritual sloth, and lifting her above mere sensuous existence. The mother-bird takes her brood upon her back and swims out upon the rocking sea. Suddenly she dives beneath the wave, and the little eiders learn to use their wings and feet. Grief has some such effect on us, and we recognise that there is something more desirable than earthly happiness and nobler than personal ends, and we acknowledge that it is rather a limited career for an immortal spirit with its infinite capacities and its divine destiny to narrow its gaze and devote all its powers to feeding and decorating its perishable body of soft clay, and posing it before the eyes of its fellow-actors in such striking postures as to attract all possible attention: a life of imitation, or of desires to be imitated.

But as yet Ada Hawthorne made no startling discoveries. She was lovely, selfish, gay, thoughtless, affectionate, and self-willed; she was eighteen years old, and she was home from school for about a year.

It was a beautifully soft May afternoon; the wide world was breaking into bud and blossom; the air was laden with odours; the veins of earth were thrilling, and her large, kindly heart throbbing with the rich wine of new life and aroused vitality. The lake was calm and crystalline, reflecting the pearly masses of cloud, tumbled together in aerial confusion. Ada caught up her hat, and calling to her little dog, Midge, went off for a ramble up the cliffs. She knew every path and possible passage through the woods, and every pleasant spot to rest upon. She wandered in and out among the brushwood, seemingly as appropriate to the scene as a sylvan deity, a nymph of woodland, till she came at last to an angle of rock, where there was a beautiful view of the whole country. It was a favourite seat of hers, and a most desirable one on a summer's day. The cliffs above threw their soft, cool shadows around, and a pleasant breeze came up from the lake. She turned the angle, and started to see her seat occupied by a young man, who lay at full length upon it, his hands clasped behind his head. He sprang to his feet at the unexpected intrusion, and they stood gazing at each other without uttering a word.

"I beg your pardon," said the girl, at last, too much astonished to

turn away. "I didn't mean to intrude, but no one ever comes here but myself."

"I should beg yours," said the young man; "I must have startled you. I, too, thought this was a spot known only to myself."

"I wonder I never met you before," said Ada. "I come here very often."

"I only came home last night," he answered. "I have been away for years. My name is Walter Lockhart. That is my home below."

The girl looked at him and smiled brightly. "I am Ada Hawthorne," she said; and with one impulse they put out their hands.

They forgot all about the family feud; how intercourse between the Recess and Sunnyside had been interdicted; and sat down side by side upon the rock, and were soon on as friendly terms as if they had known each other for months. Where there is a disposition to be pleased between two people the consciousness of kinship, however remote, is a great cohesive power. It is so pleasant to feel as if you were performing a social and natural duty, when you are yielding to an attraction. They talked of other days, and how they used to see each other across the lake, and wish they could play at shellhouses and make sandy fortifications at the same side. And they parted, mutually pleased with the *rencontre*, and speculated on the possibility of further meetings.

And of course the meetings occurred again and again, only deepening the first impressions and drawing them closer to each other. Verily it would be too great a contradiction of the laws of cause and effect were it otherwise than a case of "Love's young dream." Were they older, uglier, more disillusioned, and less impressionable, their romantic surroundings were sufficient to give impetus to whatever amount of sentiment was in them. There was a Montague and Capulet aroma in the atmosphere, a flavour of forbidden fruitage that was delightful to Ada; their trysting-place was the very nursery of poetic affection. Then her young lover was charming, and she herself was equally so, of which she was not unpleasantly conscious.

Walter had given her his whole heart, loving her intensely and exquisitely, as it was in his reverential nature to love, and with that abandonment to which a generous heart is prone, leading, alas! often, to mournful consequences. Ada loved him also, but as I have said, her temperament was yet a pleasure-seeking one, and she loved him as she loved all other things that were bright and pleasant in her life, without appreciating or understanding the beauty of his nature or the worth of such affection.

The weeks and months passed by, and as September drew near, about the middle of which Walter was to return to Dublin, the young people began to hold serious discussions on the possibility of marriage, how their secret was to be told, and how the estranged friends would

relish the affair. Neither the boy nor girl knew the entire truth about Mr. Lockhart's ill-fated union; Walter was allowed to believe it was simply incompatibility of temper. His father told him years ago that his mother was dead; he remembered him shutting himself up for days afterwards, but he never alluded to her again. But with that beautiful belief the young have that all things will work together for their happiness, they were sanguine for the future, and enjoyed their summer-time.

It is never an agreeable duty for a young man, whose beard is but faintly developed on his upper lip, to have to go into his father's study and announce to him that he has serious intentions of getting married. It is an assertion of individuality that is likely to be startling, and probably unpleasing to parental tears. It is an act that brings one to the practical with astonishing celerity. You step out of the aerial balloon in which you have been exploring the infinite realms of love-land with the beloved one, and stand on the low level where respectable, middle-aged gentlemen live, and take cognizance of sublunary affairs. You have been pouring out your enraptured soul at her side, and you are suddenly reminded what it costs to put food and drink into her angelic interior, dresses and jackets on her back, bonnets and hats on her head, and shoes and boots on her feet. Instead of soul-thrilling duets, breathing from kindred hearts, there are the ominous words "settlements," "attorneys," "younger children," and "pin money." And, oh! reckless youth, what if you cannot satisfactorily answer when the great question is put to you: "What fortune is her father likely to give her?"

Walter at last summoned up his courage, and, one morning after breakfast, laid his desire before his father. That pale bookworm was profoundly amazed and troubled. "My dear boy," he said, "you are too young to think of marrying. This is but a boyish illusion; you will forget it when you go back to your work."

"I would never forget, father," answered Walter; "and you were not much older yourself when you were married."

Mr. Lockhart's face grew sadder. "I was too young," said he; "much too young. But who is this girl who has bewildered you?"

The boy paused a moment and cleared his throat. "Ada Hawthorne," said he. "Mrs. Weldon's ward."

Mr. Lockhart gazed at him for a few minutes, his face turning gray and fixed. He laid his arms on the table before him; his head fell upon them, and his whole frame shook. "Oh, God! oh, God!" he cried. "Ada Hawthorne again!"

The boy was shocked and terrified. He knelt beside him, and threw his arm across his shoulder. "Dear father," he said, "speak to me. I feared you might be angry; but what is the reason of this dreadful grief?"

Mr. Lockhart recovered himself, stood up, and walked about the room. "Oh, boy," said he, "as you value your peace of mind, and your future happiness, overcome this unfortunate passion, or she will lure you to destruction as Ada Hawthorne lured me?" And for the first time the man's lifelong agony found expression. He told his son of his short married life; how passionately he loved his beautiful soulless mother; how he had idolized her, believed in her, and trusted her; how she had betrayed him, ruined his life, and changed him to a misanthrope: and was another Ada coming now between him and the only thing on earth that he loved, or that cared for him?

Walter leaned his head upon his hands. His heart was wrung by his father's pitiful story, and his mother's shame; but at length, as well as he could, in the midst of so many awakened feelings, he spoke in behalf of his love, dwelling on his Ada's goodness, her sweetness, and her affection for him, and how unbearable his life would become if he had to live it apart from her.

"My boy," said his father, after a long pause, "your happiness is my only care on earth, and I must not let you risk it; neither will I prevent your seeking it as you desire. My first bitter thoughts have passed away, and all my life I have tried to be just in my judgments, though I kept apart from men; but you must trust the fidelity and worth of—of—the girl. If you are faithful to each other for the next five years, I will consent to your union. I will not listen to any other terms."

Walter had no more to say. He left his father's room, and went out to the cliff-seat to think over it all. Five years was a weary time to wait; but still they would belong to each other. They would often meet; they would correspond; there would be many things to lighten the probation, and real love makes one divinely patient. His thoughts reverted from his own concerns to his father's life, emptied by a woman of all earthly happiness—and that woman his mother. He tried to comprehend, to realise what her nature must have been, to remain untouched, unimpressed by the nobleness and tender love of such a man; and then he looked into the future, and pictured to himself how he and Ada would brighten his after-life. She would bring sunshine again into the gloomy house with sweet womanly ways; one woman would bring forth flowers on the land another had desolated.

While he was thus plying the shuttle of thought, weaving his beautiful designs, Ada was coming along the cliff-path, and in a few moments was seated beside him. His morning interview was soon told, and she was astonished and incredulous when she heard of the terms by which they were to get Mr. Lockhart's consent to their marriage.

"Dear love," Walter would say, "it won't be long passing; and we are young enough to wait."

"Oh, yes," said Ada, pettishly; "it is all very well for men. They don't feel the time passing: they are out in the world, busy and amusing themselves, while a woman is moping at home. An engaged girl hasn't a morsel of fun; no man will be bothered talking to her."

"I wouldn't care if I never opened my lips to a girl but you," said Walter.

"Because you are a stupid old fellow," said Ada, "whose conversational powers are defective; but I am eloquent, and, as a natural consequence, I delight in an audience."

"Ah, Ada, be serious, can't you?" said the boy.

"I am as serious as a respectable grandmother," said Ada, "and I'm telling you great truths; and I tell you I don't like long engagements. 'Tis a half-married sort of existence, and ends usually by either of the parties seeing some one else they like better."

"Ada, darling, you wouldn't give me up," said Walter, clasping her hands.

"I don't want to give you up," said the girl, "if I can help it."

"You are playing with me," he said, in a pained voice. "Why couldn't you help it? I wouldn't hesitate a moment in promising to wait for you all my life long."

"'Tis the easiest thing in the world to make a promise," said she, "but it may be very difficult to keep it. Ah, you foolish boy," she added, laughing, "don't look so woe-begone. I'm only half in earnest."

A few more weeks passed by. The young people met every day at their trysting-place, and conversations showing Ada's discontent at the state of affairs constantly recurred. And Ada *was* discontented. Up to this she never had to wait for anything; almost before her desires were formed, they were gratified; so that it was altogether a new and unpleasing experience to find her wishes had to give place to what seemed unreasonably exercised authority. She was one of those natures who live in the present; so that speculations on future possibilities were far from satisfying. She realised how lonely and stupid it would be when Walter was gone. However, with all her dissatisfaction she had no idea of being faithless to her lover. If there was no help for it, she should wait, that was all; but she should relieve her mind by expressing her opinions. This waywardness on Ada's part gave Walter many a heart-ache. He felt sometimes with a pang as if she was slipping out of his clasp; and he would cast about in his mind for some way of fixing her wandering disposition, and making her as patient as he was. She had a will-o'-the-wisp manner occasionally that filled him with vague unhappiness. Then she would laugh at him, and coax him with her pretty, winning ways, and he would love her more than ever.

"I have no doubt, Walter," said she, one evening, "but that after this remarkable cycle of ours I'll be quite gray, or at the least becomingly

grizzly. You should take a good look of my hair now, so that you can console yourself with a tangible proof of what I was."

"I shan't want consolation," said Walter, smiling. "'Tisn't the colour of your hair I'm in love with."

"I wonder what do you care for in me?" said the girl. "'Tisn't my beauty—and I candidly tell you I know quite well I'm pretty—and 'tisn't my goodness, for I acknowledge, with equal candour, I don't think I'm particularly good."

"Here is another cause for wonder," said Walter. "Why do you care for me?"

"Well," she replied, "I'm not very profound, and it would puzzle me to answer. Isn't it Byron that talks of 'accident, blind contact, and the strong necessity of loving?' He may be right in a general sort of way, but I know I never felt any strong necessity for loving, and I might be meeting half the world accidentally every day without wanting to spend my life side by side with them. I care for you because—because—well, in a vague way, as if I was to arrive at great things through you; but I beg to state that sort of feeling is very transitory, and my usual one is that you're disturbing the sunny current of my days for nothing."

"Doesn't a stone in a brook make it more musical?" said Walter, looking at her with a bright smile. "I'm obstructing you to wake the sweetness of your nature."

"What about all the mud and slimy things beneath," said Ada, "gathering gradually about the rock? We are becoming quite allegorical," she continued, clasping her hands upon her knees; "we wax poetical. The most romantic thing we could do now is to elope, like the lovers in three-volume novels, and come back to kneel at everybody's feet." The boy looked up quickly. "Don't put on one of your correcting looks, please," she said, mockingly. "It would be a thrilling consummation of our idyl. Fancy how flurried my aunt would be. I wonder would they drag the lake before they suspected us of flight."

The words were carelessly uttered; seed blown lightly from the flower of her mouth, impalpable, and seemingly lost in the infinite depths of space; yet it fell and took root. At first the thought touched their hearts unconsciously, then it grew into a wish that elopements were not so discreditable. By-and-by elopements lost that discreditable appearance, and seemed an easy thing enough to get over. Walter struggled against the temptation; nothing could make him disobey his disappointed father, whom he so dearly loved. It would be a species of ingratitude horrible to think of, and such a disgraceful thing for a man to steal away a girl from friends that made her happiness in life their one object. But again and again the thought would revive. Five years were such a weary

time; so many things could occur to come between him and Ada. She was so young, others would admire her, and press attentions on her, while he was far away. If he could bind her to him in some way that would make him feel secure, he would find separation easy to bear; but her forebodings about long engagements, in her moods half merry and pettish, filled him with uneasiness and pain.

When a trial is inevitable, we become more or less reconciled to it after a time; but when there seems a possibility of flinging the cross off our shoulders, its weight becomes suddenly intolerable. It was so with Ada; once they began to speculate on stolen marriages, her protracted engagement and long lonely days seemed more unbearable than ever. She was not particularly scrupulous about the feelings of others; she knew quite well her aunt and uncle would receive her back again with open arms, even if she deceived them for a moment. She did not walk on such lofty summits as Walter, or take such elevated views of human conduct, so that to *her* a flight by moonlight savoured of romance, was very good fun, and, above all, it was an open door through which she could slip quietly and get rid of all her grievances. I suppose we might parody Tennyson's assertion, "As the husband is, the wife is," and as truly say, "As the girl is, so is her lover," the weight of *her* nature being also calculated to make him gravitate to earth and the things thereof. Any way, Ada had some such effect on Walter Lockhart. She drew him unconsciously down to her own level of thought; his ideas on filial obedience grew more lax; he did not love his father less, but he loved Ada more. It was the old story of self-assertion; and reason made unto herself a code of laws befitting the occasion, using the usual sophistical arguments, until what they liked to do became the best and only thing to do. Walter's principle, filial affection and loftiness of purpose, gave way to his fear of losing one girl's winning face out of his life; and Ada, after a little girlish hesitation, agreed to this perilous expedient. So they made their arrangements and laid their plans with great forethought, providing for all possible contingencies. They would disappear a few days before Walter's time for departure, and return the moment they were married to kneel at everybody's feet, as Ada had said, and be taken back to the general bosom.

The evening before they finally settled on taking their decisive step into the future, they sat together on a rock at the foot of the cliffs and made their last arrangements. Walter was to come across in the boat the next night before twelve o'clock, and take her over to the other side, as it was the shortest way to get to the main road, where a carriage would be in waiting. Before morning came to make their absence apparent, they would be far on their way, and would be wed before there was a probability of discovery. As it grew late, and the silver moon crept upward in the hollow skies, pouring a stream of light along the waters, the lovers rose to separate.

"My own Ada," said the boy, clasping his hands against his breast; "this is our last good-bye. I will come across to you to-morrow night in that moonlit pathway, and we will never be parted again."

At that moment a long, melancholy wail, unearthly and unutterably mournful, broke suddenly over the island and floated round the lake. It rose and fell, like the dirge of a broken heart, and then slowly died away. The girl shuddered. "What is it, Walter?" she said. "Isn't it a curious cry?"

"It is strange," he answered, gazing all about. "I never heard such an unnatural sound before; no one could be drowning without our seeing him. It must be some dog baying the moon in a very original manner."

"If I believed in the banshee I should think it was one," said Ada, "and begin to watch for somebody's death."

"They say she follows our family," Walter said; "but as I have no personal experience of her my faith is weak. Here we are now in sight of your windows; good-bye, my own Ada, for the last time, and watch the moonlight track for me to-morrow."

The morrow came and passed away; the moon rose; and about half-past eleven Ada prepared to depart. Her little dog lifted himself on his bed and looked at her inquiringly; she patted him gently, shook her finger, and told him to lie down. He looked lovingly at her, wagged his tail, and curled himself up again. In a few moments her preparations were completed; she slipped out, closed the door softly, and walked quietly to the rock where they had been sitting the evening before, and where she was to watch the golden pathway for Walter's boat.

It was a beautiful night. There was a faint breeze, just enough to wake sad voices and murmurings among the foliage; the solemn sentinel trees waved their shadowy arms, and seemed to beckon you to mysterious communion; while the plaintive sobbing of wavelets moaned and fretted on the shore. Ada seated herself. "Walter won't be here for half an hour yet," she said, looking at her watch. "I came too soon." She leaned back against the cliff, and looked up into the hushed and holy skies, luminous with great stars. She remained so for some time; and gradually the stillness which the voice of nature hardly breaks, the pure beauty of the scene, and the serious step she was about to take, began to act on her mercurial temperament, and she became unusually thoughtful. First she remembered her little dog, and smiled as she thought of it tapping the ground with its tail when it saw her moving about. How lonely it would be in the morning when it missed her! She imagined it rushing into all the rooms, whining and distracted, until her eyes filled with tears.

She looked back to the house where her youth had been so happily sheltered, and thought of her aunt's and uncle's affection for her

gratifying her every whim, watching over her with unwearied tenderness; and for the first time in her life a consciousness woke in her that she had never been very grateful. She had taken it all as she took the sunshine of heaven, without thinking of, or thanking, either God or them. And what was she doing now? Stealing away as if they had been cruel and tyrannous, leaving them to go away with a lover that would wait for her all his life long. What a hypocrite she was! She kissed them both that night, and left the room acting the part of a liar. What would they think in the morning? The girl who they used to say was the comfort of their age had disregarded them, had preferred her own happiness, and had gone away to gain her own selfish ends. And why was she doing so? Simply because she wasn't patient, and she liked to have her own way. She looked across at Mr. Lockhart's house, and thought of the lonely, pale man bending over his books. He loved his only boy; he wanted to test her worth, and be sure that she loved him equally well. And how was she proving that she did so? Already her influence was effective. Even now that idolised son had forgotten the old familiar and easy habit of obedience. He was stealing away to her.

She burst into a passionate fit of weeping. "'Tis all my fault," she said. "Walter wouldn't think of it, only for me." She looked across the lake, her eyes blinded with tears; and in the moonlight track she thought she saw the little boat appear. "He is coming," she said, sobbing. "I will tell him we must wait."

At that moment the moon was hidden behind a dense cloud. The light was blotted out; great shadows seemed to fall upon the earth; and the same melancholy wail they had heard the night before, supernaturally sad and strange, rose above the lake and filled the silent skies.

The girl fell upon her knees; her whole soul wakened and thrilled. "O God!" she cried, lifting her clasped hands, "O God, pardon me! I'll never be ungrateful again, or make Walter do wrong."

The wail ceased; the moon came out again; and Ada remained on her knees, bent and penitent. After a time she arose, and wiped her streaming eyes. "Thank God it is not too late," she said. "I wish Walter was come until I tell him that I will never fret him again."

And she never did. When next she saw him, he was drawn, pale and dead, out of the water. She waited for hours that night, but Walter never came. Next day there was wild affright; messengers came in dismay to Sunnyside. Walter was missing; and the little boat, bottom upwards, was seen near the centre of the lake. Mr. Weldon's cot was taken; he and Mr. Lockhart, with a servant, got in and rowed out. A hat was found floating near the island. A few moments more, and those on the shore saw Mr. Lockhart dive over the side of the boat; he came up once, twice—the third time Mr. Weldon

caught him by the shoulder. They were unable to lift him in, and the man rowed rapidly to the shore, where Ada and every one belonging to the two houses were assembled. The cot grated on the sand; several men waded out, and bore in two bodies, one clasped in the arms of the other. They laid them gently on the grass at Ada's feet, and she saw the face of her lover lying on his father's breast, the loving eyes half closed, the tender lips apart and motionless, the dark hair matted on his forehead, white and lifeless. They could hardly loose him from that last parental embrace; for Mr. Lockhart, too, was dead.

The girl neither spoke nor wept, but every trace of colour had left her face. She knelt down beside Walter, took his head into her arms, and laid her cheek against his. She was taken away insensible; and for long, weary weeks afterwards she lay at the point of death. Her hour was not yet come. She slowly came back to life, and the consciousness of her desolation. For a time she bore unutterable agony; grief and remorse broke upon her soul, and almost took away her reason. The spiritual misery of knowing she had been instrumental in sending Walter before his God, while in the very act of disobeying His will, was the worst form of her suffering. For several years she might be seen wandering about the lake, in the bright summer days; sitting on the cliff seat, or kneeling by the rock on the shore, her eyes large and patient-looking, her face colourless; so sad a sight, that eyes she never observed grew moist as they gazed at her, and heard her tragic story.

Later on, she disappeared, and gradually became forgotten; but in a distant town there lived in the Convent of Mercy a gentle nun, who was known among the poor as "the Pale Sister." She was one of the holiest and humblest of God's creatures. The aged, the sick and sorrowing blessed her; the little children clung to her black robes; and the mothers told their little ones "to be good, for the angels were near," when the Pale Sister was passing. Her smile was beautiful, but she was never known to laugh. In her face was that seraphic expression of inner light that shines out of the heart where divine love is enkindled; and if you happened to be kneeling unseen beside her, when she knelt before the altar, you would often hear the name of "Walter" mingled with her prayers.

MY QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

TO F. L. G.

BY AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.

White-rose in red-rose garden
Is not so white!

THE struggling of a sparrow, in the vines
That run around the lattice where I sleep,
Awoke me out of dreams of you 'mid pines
Reclining, while I sat and watch'd to keep
The birds from singing, lest they waken you.
The prisoner released, I donn'd a suit
Of easy fit, and sallied forth into
The garden sunshine with "On Viol and Lute,"
And Blush, the Irish setter, whom I found
Awaiting me, for my May morning friends;
It seemed as if the birds for miles around
Had come to sing us homage, or amends
For all their last year's petty thefts of fruit.
How fresh the early morning was to scent!
The pouting roses one could almost kiss;
The gravel-walks, that look like gray twigs bent,
With such intricate turnings do they miss
Each other, with sweet-pea are hedg'd between—
A very cloud of butterflies at rest;
Across the spruce-fir gate Queen Mab had been,
And left a trace to gossamer my breast.
Before I quit the road for wetter field,
I turn and catch old Streatley, half awake,
Behind the wooden bridge that soon must yield
To newer timbers that our sons will make.
Lo! what a wonder meets my glad eyes' sight,
Of burnish'd buttercups in the green grass,
And lip-tipp'd, star-eyed daisies white,
And yellow daffodils one cannot pass,
But fain must stoop and rescue from the ground
For you to find, at breakfast, on your plate.
Chasing swift swallows, Blush, at every bound,
Woke skylarks from their dreamings, over late,
Into song similes of their delight,
Because 'tis day again and time to hail
The glories of the sun, before the night
Shall hush all music, save the nightingale

That sings amid the laurels to the rose.

Far past the golden gorse and uncut hay
Sweet smelling of the haycocks as it grows,

I trod through flowerful fields a silent way
Right up to where the broken wooden rail

And stumpy hawthorn bush, in bridal flower,
Marks out the little stream where milking pail

Has often stood to steep, when Summer's power
Of sun had shrunk the staves, where dimpled Nan,

The milkmaid, first discarded John the herd—
Their eldest lad, I hear, is half a man,

And courting Mistress Jenny, in a word.
Well, there I sat me down to think of you,

And twined unconsciously forget-me-not
And daisies in a wreath of tender blue

And white, and as I plucked and half forgot
You, thus, my queen, whose head I meant to crown

With this my garland, so engrossed was I,
A butterfly with wings of dusky brown,

(Mad Puck had painted for the evening's clown
In Master Blossom's last new pantomime,

"THE DEATH OF LORD LOVE, IN A FLOWERLESS CLIME.")
Alit upon a meadow-sweet hard by,

And lo! for the first time it struck me now
How sweet the "Meadow's Queen," as country folk

Will call it, was; and, Queenie, this is how,
Because a sparrow trapped within the vines

That deck my lattice woke me out of dreams
Of you, the name I gave you half in joke

And half to please you, as I write these lines,
Has come to be your name—how strange it seems!

* * * * *

Is it Winter-time in the meadows yet?

Do you think the Spring will come back again,
When the sweet birds catch in our cherry net,

And the cowslips gladden the young children?
If ever it comes, will it know us two

As, strolling again, in the Hartslock dells,
We follow the note of the mad cuckoo

To Basilton, glad with its jangling bells?
Could I shut my eyes on the white world's face,

How gladly I'd rest me in dreams of thee
Till the song-birds woke me to memory
Of the green Spring come in the Winter's place.

A TABLE OF ERRORS.

TABLES of errata are not appended now-a-days to books so commonly as they used to be. The omission of such an appendage does not always arise from the fact that there are no errors to be corrected, but sometimes because the authors and editors are more careless, or because they prefer to let the judicious reader correct mistakes for himself rather than disfigure their volume by parading a catalogue of blunders which might otherwise escape notice and do no harm to anybody.

The series of yearly volumes of which this present Number completes the sixth are as free from misprints as, perhaps, most volumes of the kind; yet they by no means claim an immunity from errors. Some of these are grave enough. Mr. Allingham lately reprinted in *Fraser's Magazine* his sonnet on Captain Cook, which had already appeared in the *Athenæum* minus a line. The same sad accident befell one of the many sonnets wherewith our Monthly has enriched English literature. At page 506 of our fourth volume may be found a sonnet by Miss Alice Esmonde, which falls short by one line of the mystic fourteen. The seventh was omitted, partly, perhaps, on account of the too great similarity of the two rhymes running through the quatrains, and partly because the junction thereof with the tercets is a little lax. We may, after two years' separation, restore this missing line to its mates:—

"Full gladly would St. Peter leave a throne,
And all earth's thrones united into one,
Homeless, through winter's cold, through summer's sun,
To follow Jesus 'mid hard ways unknown,
Hungering for no reward save Love's alone:—
To sit near Him when day's long course was run,
To hear Him praise some deed of kindness done,
To watch his sad eyes smile. This could atone
For more than earth could ever give or hold.
And he left home, old ways, and old friends prized,
His nets, his liberty, and sea-life bold.
These were his precious things: he'd have despised
Earth's pride and gold, beside them placed, as nought—
Yet left he all, and only Jesus sought."

The writer of this sonnet has probably never read St. Jerome's homily on the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew, where he exclaims: "*Grandis fiducia!* Magnificent assurance! Peter was but a fisherman; he was anything but rich; he made his living by hard toil, and yet he says boldly, *We have left all.*" The little that he had he left with a

generosity and a courage which would have made him leave a throne to follow Jesus.

The Beloved Disciple has fared as badly as the Prince of the Apostles, or even worse, for the most excruciating blunder is that which almost makes sense. At page 452 of our fifth volume are found two sonnets addressed to St. John the Evangelist, of whose Divine Master it is said, or ought to have been said :—

“How oft his loved ones, even thou most dear,
Pained his kind heart and took his love amiss.”

For *thou* the printers gave *those*, turning into a weak tautology the allusion to the disciple *quem diligebat Jesus*.

But our poets are not the only sufferers. The author of those “Notes in North Italy,” which more than one reviewer, during the past year, has characterised as most graphic and entertaining, is represented, in the middle of page 443 of our present volume, as “treading” the canals of Venice, whereas he spoke of “threading” his way through their windings. Another writer tried in vain to restore, in the proof sheet, the proper spelling of the word *fuchsia*, which is more easily remembered by those who know that that beautiful flower takes its name from a German botanist, Fuchs (Fox), just as the dahlia is called after a Danish botanist, Dahl.

Few of those who read a correctly printed page are able to realise the amount of pains that several of their fellow-creatures have been at to turn out that page correctly printed for their benefit. The uninitiated have a happy notion that the type fall into their proper places at the first offer and almost of their own accord. They are grievously mistaken. Author, editor, compositor, proof-reader, pressman, and some others, have each to exercise a considerable amount of patience, labour, and skill at the various stages of the transformation of manuscript into print. When we add at the one end all who are engaged in the making of pens, ink, paper, &c., and at the other end all who are engaged in binding and selling the printed sheets, it will be seen that the production of books and magazines gives, at least, employment to many human beings—employment not always very remunerative to the first two links in the foregoing chain. But the point now under consideration is the crop of blunders that may result from the process; and this crop would be very rich, indeed, if no more trouble were taken than the outside public imagine to be necessary. In “The New Utopia”—the readers of which excellent tale will not be surprised to learn that the proprietors of the “Vatican Library” have paid it the compliment of reprinting it in New York without consulting either author or editor—in a certain chapter the “warming apparatus” of a certain church was in the uncorrected proof the “warning apparitions”; and in our first volume, in “Jottings from a Greek Prayerbook,” “all

hope for the Christians was lost" became, before correction, "all hope for the christening." We have noticed in proof-sheets many other mistakes as absurd as that report of an open-air meeting where "the multitude rent the air with their snouts"; and even the grievances of Miss Biddy Fudge might be paralleled in real life:—

"For you know, dear, I may without vanity hint,
Though angels may write, yet 'tis devils must print.
Why, only last week, in my ode upon Spring,
Which I meant to have made such a beautiful thing,
Where I spoke of the 'dew-drops on freshly-blown roses,'
The nasty things printed it 'fleshy brown noses!'"

We must not, however, forget that this article is called "a Tablet of Errors," and there are some more errata of our own to be inscribed on this table.

We trust that the future ecclesiastical historian who may have to treat of the succession of the bishops of Kerry may not rest on the authority of the *IRISH MONTHLY* of last month, where "September" is twice printed for "August" in the note to "The Lord and Lady of the Lakes." Dr. MacCarthy was consecrated on the 25th of August, 1878.

To go back two years, at page 456 of our fourth volume, in "St. Brigid's Orphans," the important word "not," and even "not" italicised for emphasis' sake, was omitted. "You will *not* forget the groanings of your mother." And again, at page 341 of this present volume, in the exquisite verses addressed to the same St. Brigid, the third line of the second stanza becomes still more musical by being thus read, as the poet finally intended it to be read:—

"Nor wasted low nor ever needed fan."

It is no wonder that the Laureate, it is said, keeps every new poem of his in print for months before sending it forth upon the world. This is a good expedient for helping his verses to mellow into their full perfection. But few writers can afford the luxury of such patient care.

The owner's eye makes the ox fat; and the author's eye makes the proof-sheet correct. No one can detect misprints in a printed document so readily as the writer thereof, if he have written with proper care and especially if he have cultivated a good proof-reading eye. Some persons cannot tell what letters they are writing down: they will end *length* with a *t* and introduce into *speech* the first letter of the alphabet. But generally our brand-new aphorism about the author's eye holds good. For instance, if the reviewer of Tennyson's and de Vere's Mary Tudor tragedies had not been climbing the Pyrenees when pp. 572-578 of our fourth volume were passing through the press,

- Mary's predecessor would have been the sixth Edward, not Edward V., and Mary would have been called the fourth (not the third) of the Tudor sovereigns.

Nevertheless, though "Melbournensis," one of our most faithful contributors, is separated by thousands of miles from proof-sheets, his Australian sketches furnish, we believe, no contingent to this tablet of errors, for the simple reason that the manuscript which comes across all the intervening oceans is such as to defy any but a stupid or malicious printer to mistake one letter or comma. And here, to propitiate the intelligent compositor into whose hands this page may fall, and also because it is perfectly true, it may be well to remark that the misprints which grieve the hearts of writers are chiefly the fault of the writers themselves. Why, for instance, should a poet complain that the setting of his sonnet is vile, when it is set up *secundum exemplar*? If you wish the subtle symmetry of the rhymes to be indicated by the indentation of the lines, please to write them yourself in that zigzag fashion. Do you expect the compositor to be familiar with quatrains and tercets? And so with regard to the more commonplace details of spelling, and punctuating, and paragraphing, attend carefully to these matters yourself, especially if you are conscientious or even scrupulous about them. Printers were once supposed able to decipher instantly the most illegible manuscript. The only foundation for such a notion is probably that a specially illegible piece of "copy" would have no chance unless entrusted to a specially skilful workman; and thus some execrable pensmen have escaped more safely than they deserved. And what misprints can be too horrible to punish such writers as adopt the advice given to intending contributors by the *Burlington Hawkeye*, an American comic journal:—

"Never write with pen or ink. It is altogether too plain, and doesn't hold the mind of the editor and printers closely enough to their work. If you are compelled to use ink, never use that vulgarity known as the blotting pad. If you drop a blot of ink on the paper, lick it off. The intelligent compositor loves nothing so dearly as to read through the smear this will make across twenty or thirty words. We have seen him hang over such a piece of copy, half an hour, swearing like a pirate all the time; he felt that good.

"Don't punctuate. We prefer to punctuate all manuscript sent to us. And don't use capitals. Then we can punctuate and capitalise to suit ourself, and your article, when you see it in print, will astonish, even if it doesn't please you.

"Don't try to write too plainly. It is a sign of plebeian origin and national school-breeding. Poor writing is an indication of genius. It is about the only indication of genius that a great many men possess. Scrawl your article with your eyes shut, and make every word as illegible as you can. We get the same price for it from the rag man, as though it were covered with copper-plate sentences.

"Avoid all painstaking with proper names. We know the full name of every man, woman, and child in the United States, and the merest hint at the name is sufficient. For instance, if you write a character something like a drunken figure '8,' and then draw a wavy line, we will know at once that you mean Samuel Morrison, even though

you may think you mean 'Lemuel Messenger.' It is a great mistake that proper names should be written plainly.

"Always write on both sides of the paper, and when you have filled up both sides of every page, trail a line up and down every margin, and back to the top of the first page, closing your article by writing the signature just above the date. How we do love to get hold of articles written in this style. And how we would like to get hold of the man who sends them. Just for ten minutes. Alone. In the woods, with a revolver in our hip pocket. Revenge is sweet; yum, yum, yum.

"Lay your paper on the ground when you write; the rougher the ground the better. Coarse brown wrapping paper is the best for writing your articles on. If you can tear down an old circus poster, and write on the pasty side of it with a pen stick, it will do still better. When your article is completed, crunch your paper in your pocket, and carry it two or three days before sending it. This rubs off all superfluous pencil marks, and makes it lighter to handle. If you can think of it, lose one page out of the middle of your article. We can easily supply what is missing, and we love to do it. We have nothing else to do."

To end this paper with becoming gravity, let us quote the wise rule enjoined by a certain Society on its members: "Let their letter-writing be prudent, so as to avoid epistles needlessly long and needlessly frequent, and also to avoid slovenliness in the handwriting and indistinctness in the signature." *Discretæ sint litteræ ita ut supervacaneæ earum vitetur prolixitas et frequentia, nec non characterum improbitas, ambiguitas subscriptionis, etc.* Is not this rule fully applicable still, in this era of penny postage and cheap note paper? On a certain writing-desk this rule has been pasted, with the addition of the following comments: "To write always legibly and pretty carefully is a very wholesome mortification, and exercises on the part of some persons a good deal of self-denial and solid virtue. But, to make this care in writing possible to ordinary virtue, you should take pains to keep yourself supplied with all proper appliances, and to discard at once unsatisfactory pens, &c. Tend towards straightness and simplicity, and also aim at uniformity in the manner of forming certain letters. Strive particularly not to write one word as if it were two, nor two words as if they were one, but lift your weary pen and leave a perceptible space between the words; and try, above all, to form all the letters of each word that you are supposed to put down on paper. If these shackles make you write less frequently and less at a time, so much the better."

There has been question here of typographical errors. With regard to mistakes of another kind, public journals make such a habit of never confessing a blunder, that one feels grateful to the *Spectator* for lately publishing a letter about the thoroughly satisfactory refutation given by our contributor, T. E. B., in our number for last September to an historical blunder circulated, but not originated, by the *Spectator* itself.

AN EPILOGUE.*

BY STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

THE motley train of husbands, lovers, wives,
 Melts in thin air, and only one survives
 His gratitude for your applause to tell,
 And breathe a lingering and warm farewell.
 Farewell! our school is closed—a living school
 Of truth and wit, that stings with ridicule
 The fop, the flirt, the miser, and the fool;
 That melts to pity for the poor forlorn,
 Lashes the hypocrite with whips of scorn,
 Inflames with rage divine the patriot's fire,
 With deathless glory crowns the martyr's pyre,
 Warms the cold heart, and from the worldling's eye
 Extracts one honest tear of sympathy.
 The grace, the power, the majesty, that glow
 In Raffaele and Michael Angelo
 Proclaim the poet-visions that inspire
 At once the "master's hand" and "prophet's fire:"
 So we paint life; so, while we imitate,
 Our highest function still is to CREATE,
 And with inspired imagination tell
 That which is true because 'tis possible;
 To teach that fictions which the dull despise,
 Conceived and nursed by Fancy, dimly rise
 To noble truths, and stern realities.
 Our lessons, drawn by art, to nature true,
 Impress on willing minds a kindred hue,
 Soften, refine, persuade, and elevate,
 Make love more perfect, blunt the edge of hate,
 Stamp the hot blush upon the guiltiest cheek,
 Subdue the haughty, animate the weak,
 And, like the Indian arrow tipped with steel
 Winged with the eagle's feather on its heel,
 With aim unerring reach the heart. But, hold!
 For a poor player I am over bold;
 The actor's part is to "adorn the tale,"
 'Tis yours to "point the moral:" so, farewell!
 Forgive, my friends, a too presumptuous fool,
 And come another time again to school.

* Spoken by the Hon. Gaston Monsell at Private Theatricals at Tervoe, September, 1878.

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *A Compendium of Irish Biography: comprising Sketches of distinguished Irishmen and of eminent persons connected with Ireland by office or by their writings.* By ALFRED WEBB. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THIS is one of the most important additions made to the literature of Ireland for many a long day. It consists of six hundred very ample pages, compactly printed in double columns, yet so well and clearly printed, and with such skilful attention to mechanical details, as to be very readable. The biographical sketches have been compiled and arranged with remarkable diligence and care which must have involved an immense amount of labour. The author has at least the reward of knowing that he has produced a standard work which no student of Irish history or Irish literature can henceforth overlook. Nor is it by any means a dry, repulsive book of reference, but written throughout with such taste and spirit, especially in the longer sketches, as to be very agreeable reading.

Of course in the first edition of so original and so comprehensive a work there must needs be mistakes—sins both of omission and commission. Mr. Webb in his preface anticipates that many readers will consider that sufficient judgment has not been shown in the selection and rejection of names, and in the proportionate length of the sketches. The anticipation has, no doubt, been fully realised. For instance, as D'Arcy M'Gee published a Life of his friend, Dr. Maginn, Bishop of Derry (called by a wrong name in Mr. Webb's account of M'Gee), some lines might have been devoted to the subject here; and in the notice of Dr. Callan of Maynooth, one would expect some mention of his galvanic battery and other scientific discoveries. For the honour of a living man we may correct a mistake in the account of Mr. John Doyle, the famous political caricaturist H. B. It was not he but his gifted son, Richard,* who, as an honourable Catholic, gave up his connection with *Punch* on account of its insults to the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman, and its other anti-Catholic excesses—a very heroic sacrifice, for it cut him off from the most lucrative and, at the time, the only vehicle for the publication of his artistic quips and fancies.

* An able writer in the *New York Catholic World* last month, in an article on the Protestant element in English literature, confounds Dante Rossetti, poet and painter, with his much less distinguished brother, William, and, worse still, he thinks that James Montgomery of Sheffield, the author of the beautiful little poem, "The Common Lot," was the same as the Rev. Robert "Satan" Montgomery pilloried for ever in the most merciless of Macaulay's Essays.

THE IRISH MONTHLY may, from time to time, endeavour to supply certain pages omitted from this Cyclopædia of Irish biography. Indeed Mr. Webb, we are glad to observe, has turned to account several sketches published in this Magazine, such as those of Hogan the sculptor, "Cromwell in Ireland," and Dr. Mapother's series on great Irish surgeons. Besides the fairness and candour shown in specifying accurately in these and all other instances his sources of information, Mr. Webb, in furnishing so copious and systematic a list of his authorities, enables those who wish for fuller information to go further in search thereof. Such further researches will confirm their good opinion of Mr. Webb's general accuracy and impartiality. His excellent work is sure to be brought frequently under the notice of our readers, chiefly by being used for their benefit.

II. *Recollections of Cardinal Wiseman, and other Memorials.* Second Edition. By MARY JANE ARNOLD. (London: R. Washbourne. 1878.)

THE very miscellaneous nature of these memoranda may be seen by a glance at the table of contents. The part of more general interest consists of amiable anecdotes about Cardinal Wiseman and amiable little letters written by him to Miss Arnold; but the present writer is more interested by the pages which relate to a good man whom he once knew and to a scene which he once visited—Father Tracy Clarke, S.J., and Gray's grave at Stoke Poges. Miss Arnold misses "the ivy-mantled tower;" but is not Upton, hard by, the churchyard of the "Elegy"?

III. *Irish Sermons by the Most Rev. James O'Gallagher, Bishop of Raphoe, with Translation, Vocabulary, and Memoir.* By the REV. CANON ULICK J. BOURKE, M.R.I.A. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1877.)

THIS laborious work is the latest of many services which the Pastor of Kilcolman, till lately President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, has rendered to Irish-Gaelic literature. He dedicates it to the Primate, Dr. M'Gettigan, to whose generous patronage the publication of the work is due, and who, before being transferred to the See of St. Patrick, was the preacher's successor in the diocese of Raphoe, in which there have been eight bishops named O'Gallagher. A translation of the nineteen excellent sermons is given on the opposite pages, and forty pages are devoted to a copious vocabulary. Other aids are furnished to the Irish students. But we fear that the most generally interesting portion of the volume will be the very painstaking sketch given of the holy bishop, which throws a striking light on the terrible penal days in Ireland.

- IV. *The Imitation of Christ*. Translated into Irish by the Rev. DANIEL O'SULLIVAN, formerly P.P. of Inniskeen, county Cork. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

THIS Irish A'Kempis is in course of publication in eight monthly parts, each containing a very pretty engraving, and costing only twopence. It is printed in the "old Irish character," but in a manner which is very agreeable to the eye, and which a learner might get used to in a few hours. Yet we think there is great force in the arguments which Canon Bourke, in the work just noticed, puts forward in defence of the method he has himself of late adopted of using the ordinary English type with the addition of a few modifying marks above certain letters. There surely are special advantages in applying this to written characters.

- V. *The Life of Henriette d'Osseville, Foundress of the Institute of the Faithful Virgin*. Arranged and edited by JOHN GEORGE MACLEOD, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

THE orphans of Norwood, in Surrey, are fortunate in literary matters. Both Cardinal Wiseman and Father Faber wrote poetry expressly for them. The Oratorian's hymn to the unknown martyr whose body was given to the Orphanage by Pius IX., and on whom he bestowed the name of St. Innocence, is found in this volume which ought also to have preserved the Cardinal's lines. In these lines the orphan dares to reproach our Lord with having borne every sorrow except orphanhood.

"Blest Jesus, Thou didst come with man to share
Each numbing sorrow and each biting loss—
The Cyrenean of our race, to bear
On bruised shoulders every culprit's cross.
Then, was the orphan's lonely path too drear
For Thee to cheer and hallow by thy tread?
Thou hadst from crib to rood a mother near
To nurse Thee infant and to mourn Thee dead!"

And then Jesus answers the meek complaint:—

"My child, repine not! At my death alone
Could I transfer my sonship upon earth;
And 'twas the Childless One's maternal moan
That marked thy moment of adoptive birth.
If I had made the orphan's portion mine,
Thou wouldst be doubly now an orphan child.
My loss had been thy loss, my gain is thine—
When Mary wept o'er Me, on thee she smiled."

The reason, however, why we have congratulated the Norwood Orphanage on its luck in matters literary is because the foundress of the Order of the Faithful Virgin which has charge of that Orphanage,

who was foundress also of that flourishing house itself, has escaped most successfully a perilous ordeal, namely, the publication of her "Life." It is an extremely difficult task to tell such a story so as to make it useful and agreeable to the different classes of readers into whose hands it may fall. Father MacLeod professes only to have "edited and arranged" this volume, but, to whomsoever the merit may belong, the present biography has been compiled and written with much taste and skill. Mother St. Mary was born in 1803, and died in 1858. Her religious life was divided between the diocese of Bayeux, in France, and that of Southwark, in England. How she spent her fifty-five years on earth will be found narrated in this twenty-sixth volume of the *Quarterly Series* which has been maintained so long at so high a standard, chiefly through the unwearying perseverance of its editor.

VI. *Daily Meditations on the Mysteries of our Holy Faith.* From the Spanish of FATHER ALONSO DE ANDRADE, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates. 1878.)

THIS compactly but most readably printed volume is the third part of a work which we have before recommended as solid, devout, and well arranged. It contains meditations on the life of our Divine Lord and on the lives of the saints, from Easter to the tenth Sunday after Pentecost.

VII. *Ethics or Moral Philosophy.* By the REV. WALTER HILL, S.J., Professor of Philosophy in the St. Louis University, Mo. (Baltimore: Murphy & Co.)

ALL English-speaking nations will benefit in a very high degree by Father Hill's works. He has, previous to the present treatise, published an excellent volume on "Logic and Ontology," which, while being admirable as a class-book, has been found most serviceable by many who, like the gifted author himself, devote their mental powers to philosophical speculation. We feel no doubt whatever but that the present work will meet with even a larger measure of success than the very large one with which the "Logic and Ontology" has been rewarded. In countries where every member of the community may take, and where most members do take, an active interest in the working of the government, such as is pre-eminently the case in English-speaking societies, it is a very great blessing, indeed, to have a work like this "Moral Philosophy" placed within the reach of serious men, who wish to have true views and convictions on the all-important subjects therein treated. This world is for man, and all societies exist for his well-being; hence the necessity of knowing for certain how that well-being may be secured. As far, at least, as sound principles can set us on the road to obtain it, the volume before us is a perfectly safe and most interesting guide. Founded on the immutable truths of

reason, its doctrines, expressed in clear and vigorous language, convince the intellect, and, with the native power of truth, strengthen the will to persevere in the path in which alone it becomes a man to travel. We cannot imagine a nobler task for an English-speaking philosopher than to produce in lucid and attractive style *the* philosophy of reason and common sense. We sincerely hope that Father Hill will go on in his great undertaking, and that it will be before long our pleasant duty to notice a companion work on "Psychology" from his able pen.

VIII. *A Grammar of the Irish Language for the Use of Schools.* By P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878.)

No one can examine the pages of this newest Irish Grammar without seeing that his great practical experience in teaching has helped Dr. Joyce to produce a very clear, concise, and practical text-book. By "excluding everything in the shape of dissertation" and all merely antiquarian details, he has compressed a great deal of matter into this handy little shilling volume. The arrangement of type, the numbering of paragraphs, &c., have all been settled with much skill and care, so as to make this a good working grammar of modern Irish.

TO S. M. S. ON HER FEAST-DAY.

FROM HER BROTHER FLORENCE.

SWEET Sister, playmate of my earlier years!
 Though parted long, yet have I felt thee nigh
 In hours of happiness when joy was high
 And merry laughter rang; and, too, when tears
 Would start at saddest loss. Nor have I fears
 But that thy spirit with affection bright
 Will ever watch my progress through the night
 Of this bleak world, till the great dawn appears.

May'st thou be granted many a grateful day
 To rear the tender flow'rs that are thy care,
 'Neath the pure glory of Religion's ray,
 With zeal unwearied and devotion rare:
 And may thy brother on his rougher way
 Have ever of thy love and thoughts a share!

St. Stanislaus, November 13, 1878.

IN MEMORIAM

R. P. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

EDMUND JOSEPH O'REILLY, Priest of the Society of Jesus, died at Milltown Park, near Dublin, at half-past seven o'clock in the evening of Sunday, November the 10th, 1878.

Although our loss is thus recent, we are unwilling to wait even one month before trying to make this holy and learned man known in part to such of our readers as may hear his name now for the first time. To those who have known him, no words are needed to secure their fervent prayers for his soul, and for his memory their affectionate reverence.

He was born in London, on the 30th of April, 1811, and he was six years old before his parents returned to Ireland. His father died while he was young, leaving him to the care of his pious mother. This lady was one of five sisters, one of whom married the third Lord Kenmare (father to the present Earl), another entered the Visitation Convent at Westbury, in England, another married Mr. Bagot of Castle Bagot, and the last married the late Mr. Dease of Turbotstown, father to the present Member of Parliament for Queen's County. The father of these ladies and of Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. Edmund O'Callaghan of Killegorey, in the county Clare, was mortally wounded in a duel, but survived five days to repent and prepare for his judgment. It is curious to find such a man as Father O'Reilly linked so closely with the bygone age of duelling.*

Edmund O'Reilly spent several years of his boyhood at Mount Catherine, a few miles from Limerick, and afterwards in Limerick, in a house opposite the present Provincial Bank in George-street. His first education he received from a private tutor. After two or three years at Clongowes and Maynooth, he went to Rome, about 1830, for his ecclesiastical studies, and spent seven years attending the classes of the Roman College, but residing in the Irish College, of which the late Cardinal Cullen was then president. At the end of a long and distinguished course he gained the degree of Doctor of Divinity after what is termed a "public act" *de universa theologia*. On his return to Ireland, after his ordination in 1838, he obtained by "conkursus" the

* Mr. O'Callaghan's widow married Mr. Payler, a banker at Maidstone, after whose death she lived with her daughter, Mrs. O'Reilly, in Limerick, where she is still remembered for her charities and her stanch devotion to her faith, while occupying in society a position rarely granted, especially in those days, to a sincere and resolute Catholic, such as, according to Limerick traditions, Mrs. Payler constantly showed herself to be.

chair of professor of theology in Maynooth College, the duties of which he discharged with great zeal and success for thirteen years, his reputation for holiness and piety being as great as his reputation for learning.

In the summer of 1851, he asked to be admitted into the Society of Jesus, and was sent to make his noviceship at Naples. The first news that followed him from Ireland was the announcement of the death of his good mother. No doubt her deathbed was not troubled but consoled by her son's absence on such an errand. Loved and esteemed as he had been by all around him, and loving in return the congenial society of his fellow-professors, and loving, too, the duties of his position which so precisely suited his tastes and his training, it must have been no common sacrifice for Father O'Reilly, in his fortieth year, with his character and habits fully formed, to become a novice and begin again, separating himself from the great College towards which he never ceased to feel a true filial respect and affection. Thirty years after, Maynooth was well represented in the throng that prayed with uncovered heads at his open grave in Glasnevin.

After his novitiate Father O'Reilly was appointed to teach theology at the Jesuit College of St. Beuno's, near St. Asaph's, in North Wales. Returning to Ireland, he was, after other employments, made the first Rector of the House of Spiritual Exercises at Milltown Park, near Dublin, in which house and in which office he died, having meanwhile been the Irish Provincial of the Order from 1863 to 1870.

Father O'Reilly was chosen as his theologian by Cardinal Cullen (then Archbishop of Armagh) at the Synod of Thurles, in 1850; by Dr. Brown, Bishop of Shrewsbury, at the Synod of Oscot; and at the Synod of Maynooth by Dr. Furlong, Bishop of Ferns, his former colleague as Professor of Theology at Maynooth. When the Catholic University was established in Dublin, Father O'Reilly was named to the chair of theology; and the affection and esteem which he could not but feel then for the first Rector of the University, Dr. Newman, remained undiminished till his death, and on Dr. Newman's part, as we shall see the same feelings have been returned and have not ceased with the death for which our hearts are in mourning. We may add here that, when Passaglia broke off so miserably in the middle of a brilliant career, the General of the Society of Jesus, Father Beckx, thought of summoning Father O'Reilly to Rome to replace him in the Chair of Theology at the Roman College, but circumstances made another arrangement expedient; and at a conference held some years ago regarding philosophical and theological studies in the Society, Father O'Reilly was chosen to represent all the English-speaking "Provinces"—Ireland, England, Maryland, and the other divisions of the United States.

To the foregoing practical tributes to Father O'Reilly's high standing as a theologian we may join the written testimony of Dr. Newman

who in his famous "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," quoting one of his contributions to the *IRISH MONTHLY*, calls him expressly, "a great authority" and "one of the first theologians of the day;" and of Dr. Ward, so long the learned zealous editor of the *Dublin Review*, from which he has just at last retired, who, in reviewing that "Letter," remarked that "it is a great loss to the Church that so distinguished a theologian as Father O'Reilly has published so little." In January, 1876, Dr. Ward devoted a long article to a few of Father O'Reilly's early contributions to our pages "on the Relations of the Church to Society," ending with the hope that he might "continue his papers through many successive numbers of the *IRISH MONTHLY*, so that, when put together, they might form more than one good-sized volume." "Whatever (he adds) is written by so able and so solidly learned a theologian—one so docile to the Church and so fixed in the ancient theological paths—cannot but be of signal benefit to the Catholic reader in these anxious and perilous times."

It is a pity when real learning is spoiled, as it sometimes is, by the petty weaknesses of pedantry and vanity. Father O'Reilly was far above such pettiness. Whilst he was, as a competent writer states in the *Freeman's Journal*, "confessed on all hands to be one of the foremost theologians and canonists of his time;" whilst (to use again the words of the same writer) "his authority was looked up to throughout all Ireland, and the most illustrious personages did not hesitate to seek his opinion on points of theology and sacred learning:" he was personally humble, simple, unaffected, and so completely the reverse of pedantic or ostentatious, that it has a grotesque sound to couple those epithets with his name, even by way of denial. He was as ready to put forth his whole mind and energy in answering a difficulty proposed, or in furnishing information sought, by a novice or lay-brother, as if he were lecturing from the chair of a university. This was part of the thoroughness and truthfulness of his character which impressed every one who came in contact with him. One who knew him well has claimed for him a mind which never gave to an argument more weight than it had in itself—a mind which guarded itself with the most rigid care against being warped by any passion or prejudice. These qualities, added to his large stores of consummately accurate knowledge, lent a sort of judicial weight to his decisions. "Yes, he will be a great loss," observed a learned and upright judge from his own point of view—"he was a *good opinion*." And indeed, even in questions of civil law, he was no mean authority.

This very informal obituary, mindful of the principle, *laudari a laudato viro*, aims chiefly at gathering together the kind words and thoughts of others. One whose name would thus lend weight to his testimony, when told that Father O'Reilly's death was imminent, exclaimed: "This, indeed, is a year of disasters." He had before his mind the

loss which the Irish Church has recently sustained in the premature death of Dr. Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh, and in the unexpected death of Cardinal Cullen.* Of course the influence of an unobtrusive religious could not be compared to that exercised by such distinguished prelates—one at the close, and the other seemingly at the beginning, of a momentous ecclesiastical career. But much of the world's best work is done by hidden workers; and still more so with regard to the work of God in his Church.

Very many will eagerly confirm what one of Father O'Reilly's closest friends wrote on hearing of the death of this "most dear friend:" "I have never known a more perfect character or a more blameless life." If that life and that character were fully known to the bitterest enemy of the Church and of the Order, to which Father O'Reilly belonged and both of which he loved and honoured with every feeling of his heart and every power of his mind—the enemy could hardly fail to become a friend.

What other features of this character shall we try to describe in the short space which remains to us? The first of the graces for which the priest prays before Mass in the *Ego volo celebrare* is "gaudium cum pace." This joy and peace were given in ample measure to the pure-minded and large-hearted man for whose memory we are striving to inspire our readers with some of the affection and veneration which

* The IRISH MONTHLY will be pardoned for noting with pride a link which would not be suspected to exist between these great names and the subject of these pages—namely, their kind services to this Magazine. The Cardinal himself bestowed on it a more substantial proof of favour than any benefactor has yet done—except, indeed, one, an Irish nobleman who will not, we hope and pray, afford a similar opportunity of expressing our gratitude more freely until many a year shall have been added to a life of great private goodness and of great public utility. When a contribution of another sort was requested from the very graceful pen which prefixed to Miss Clara Mulholland's translation of the "Mystical Flora" of St. Francis de Sales an introduction almost worthy of St. Francis himself, Dr. Conroy replied in a letter which now lies before us in his exquisitely neat handwriting: "It will give me great pleasure to help the I. M. in the way you suggest, but for the present my hands are full." Full, indeed, they were to the end. As for Father O'Reilly, besides his own valuable series of articles, he was, from the first, our kind, vigilant, and most tolerant censor, reading every line of our proof-sheets month by month, from July, 1873, up to this present month of his death.

This is the only place where we can mention the irksome labours Father O'Reilly underwent, not only as a general referee on professional subjects, but as the official or un-official revisor of a great many books, large and small, published for the last thirty years in England and Ireland. Dr. MacCarthy, Bishop of Kerry, Dr. Walsh, Vice-President of Maynooth, the late Dean O'Kane of the same college, the Rev. George Crolly—whose recent death was another grievous loss to the Irish Church—these learned men and others gratefully acknowledge their obligations to Father O'Reilly in the prefaces to various works. But many books less worthy of such care cost him much more trouble, which he always went through conscientiously and with great considerateness for the feelings of "the author."

we can never cease to feel for it. His perfect evenness of temper and sweetness of disposition came not from nature alone but chiefly from grace. The seriousness, gravity, and solidity of his character lent a charm to that honest, hearty laugh which shall never be heard again. There is much truth in what Rochefoucaud says: "True gentleness can only be found in those who possess a certain firmness." This union of strength and sweetness we claim for Father Edmund O'Reilly; and we claim for him also the perfection which St. James almost defies a human being to acquire: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." "His truthfulness," writes one who lived in close communication with him for years, "was such that I am sure he never spoke a word which was even slightly an exaggerated expression of his mind." We think that we are speaking with his own strictness and accuracy when we add that he was so charitable in conversation as never to hurt, even slightly, the feelings of others.

For charity of another kind he was a proverb. He could not refuse the poor. He would not allow considerate porters to screen him from unworthy applicants; the poor creatures should at least tell their story to himself, and they never told in vain. Not through weakness or foolishness, however amiable, but on principle he was ingenious in framing excuses for petitioners whom some might be ready to denounce as impostors. It was characteristic that, the day before his death, he took the part of some poor person whom a reference to Thom's Directory seemed to convict of a "wrong address." As a branch of this charity to the poor, he was generous in remunerating the hired services rendered to him. Kind and judicious outlay of this sort may be made to have some of the merit of alms-giving.

Nothing could exceed his devotedness to the Church, the serenity of his faith, his deep and solid piety, his exactness and fidelity in everything pertaining to the duties of the priesthood. He it was with whom the saintly Primate, Dr. Dixon, while a Maynooth professor, recited the Divine Office every day for years; and with equal care and perfection he discharged this blessed daily burden of prayer till within a day or two of his death. The same faithfulness, serious but never scrupulous, this wise and holy man brought to bear upon every tittle of his obligations, and more than his obligations, as a Jesuit, a priest, and a christian. *Iste homo perfecit omnia quæ locutus est ei Deus.* Whatever came to him in any form as God's good pleasure, that he did at once, and did it thoroughly and perfectly. *Perfecit omnia.*

Before closing this hurried filial tribute, let us again cite the most illustrious of the witnesses we have brought forward. We trust it will not be considered an evil return for great kindness and condescension if, without troubling Dr. Newman further by asking his leave, we venture to quote a few words from a letter we have received from him while these last pages are going through the press. Writing

from the Oratory at Edgbaston, on the 16th of November, he speaks of the deceased Father as "one whom he sincerely revered and loved," and he adds:—"He has gone to his reward, and all who knew him must have followed him on his journey with thoughts full of thanksgiving and gladness for what God made him." The same high estimate of Father O'Reilly's character Dr. Newman has conveyed more fully in a letter addressed still later to a friend dear to them both, who has allowed us to take from it these simple and beautiful words:—

"I can't help writing a line to you, to condole with you on the death of dear Father O'Reilly, who, I know, was a great friend of yours. He was a man who impressed all who came near him with his great and high excellence—his simple detachment from all things here; his habit of doing his duties, whatever they were, with all his might; his largeness of soul, and his sweetness and gentleness in his intercourse with others. I have not seen him for twenty years, but his image has been fixed in my memory. To you who knew him well, this is a poor portion of what could be said in his praise; but you won't be unwilling to take what I have to give, such as it is."

When death, not without full warning, came near, Father O'Reilly was not only resigned but cheerful, and even playful and gay. Of his dying moments many touching and edifying things might be told if there were time. He was perfectly master of his faculties till his soul left the body. Three minutes before the end, he raised his crucifix to his lips and kissed it twice devoutly, and raised his eyes upward in prayer. His last breath was a prayer. He died as he had lived, full of faith and hope and charity. May he rest in peace, and may our last end be like his!

END OF VOLUME THE SIXTH.

PRINCETON U.



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